THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrat ly Magazine
nded A nj. Franklin

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Beginning

The Automatic Capitalists—By WILL PAYNE

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Dear Old Golden Rule Days

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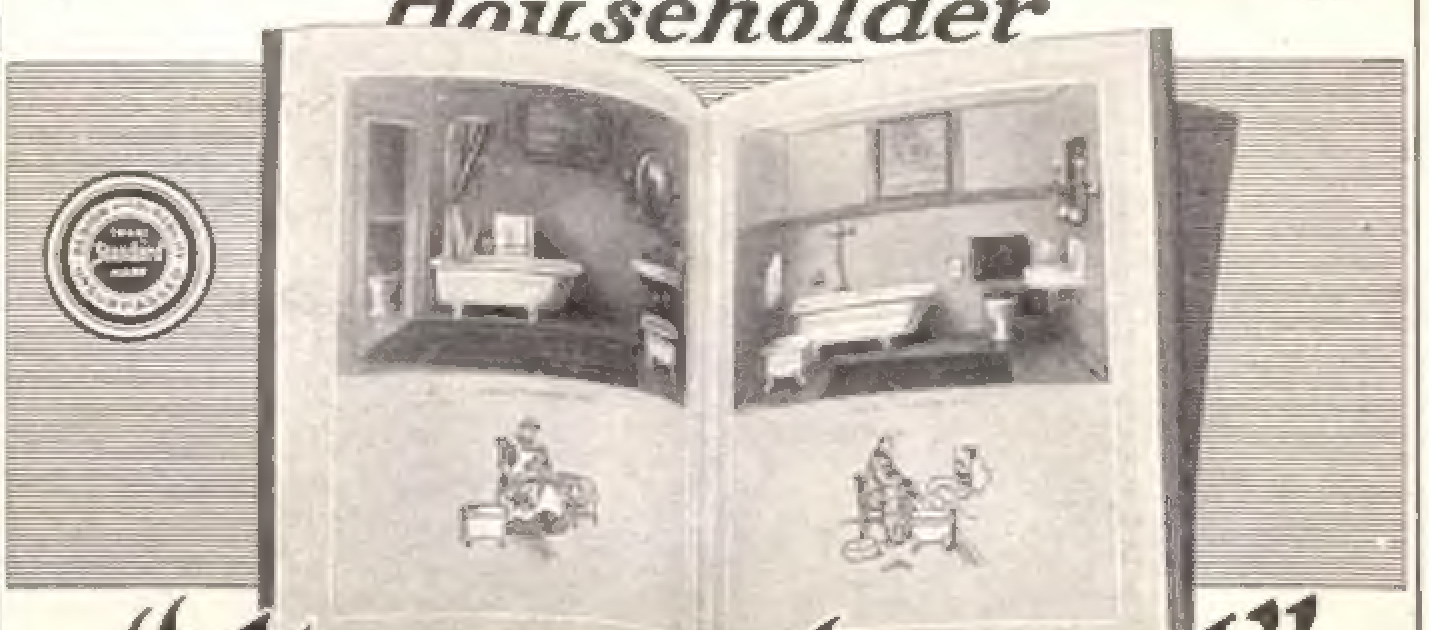

"Standard"
MODERN BATH-ROOMS

Every man and every woman who wants to have a healthful, sanitary home should send at once for a copy of this free book. Send for it now and read it.

This is the modern bathroom book. It contains over 100 beautifully illustrated pages of information that every householder should have. You want a healthful, sanitary home. This book tells you how you can secure it. You want to know whether your present sanitary conditions are what they ought to be. This book tells you what you ought to know. If you are building or remodeling your home, it gives you a mass of information that will be invaluable to you in deciding on your sanitary arrangements. *"Modern Bathrooms"* completely solves your sanitary problem for you. It is the most instructive and beautiful book ever issued on this subject. And there is a copy — free — for every one.

"MODERN BATHROOMS" gives actual photographs and describes in detail 16 different bathroom interiors ranging in price from $89 to $542. No matter how much or how little you can afford for your bathroom equipment, it tells you how you can make your bathroom absolutely healthful and sanitary, and how to get the best and most valuable equipment for the least possible money.

"MODERN BATHROOMS" also contains many beautiful illustrations of modern kitchens and laundries. It tells exactly what fixture to use for every purpose; how much these fixtures cost, and how to plan, buy and arrange them in the most economical and attractive way. Every householder should have a copy of this book. It will pay you to send for and read it.

You cannot get this book from any publisher. You cannot buy it at any price. But you can secure it free from us by writing for it today. *Enclose 6c. postage and send us the name of your architect and plumber if selected. Write now.*

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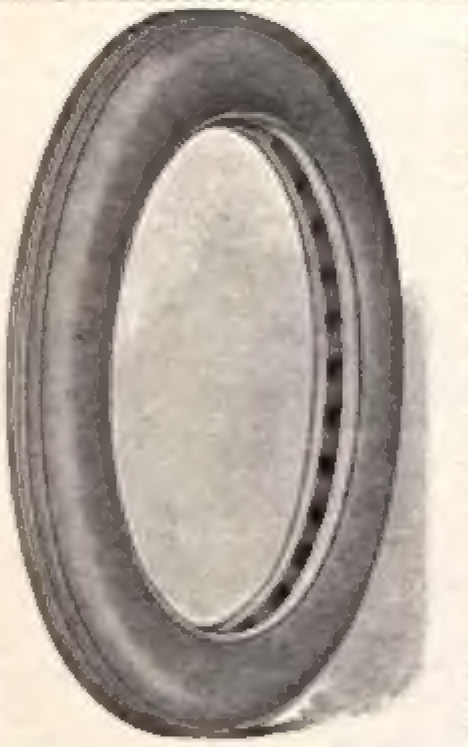

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Reg. U. S. Pat. Office.

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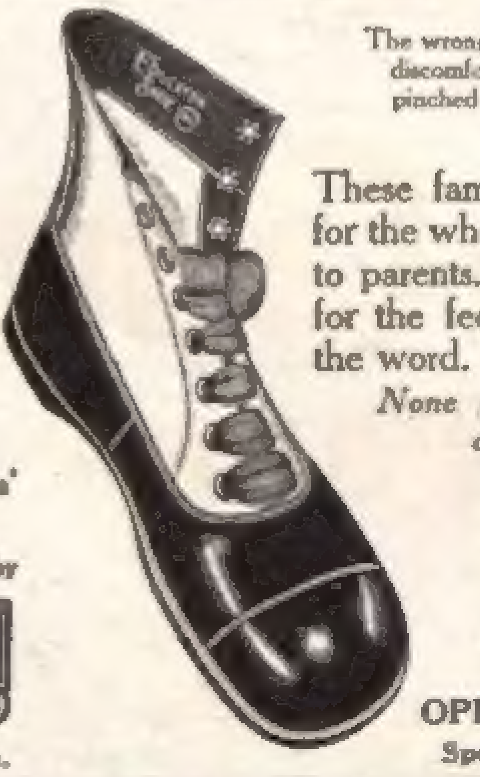
The wrong way: discomfort — pinched toes.



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Sold generally by best dealers. Made by

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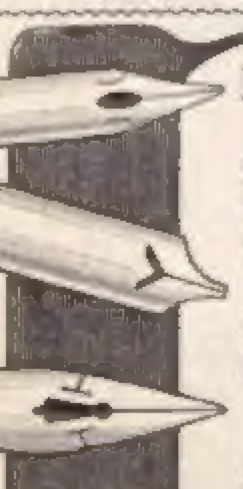

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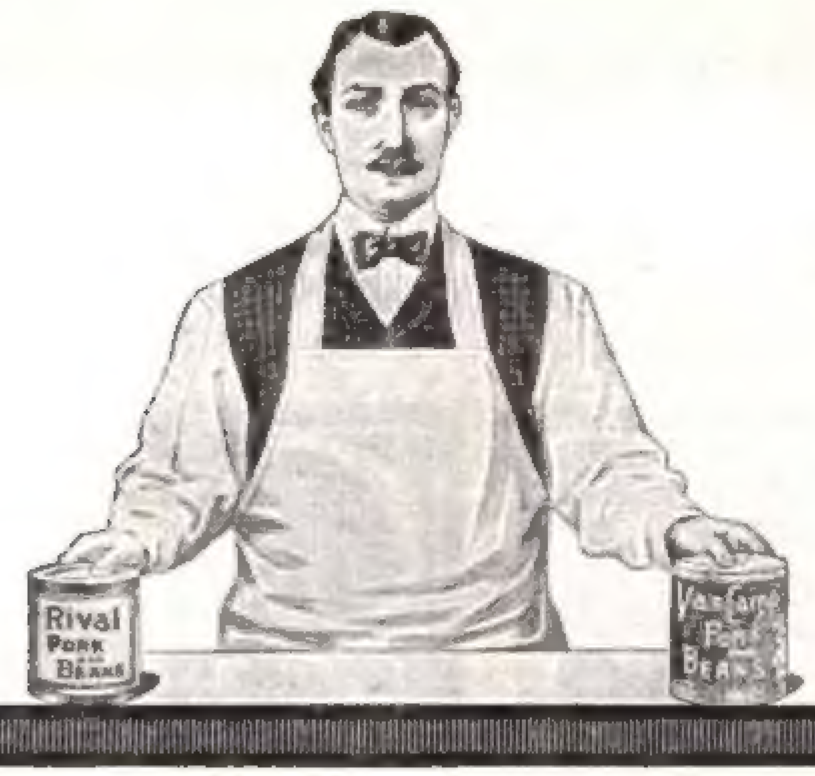


Try Our Rival's, Too

When somebody says, "Our beans are as good as Van Camp's," please buy them and try them. Serve them with ours—hear what your people say.

You want the beans that your people like best. It is easy to learn what they are.

Serve two brands together—then take a vote of your table. Let the majority rule.

Then serve with Van Camp's a dish of home-baked beans. Ask your folks which they want next.

You will then know the reason why we have built up the largest trade in the world.

One great difference usually lies in the original beans.

We buy only the choicest Michigan beans, and have them picked over by hand. We accept only the whitest, the plumpest, the fullest-grown. And we pay for them, sometimes, six or seven times what other beans would cost.

Another great difference lies in the tomato sauce.

We use only vine-ripened tomatoes, picked when the juice fairly sparkles. Thus we get in Van Camp's that superlative zest—that delicious, natural flavor.

We could buy sauce for one-fifth what we spend to make ours. But it would be made from tomatoes picked green, and ripened in shipment. Or of scraps from a canning factory.

No wonder if some brands cost a trifle less.

The difference between home-baked beans and Van Camp's is due to our process, mainly.

Home-baked beans are mushy and broken. Van Camp's are—as people like them—nutty, mealy and whole.

Home-baked beans are crisped on the top, but less than half baked in the middle. Van Camp's are all baked alike. The reason is the fact that ours are baked in live steam.

Home-baked beans are hard to digest. They ferment and form gas. The reason is lack of sufficient heat.

Our ovens separate the particles so the digestive juices can get to them. Van Camp's are wholly digestible—they don't form gas.

Then we bake the beans, the pork and the tomato sauce together, securing our delicious blend.

So it isn't your fault—it's your lack of facilities—that makes our beans so much better than yours.

Van Camp's PORK AND BEANS

BAKED WITH TOMATO SAUCE

It is pleasant to have some meals ready cooked. Each can of Van Camp's means a delicious meal—fresh and savory—ready when you want it.

To get the best beans, baked in the best possible way, is a very important matter.

Beans are Nature's choicest food. They are 23 per cent nitrogenous—84 per cent nutriment. Their food value is greater than meat; they cost but a fraction as much.

Home-baked beans are not served often, because they are heavy and hard to digest.

Van Camp's can be served every day. They are appetizing and hearty; all people like them. And see how much food value they give for ten cents.

Suppose that beans not half so good do cost a trifle less. Your people will eat less of them. And no food that compares in nutrition is nearly so cheap as beans.

Van Camp's Beans, if you figure rightly, are cheaper than home-baked beans—cheaper than poorer brands. For you can serve Van Camp's five times where you serve the others once.

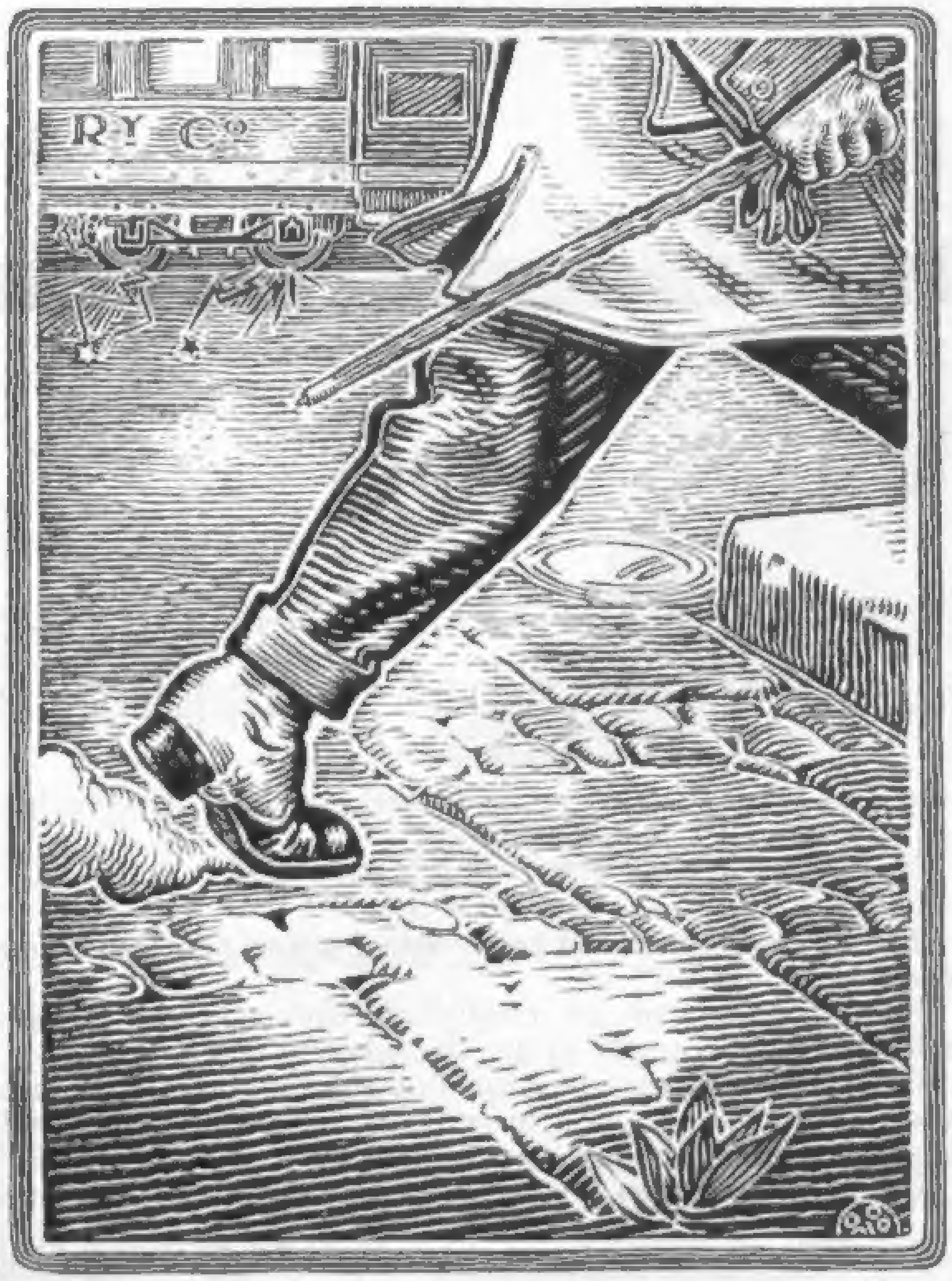
Please try them and see—compare them and know. Learn what you are missing when you don't serve the best. Do this today—you cannot afford to wait.

Prices: 10, 15 and 20 cents per can.

Van Camp Packing Company, *Established 1861* **Indianapolis, Indiana.**

AN IVORY SOAP FABLE

(With apologies to Aesop and George Ade)



ONCE upon a Time, there lived a Man who Determined to be Economical. He Resolved to Frequently walk to and from the Office to save Car Fare.

At the End of a month, he had Saved nearly, but not quite, enough Money to have his Shoes half-soled. They needed it.

Shortly afterward, his Wife became Economical, also. She made up her Mind to Save Money on Soap. She Decided to Wash her Dishes with ordinary laundry soap rather than with Ivory Soap, as had been her Custom for Years.

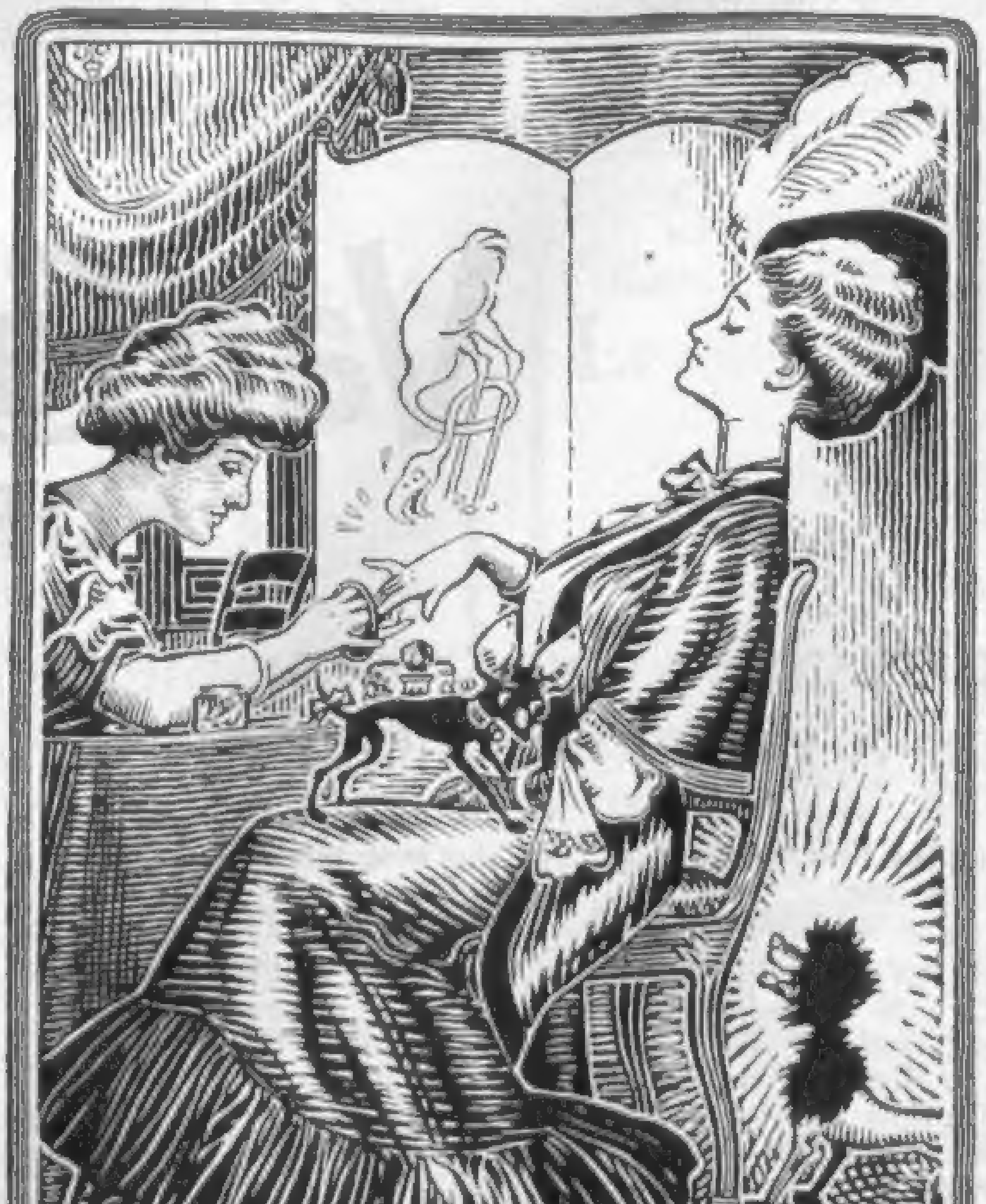
At the End of Six Months, she had Saved nearly, but not quite, enough Money to have her Hands "treated."

They needed it. They were very Red, very Coarse and very Rough. The Combination of Hot Water and ordinary laundry soap had been too much for Them.

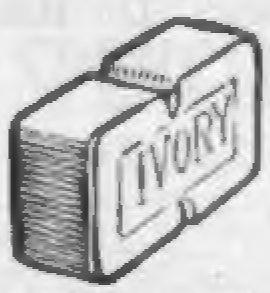
When she got back from the Beauty Shop, she did a little figuring. She found that in the Course of twenty-six weeks, she had saved 43 cents. She did not Know where the Money was, but she Knew she had Saved it.

She also Knew that she had lost her Temper fifty-two times because her Husband had Said Things about the china; and eighty-three other times because her Hands were "all shrivelled up."

So she stopped Trying to Economize on Soap.



Moral: The Best—which is Ivory Soap—is none too good for the Woman who does her own work. The second best is not half good enough.



Ivory Soap

99$^{44}/_{100}$ Per Cent. Pure.

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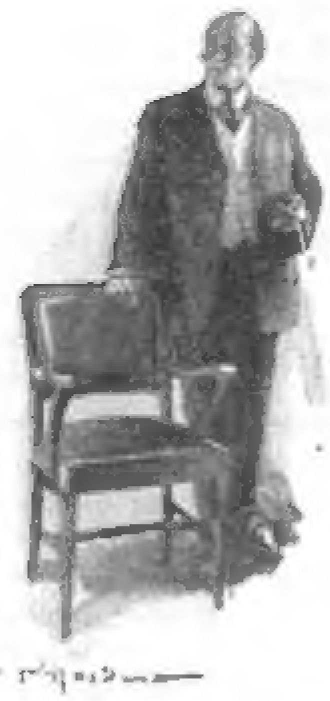
THE BUYING END

With the Men Who Purchase Supplies

By JAMES H. COLLINS

ILLUSTRATED BY GAYLE HOSKINS



"Sir, There *are* No Other Houses in Our Line!"

A LARGE factory needed some new machinery of a type and quality built by only a single house in the United States. That restricted its purchasing agent, because he could not pit one house against another in buying. Moreover, the concern that built this sort of machinery was reputed to be unshakable in catalogue prices. A crusty old firm, grown opulent in the trade, it had a crusty old selling agent named Babcock in the city where this factory was located.

Old Man Babcock was assumed to be just like Cæsar's wife when it came to catalogue prices. Purchasers hesitated to ask him if that was the least he would take. For years he laid back on the mighty reputation of his house, and if anybody protested, "Yes, Mr. Babcock; but we have quotations twenty per cent. lower from other houses in your line," the veteran stiffened instantly:

"Sir, I have quoted you the catalogue price of Sterling & Leeds—there *are* no other houses in our line!"

The president of the factory corporation said, however, that it would do no harm to have a look inside the old chap before buying, just to see how solid he really was. So a little comedy was rehearsed by the purchasing agent and himself, and one afternoon when it was ready to be produced Mr. Babcock got an invitation to come up to the works and give prices on some new equipment.

Arriving at the factory, the selling agent was asked to wait a moment in an anteroom. Old Man Babcock was hardly seated before two men came into the second room, talking in tones that were subdued but distinct. One was the president and the other the purchasing agent, and they appeared to have some mighty confidential business to discuss. The selling agent was an honest old chap. But in a moment he was intensely interested, and had heard enough to make it difficult to announce his presence and get away.

An Eight-Hundred-Dollar Comedy

"HAS Mr. Babcock given us prices yet?" asked the president. "Sterling & Leeds will probably want about fifty-eight hundred dollars for that machinery. We needn't put more than five thousand into this new equipment. If your other party will meet our specifications for forty-six hundred and fifty he's undoubtedly the man to have our order."

"But this other stuff isn't Sterling & Leeds, you know," warned the purchasing agent.

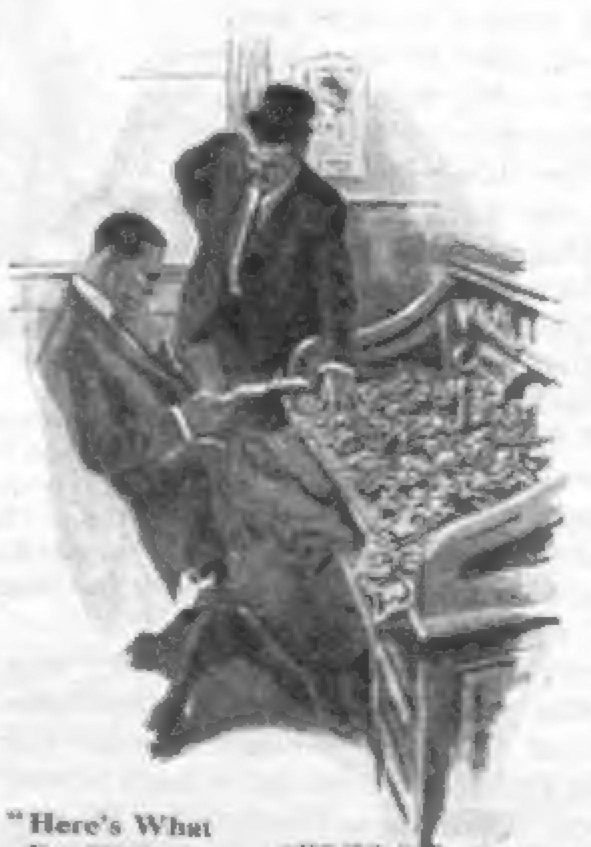
"I know that, Bert. But what of it? Isn't there a good deal of superstition about the Sterling & Leeds reputation? Look at their gears, for instance. Look at their bearings. In some respects they're twenty years behind current practice."

Then objection after objection was brought against the machinery really wanted. The purchasing agent held out for Sterling & Leeds, but was finally persuaded, and the two went out.

From another room the effect on Old Man Babcock had been carefully watched. Toward the end of the prearranged talk he had sat drinking in every word, as if petrified. When he entered the purchasing agent's office he wanted a little more time to look into those specifications. With an important order like this there *might* be ways in which he could save the factory money. Would he have his prices ready this afternoon? asked the purchasing agent—the matter was pressing. Oh, yes! within two hours. As soon as he could get away the veteran hurried to a telephone, got his house on long distance, and held an extended conversation.

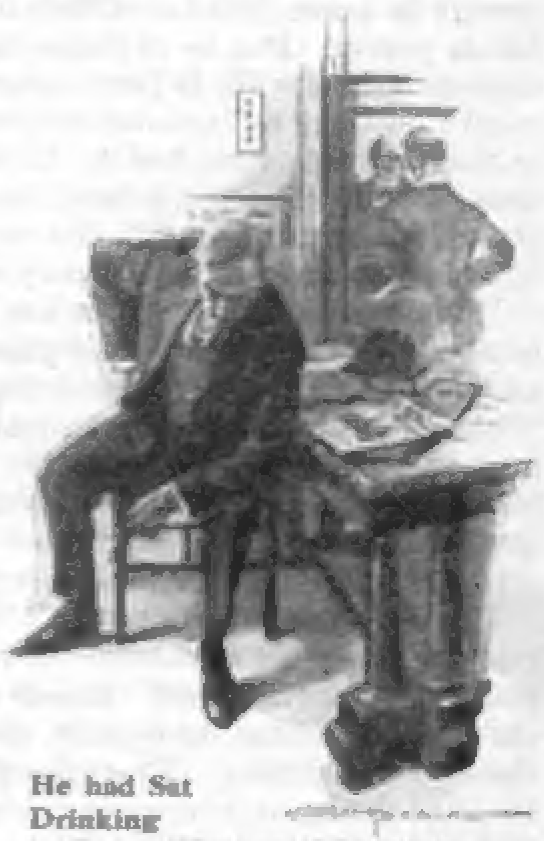
That factory got its Sterling & Leeds equipment for an even five thousand dollars!

The purchase of raw materials, equipment and supplies for a large mercantile house, a factory, a railroad system, is work of infinite variety. Sometimes a bit of neat fencing is needed, as in this case. Again, only the utmost openness will answer, and the purchasing agent buys of men who have long been his personal friends. The character of goods must be taken into account, and sometimes forecasts made of future conditions. One man will buy largely on his knowledge of the market, and another depends more upon his knowledge of men. Under some circumstances the buying end of a business may be conducted as a separate entity. Under others, it must be linked in with other departments to benefit the business as a whole.



"Here's What I'm Willing to Pay—
Take it All; I Haven't Counted It"

In one of the minor technical industries there was a pert little company making supplies. It held its own, and perhaps a trifle more, against a combination of several larger houses that was known, of course, as the "Trust." This little concern had a few desirable patents, a great deal of good-will, and several very capable men. To get the latter the Trust bought it outright. One of the best men was a salesman whose personality, energy and acquaintance had made him conspicuous in competition. The Trust asked him if he would enter its service at a higher salary, and the salesman said he would think it over. He thought twice, and decided to get into a new line. Salary was tempting. But now there would be no more fighting in that industry, and he enjoyed competition, because he was the kind of man who usually won. Then, he had been on the road fifteen years, selling one thing and another, and saw his family hardly once a month. He concluded that he'd better have a change—a new occupation in a new field. So he got a position as purchasing agent for a large company, and out of his knowledge of selling goods built methods of buying them.



He had Sat Drinking
in Every Word as if Petrified

This factory made many different products, and spent several thousand dollars a week for materials and supplies. Some came through staple channels of trade, where little selling skill was needed. But, for the most part, purchases were made of houses that had the best salesmen obtainable. Each day he would have to see twenty to thirty expert salesmen. Within certain limits the latter might pick their own day and hour for calling on him, presenting their propositions when they were in good trim. He, on the other hand, must receive them as they came. Nine in every ten were men of the nicest judgment; thoroughly skilled in presenting a proposition their way; capable of making black look like white; wise as the serpent in their management of difficult people; in fact, men very much like himself.

Once, in his selling career, he had tamed a noted dyspeptic, the fussy old buying partner in a fussy old house, feared by salesmen, guarded like a Grand Llama by a staff of absolutely devoted clerks—as the business dyspeptic often is, for some reason. This ex-salesman had tamed him in two visits, on the theory that there must be some decency about a man who held the love of his subordinates. The first lasted three minutes, and was made expressly to let the old chap "cuss" him. On going out he said, "It's too bad you're so all-fired cross this morning, Mr. Spleen." The second visit lasted much longer.

Going straight past the clerks, he got across the wide office as fast as his legs would carry him, and before the sour old face was raised laid a hand lightly on the old fellow's shoulder and said, "Mr. Spleen, it would put anybody in good humor to see you so cheerful this morning. I'll bet you're just punishing the work." That day he stayed two hours, sold a heavy bill of goods, and made a dyspeptic but steadfast friend.

Well! And now this was the sort of thing he had to meet from the other side of the bargain. These salesmen had information he needed. They could do him many a good turn if he made them friends. Yet he dare not let them impose their own points of view or control him by personality. That way lay shortsighted buying. The first four or five men who came in the morning he could beat at the personality game. But then he would be tired and easy picking for twenty-five others.

The Reformed Salesman and His Methods

HIS office was arranged in an ingenious way: A solitary chair stood some distance from his desk, with light from the windows falling full on anybody who sat in it. There were no other seats in the room. His desk was so placed that a visitor found it awkward to reach over and shake hands on coming in, and easy to walk over and sit in this chair.

A salesman entered, took the chair, and began his talk. The buyer was always cordial. As the salesman gauged his man and warmed up to his argument he invariably tried to move that chair nearer the desk. But it never moved an inch, because it was fastened to the floor. The buyer's own chair was on a swivel and, perhaps, as the salesman talked, he turned and looked absently out the window. This arrangement made the office not unlike a court, where the prisoner comes with his cooked-up story, and finds himself in strange surroundings. Before him a keen judge. Behind, an officer who nudges him in the ribs and asks, "Why don't you answer his Honor?" Two questions and the prearranged story is driven out of his mind, and he is thrown directly on to the facts.

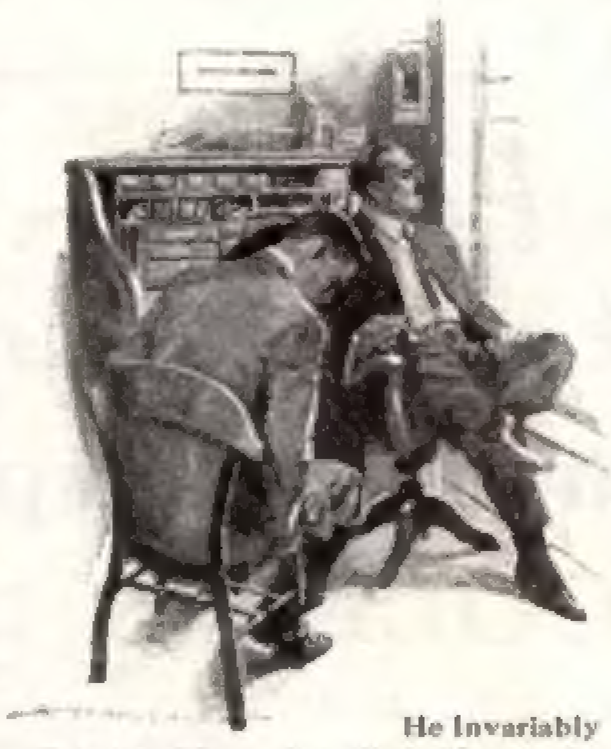
This was only the visible stage machinery, however.

A purchasing agent who has never sold goods himself will frequently act entirely on the defensive in buying, taking the side of his house and meeting the seller point by point. But this ex-salesman usually took the seller's side, and made a dummy opponent of his house.

A new device being brought to attention, he listened to the argument, made inquiries, and asked that a sample be left for a few days. When the salesman returned he said:

"We've looked into thisthing. Personally, I am favorable to it. The idea is excellent and new. In fact, too new. You know a board of directors is difficult to persuade. Our directors are broad-minded men. But they fall into errors of judgment. They have in this case. I am sorry to say we are not in accord about your device. Yet my own confidence is so great that I am willing to stretch a point if you help me. If we install this device, you see, I take the risk. I must have your coöperation in every way. Will you give it?"

The answer was obviously affirmative. Then, with the common enemy of a hostile board of directors to overcome, the prices, discounts, terms could often be made exceedingly attractive.


He Invariably Tried to Move that Chair Nearer the Desk. But it Never Moved an Inch

Another device common among purchasing agents is that of playing poverty. No matter how many millions a corporation may have, its purchasing agent can always be poor. Half a million dollars passes through his hands yearly. But he explains that it comes in quarterly appropriations. He is just squeezing through the second month on three dollars and sixty-eight cents. Your proposition attracts him, but he hasn't any of his appropriation left. And so the seller is led to make his proposals exceptionally tempting on the chance that the buyer will be able to borrow a little money of his wife.

In business generally there are hundreds of houses that never shade their established prices in any way. No skill or trickery in buying can bring them down a penny. Where it is obviously impracticable to beat prices down, however, the purchaser may be very successful in beating them *up*. For the same price he may secure three-X quality instead of ordinary grades; or, to the goods themselves may be added valuable service.

The sales-manager of a specialty house went out on the road, visiting his salesmen. Every man he talked with had the same grievance. Goods sometimes came back to the retail merchant for repairs, and the latter then shipped them to the factory. Everything was sold with the guarantee to dealer and consumer that repairs would be made free and defective goods replaced. On paper this guarantee was a strong selling argument. But in actuality the goods went back to the factory, were kept weeks, and sometimes lost. Correspondence was often ignored. Everybody hated the repair department.

At the factory it had been thought that this repair department was a minor detail that ran itself. Nobody had paid much attention to it. The sales-manager hurried back and investigated. He found the clerks copying each complaint in long-hand five or six times, and correspondence being thrown into a big box. The harder a complainant kicked, and the oftener he wrote, the less inclination there would be to hunt through that box, get all the papers, and take the case up systematically.

Big Buying and Little Buying

THAT department must be reorganized, of course. The sales-manager called in typewriter men, patent sales-slip men. These people were working every day on just such problems, and had experience covering the whole range of business.

"We will buy goods of you only on condition that you devise a system for that department," he said. Within a few days the salesmen came back with systems all drafted out. One man brought an entry form on which a single boy could write particulars of each complaint received, making five carbon copies for people who subsequently handled it. The typewriter salesman submitted another form whereby, at one writing, a complete record was made for the books and an address slip written for shipping back repaired goods.

Price and terms are by no means the chief consideration in buying. The service a seller will give under a continuous relation may be far more important than petty savings. The man who buys printed matter for a large Eastern house, for example, throws ninety per cent. of his patronage to one printer. On each contract, though, he obtains several competitive bids, so that average prices may be gauged. This one printer gets the business, and because he has a continuous relation with that buyer relieves him of much detail work—hunting up new materials, experimenting with various papers, inks. Ten per cent. of the buyer's patronage goes to other firms, thus keeping the competitive interest alive. The printer who gets ninety per cent. always bids with the chance of losing. Before this buyer took charge his firm had given all its trade during ten years to a single printer, without bids. That bred petty perquisites, such as an annual charge for storing type and engravings that another printer would gladly have stored free.

There is *big* buying and *little* buying.

The purchasing agent for a certain house bought in a truly big way. Where others haggled over price this man said, "All right, I'll pay what you ask—now what are you going to give me additional?" He made a contract for fifty thousand dollars' worth of street-car advertising space, the price of which is fairly constant. Service began in a dull season. "Start it two weeks earlier," he suggested; "it costs you nothing." That was done. Two weeks were tacked on to the end of the contract. He found idle spaces in many cars and asked for those. In the end he got a month's free service on the whole contract, and had the use of several thousand card-spaces during the dull season free of cost.

This man always attended to the main points of a deal, and then turned the seller over to an assistant, who crowded him a bit on minor points—did the *little* buying. Then the deal came back to the big buyer for closing. Eventually, this buyer went to another house, and his assistant was promoted. To-day that former assistant gets all the minor concessions a little buyer can obtain, but none of the big ones. The house, like many another, is immensely impressed with these little concessions, and never looks into the wider aspects of a deal.

This is an era of trade associations, price agreements and trusts. The purchasing agent frequently finds all the houses in a given trade quoting the same price. In printing, for example, the bids of six large concerns in New York or Chicago will often be within a few cents of each other, because a bureau is maintained expressly to keep up prices in an industry that was hotly competitive a few years ago, and there is a wise official who does little else than adjust the prices.

An occasional and capricious buyer stands little chance of getting inside rates in the face of such an association. But the large buyer who has been liberal in his past dealing, and made friends of the men from whom he buys, will seldom find such organizations altogether insurmountable.

Taking Care of Their Friends

THE purchasing agent of a large railroad system says, while prices of supplies have been raised by agreements the past few years, still he has never failed to get his own supplies at less than association schedules. Somebody always takes care of him. When he has bought supplies of the same manufacturer year after year, that manufacturer isn't going to throw him over for nothing. Perhaps he has no such friend in the trade. Well, then, doubtless some wavering member of the association considers this an excellent time to make friends with a big railroad. The strongest association cannot last forever. Some may not last till next week. Railroads, however, will always be running, and they will always need supplies.

The buyer who has no friend in such an organization may still find a weak brother if he goes at it diplomatically.

Two manufacturing houses in the same industry were getting supplies at association prices. In one the purchasing agent was an ambitious, prying youth, not very wise in the ways of this world. The other house had a purchasing agent who was born about 1850.

The youthful buyer thought the association weak somewhere. So he sent a letter to each firm in it, offering a tidy contract for a concession in price. The latter was masked by an exchange of merchandise. His offer was skillfully put together, and so tempting that each member went to the next association meeting prepared to sound others.

"Oh, yes—by the way," one would remark casually, "what do you hear about the Amalgamated Company?" Replies were guarded. After five or six had arrived, however, and curiosity was expressed as to what was being heard about the Amalgamated, the cat was out of the bag. When a late arrival came into that meeting and made a casual remark about the Amalgamated there would be a chorus of, "So you got one, too!" All knew that others had been approached, and nothing came of the young purchasing agent's offer but a funny story.

The other purchasing agent, however, heard the funny story, saw the strength of the offer, and the weakness of the way it had been advanced. After a few weeks he called on two or three members of the association, made each the same offer on a part of his supplies, and said, "You look like a sensible man—take it or leave it."

"H'm! Has this proposition been made to any other house?"

"No; not a soul knows about it except you and myself."

"All right; we accept."

The association idea has lately been adapted in an ingenious way to buying supplies. About a year ago each branch of a telephone company abolished its local purchasing department. An allied corporation in Chicago, manufacturing all the apparatus for hundreds of separate companies scattered over the country, now buys supplies through a great department. Formerly, for example, each company bought its own pencils. Now, the purchasing department in Chicago investigates pencils, settles upon standard kinds for telephone work, and goes into the market for, perhaps, a million. A very low price is naturally obtained on such a gigantic order, and the pencils are then forwarded to any company on requisition. This plan not only results in the saving on hundreds of supply departments, and gives supplies at lower prices, but has been a means of standardizing nearly everything used in the telephone industry.

The Personal Equation in Buying

THE forms of pressure brought to bear upon a seller by a skillful purchasing agent are almost as many as the forms of pressure the salesman can bring to bear on the buyer.

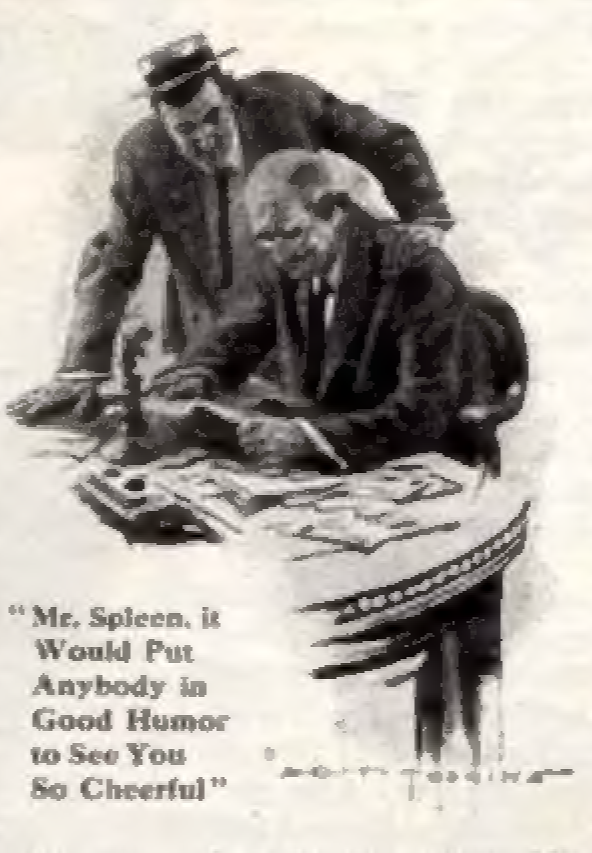
Some years ago a patent-medicine house sent a man over the country to purchase advertising space in second-rate newspapers. This buyer found that so long as he stuck to a discussion of rates per line the deal was more or less abstract. A publisher became so interested in maintaining his rate that he lost sight of the money he was going to get. So the buyer put that money in concrete form. Stepping into a bank, he would get five hundred dollars in one and two dollar bills. Little time was wasted in discussion.

"Here's a schedule of the space I want," he said, "and here's what I'm willing to pay—take it all; I haven't counted it." Then the money was strewn over the publisher's desk. Two hundred one-dollar bills will carpet a large flat-top desk three deep. The contract was seldom refused—and it called for about two thousand dollars' worth of advertising space!

When it comes to purchasing supplies for a railroad, however, there is less opportunity to gain advantage by sophistry. The merchandise dealt in is largely staple stuff, such as oil, waste, steel rails, spikes, castings, bar metal, structural shapes, ties, lumber. Much of it is bought in conformity to specifications furnished by the traffic and other departments; practically all of it bought year after year on contracts, and prices vary so little at any given time that the purchasing agent's effort is directed chiefly to forecasting the future from his experience of the past.

Yet the personal equation in buying can be very definite, even here.

When the purchasing agent for one large system took charge, some years ago, he found that contracts ran from January 1 to December 31. This brought expirations in the busiest season of the year, when prices were likely to be highest. So he adopted the fiscal year ending June 30, thus throwing expirations into the dull summer months, when it was most logical to go into market for new prices.

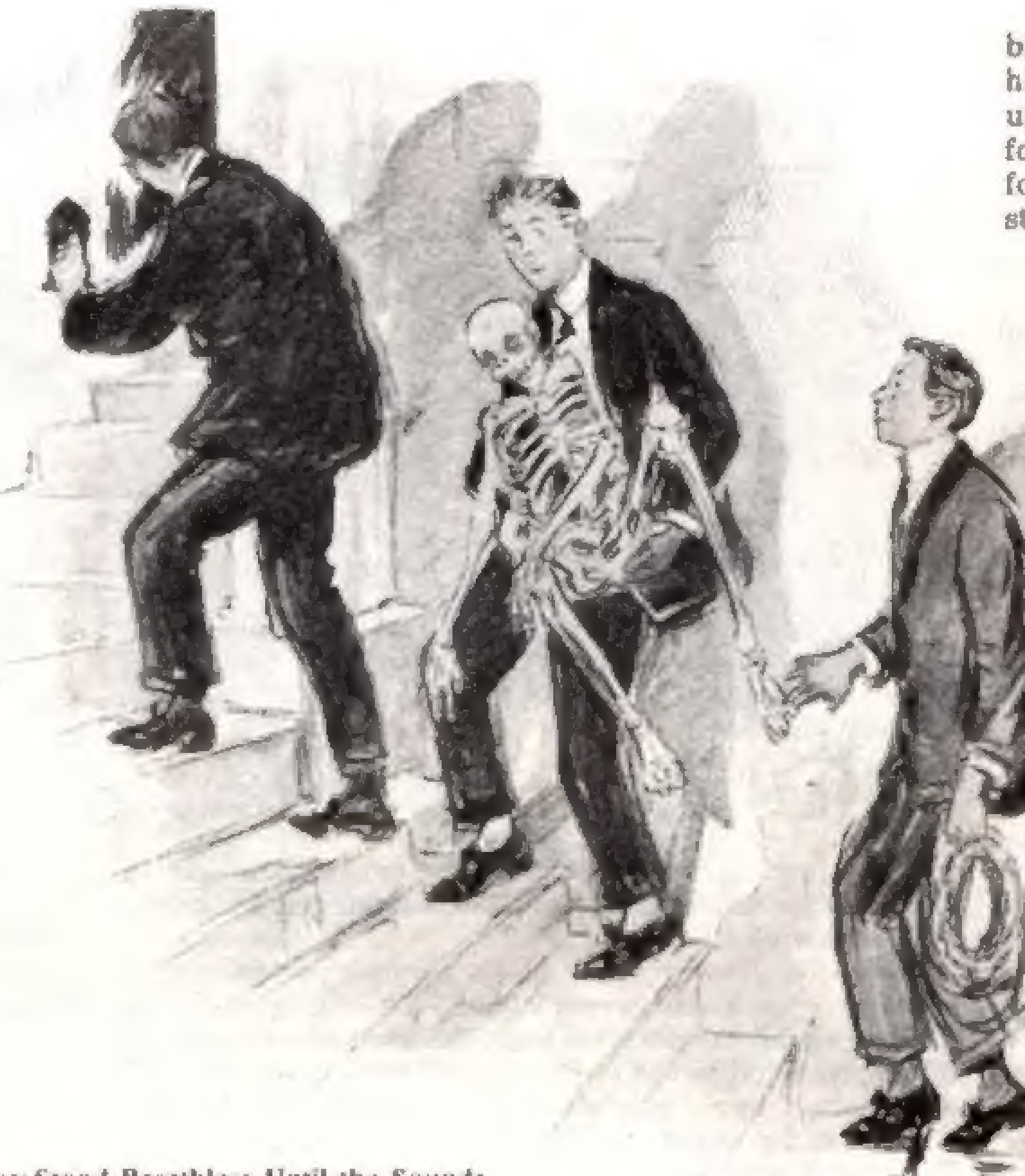

"Mr. Spleen, it Would Put Anybody in Good Humor to See You So Cheerful"

Some railroad purchasing agents hesitate to deal with sellers in friendship. In connection with all buying will be heard ugly rumors of commissions and "tips" given purchasing agents by sellers. There is undoubtedly a good deal of such dishonesty in business as a whole. But the rumors are usually much larger than the secret commissions. A veteran purchasing agent explains, for instance, how the directorate of his road includes men who also sit as directors on half the other big railroad systems. Any one of them might, at any meeting, call for schedules of prices being paid for supplies, and compare these with prices paid by every other road in the country. Commissions would make a noticeable difference in prices. Then, if a purchasing agent accepted a commission from a salesman the latter's house must know—the president, the treasurer, the bookkeepers. It could not be kept secret.

THE MARTYRDOM OF HICKEY

By OWEN JOHNSON

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON



They Stood Breathless Until the Sounds of the Watchman Died Away

SHRIMP DAVIS, on the platform, piped forth the familiar periods of Phillips' oration on Toussaint L'Ouverture, while the Third Form in declamation disposed themselves to sleep, stirred fitfully on one another's shoulders, resenting the adolescent squeak in Shrimp's voice that rendered perfect rest impossible. Pa Dater followed from the last bench, marking the position of the heels, the adjustment of the gesture to the phrase, and the rise and fall of the voice with patient enthusiasm, undismayed by the memory of the thousand Toussaints that had passed, or the certainty of the thousands which were to come.

"I would call him Napoleon, but Napoleon made his way to empire over broken oaths and through a sea of blood," shrieked the diminutive orator with a sudden crescendo as a spitball, artfully thrown, sang by his nose. At this sudden shrill notice of approaching manhood, Hickey, in the front row, roused himself with a jerk, put both his fists in his eyes and glanced with infinite reproach at the embattled disturber of his privileges. Rest now being impossible, he decided to revenge himself by putting forth a series of faces as a sort of running illustration to the swelling cadences. Shrimp Davis struggled manfully to keep his eyes from the antics of his tormentor. He accosted the ceiling, he looked sadly on the floor. He gazed east and west profoundly, through the open windows, seeking forgetfulness in the distant vistas. All to no purpose. Turn where he might the mocking face of Hickey danced after him. At the height of his eloquence Shrimp choked, clutched at his mouth, exploded into laughter, and tumbled ingloriously to his seat amid the delighted shrieks of the class.

Pa Dater, surprised and puzzled, rose with solemnity and examined the benches for the cause of the outbreak. Then taking up his position on the platform, from which he could command each face, he scanned the roll thoughtfully and announced: "Benjamin B. Hicks."

Utterly unprepared and off his guard, Hickey slowly drew up to his feet. Then a flash of inspiration came to him.

"Please, Mr. Dater," he said with simulated regret, "I chose the same piece."

Then he settled slowly down, as though confident the fortunate coincidence would at least postpone his appearance.

"Indeed," said Mr. Dater with a merciless smile, "isn't that extraordinary! Well, Hicks, try and lend it a new charm."

Hickey hesitated, with a calculating glance at the already snickering class. Then, determined to carry through the bravado, he climbed over the legs of his seatmates and up to the platform, made Mr. Dater a deep bow, and gave the class a quick bob of his head, accompanied by a confidential wink from that eye which happened to be out of the master's scrutiny. He glanced down, shook the wrinkles from his trousers, buttoned his coat, shot his cuffs and assumed the recognized Websterian attitude. Twice he cleared his throat while the class waited expectantly for the eloquence that did not surge. Next he frowned, took one step forward and two back, sank his hands in his trousers and searched for the missing sentences on the moulding that ran around the edge of the ceiling.

"Well, Hicks, what's wrong?" said the master with difficult seriousness. "Haven't learned it?"

"Oh, yes, sir," said Hickey with dignity.

"What's the matter, then?"

"Please, sir," said Hickey with innocent frankness, "I'm afraid I'm a little embarrassed."

The class guffawed loud and long. The idea of Hickey's succumbing to such an emotion was irresistible. Shrimp Davis sobbed hysterically and gratefully.

Hickey alone remained solemn, grieved and misunderstood.

"Well, Hicks," continued the master with the ghost of a smile, "embarrassment is something that you should try to overcome."

At this Turkey Reiter led Shrimp Davis out in agony.

"Very well," said Hickey with an injured look, "I'll try, sir. I'll do my best. But I don't think the conditions are favorable."

Mr. Dater commanded silence. Hickey bowed again and raised his head, cloaked in seriousness. A titter acclaimed him. He stopped and looked at the master.

"Go on, Hicks, go on," said Mr. Dater. "Do your best. At least, let us hear the words."

Another inspiration came to Hickey. "I don't think that this is quite regular, sir," he said aggressively. "I have always taken an interest in my work, and I don't want to sacrifice a good mark."

Mr. Dater bit his lips and quieted the storm with two upraised fingers.

"Nevertheless, Hicks," he said, "I think we shall let you continue."

"What!" exclaimed Hickey, as though loth to credit his ears. Then, resuming his calm with dignity, he said, "Very well, sir; not prepared."

With the limp of a martyr he turned his back on Mr. Dater and took his seat, where he sat in injured dignity, disdaining to notice the grimaces of his companions.

Class over, the master summoned Hicks, and bent his brows, boring him with a look of inquisitorial accusation.

"Hicks," he said, spacing his words, "I have felt, for the last two weeks, a certain lack of discipline here. Just a word to the wise, Hicks, just a word to *the wise!*"

Hickey was pained. Where was the evidence to warrant such a flat accusation? He had been arraigned on suspicion, that was all—absolutely on mere haphazard suspicion. And this was justice?

Moreover, Hickey's sensitive nature was shocked. He had always looked upon Pa Dater as an antagonist for whose sense of fair play he would have answered as for his own. And now to be accused thus with innuendo and veiled menace—then he could have faith in no master, not one in the whole Faculty! And this grieved Hickey mightily as he went moodily along the halls.

Now, the code of a schoolboy's ethics is a marvelously-fashioned thing—and by that each master stands or falls. To be accused of an offense of which he is innocent means nothing to a boy, for it simply demonstrates the lower calibre of the master's intelligence. But to be suspected and accused on that mere suspicion of something which he has just committed—that is unpardonable and in absolute violation of the laws of warfare, which decree that the struggle shall be one of wits, without recourse to the methods of the Inquisition.

Hickey, disillusionized and shocked, went glumly down the brownstone steps of Memorial and slowly about the green circle, resisting the shouted invitations to tarry under the nourishing apple-trees.

He felt in him an imperative need to strike back, to break instantly some rule of the tyranny that encompassed him. With this heroic intention he walked nonchalantly up the main street to the jigger-shop, which no underformer may enter until after four. As he approached the forbidden haunt, suddenly the figure of Mr. Lorenzo Blackstone Tapping, the young assistant house master at the Dickinson, or more popularly known as "Tappy," rolled up on a bicycle.

"Humph, Hicks!" said Mr. Tapping at once, with a suspicious glance at the jigger-shop directly opposite; "how do you happen to be here out of hours?"

"Please, sir," said Hickey glibly, "I've got a nail that's sticking into my foot. I was just going to Bill Orum's to get it fixed."

"Humph!" Mr. Tapping gave him a searching look, hesitated, and, mounting his wheel, continued, unconvinced.

"He looked back," said Hickey wrathfully, peering through the misty windows of the cobbler's shop. Then, smarting at the injury, he added, "He didn't believe me—the sneak!"

It was a second reminder of the tyranny he lived under. He waited a moment, found the coast clear and flashed across to the jigger-shop.

Al welcomed him with a grunt, carefully closing the little glass doors that protected the tray of éclairs and fruit-cake, and leaning back drawled:

"What's the matter, Hickey? You look kind of discouraged."

"Give me a coffee jigger, with chocolate syrup and a dash of whipped cream—stick a meringue in it," said Hickey. Then, as Al remained passively expectant, he drew out a coin, saying, "Oh, I've got the money!"

He ate gloomily and in silence, refusing to be drawn into conversation. Something was wrong in the scheme of things. Twice in the same hour he had been regarded with suspicion and an accusing glance—his simplest explanation discountenanced! Up to this time he had been like a hundred other growing boys, loving mischief for mischief's sake, entering into a lark without any more definite purpose than the zest of adventure. Naturally he regarded a master as the natural enemy, but he had viewed him with the tolerance of an agile monkey for a wolf who does not climb. Now, slowly it began to dawn upon him that there was an ethical side.

He vanished suddenly behind the counter as Mr. Tapping, returning, made directly for the jigger-shop. Hickey, at the end of the long counter, crouching amid stationery, heard him moving suspiciously toward his hiding-place. Quickly he flicked a pencil down behind the counter and vanished through the back entrance as Tapping, falling into the trap, sprang in the direction of the noise.

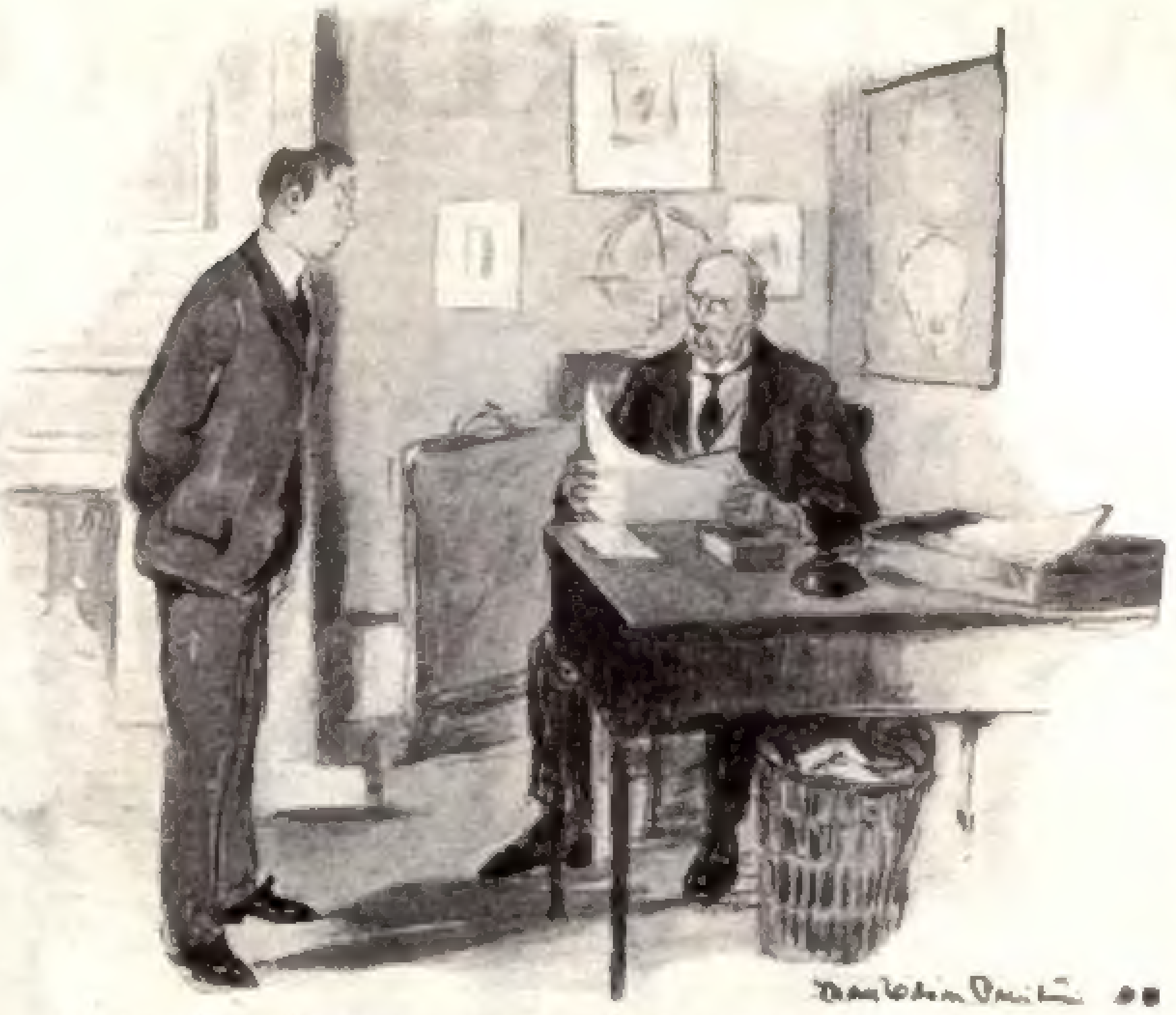
The adventure served two purposes: it gave Hickey the measure of the enemy, and it revealed to him where first to strike.

II

DOC MACNOODER roomed just across the hall from Hickey. He was a sort of genius of all trades. He played quarter on the eleven and ran the half-mile close to the two-minute mark. He was the mainstay of banjo, mandolin and glee clubs. He played the organ in chapel and had composed the famous Hamill House March in memory of his requested departure from that abode. He organized the school dramatic club. He was secretary and treasurer of his class and of every organization to which he belonged. He received a commission from a dozen firms to represent them to sell to his likenesses stationery, athletic goods, choice sets of books, fin-de-siècle neckties, fancy waistcoats, fountain-pens and safety-razors, all of which articles, if report is to be credited, sold with ease and eloquence at ten per cent. above the retail price. His room was a combination of a sorcerer's den and junk-shop. At one corner a row of shelves held a villainous array of ill-smelling black, green and blue bottles, with which he was prepared to cure instantly anything from lockjaw to snake bite.

The full measure of Macnooder's activities was never known. Turkey Reiter had even surprised him drawing up a will for Bill Orum, the cobbler, to whom he had just sold a cure for rheumatism.

It was to Macnooder that Hickey opened his heart and his need of vengeance. It cannot be said that the ethical side of the struggle appealed to Macnooder, who



"Hicks, I Have Felt for the Last Two Weeks a Certain Lack of Discipline Here. Just a Word to the Wise. Hicks, Just a Word to *the Wise!*"

had small predilection for philosophy and none at all for the moral sciences, but the love of mischief was strong. The encounter with Tapping in the morning had suggested a victim near at hand and conveniently inexperienced.

Mr. Tapping had been graduated from the university the previous year and had arrived at Lawrenceville with theories on the education of boys. As luck would have it, Mr. Rogers, the house master, would be absent that evening at a little dinner of old classmates in Princeton, leaving the entire conduct of the Dickinson in the hands of his assistant. In passing, it must be noted that between the two masters there was little sympathy. Mr. Rogers had lived too long in the lair of the boy to be at all impressed with the new ideas on education that Mr. Tapping advocated in the blissful state of his ignorance.

At three o'clock Tapping departed to convey to a class of impatient boys, decked out in athletic costumes, with baseballs stuffed in their pockets and tennis rackets waiting at their sides, the interesting shades of distinction in that exciting study, Greek prose composition. Then Hickey gleefully, while Macnooder guarded the stairs, entered the study, and with a screw-driver loosened the screw which held the inner door-knob to the spindle so that it could later be easily removed with the fingers.

At half-past seven o'clock, when study hours had begun, Hickey entered the sanctum ostensibly for advice on a perplexing problem in advanced algebra.

Mr. Tapping did not like Hickey. He regarded him with suspicion, with an instinctive recognition of an enemy. Also, he was engaged in the difficult expression of a certain letter which, at that time, presented more difficulties than the binomial theorem. So he inquired with short cordiality, concealing the written page under a blotter:

"Well, Hicks, what is it?"

"Please, Mr. Tapping," said Hickey, who had perceived the move with malignant delight, "I wish you'd look at this problem. It won't work out. I think there must be some mistake in the book."

Now, the chief miseries of a young assistant master centre about the study hours; when theory demands that he should be ready to advise and instruct the discouraged, boyish mind on any subject figuring in the curriculum, whatever be his preference or his prejudice. Mr. Tapping, who romped over the Greek and Latin page, had an hereditary weakness in the mathematics, a failing that the boys had discovered and instantly turned to their profit. He took the book, glanced at the problem and began to jot down a line of figures. Hickey, meanwhile, with his back to the door, brazenly extracted the loosened screw.

Finally, Mr. Tapping, becoming hopelessly entangled, raised his head and said, with a disdainful smile: "Hicks, I think you had better put a little work to this—just a little work!"

"Mr. Tapping, I don't understand it," said Hickey, adding to himself, "Old Tappy is up a tree!"

"Nonsense—perfectly easy, perfectly simple," said Tapping, returning the book with a gesture of dismissal; "requires a little application, Hicks, just a little application—that's all."

Hickey, putting on his most injured look, bowed to injustice and departed at the moment that Turkey Reiter entered, seeking assistance in French. Upon his tracks, without an interval, succeeded Macnooder with a German composition, Hungry Smeed to discuss history, the Egghead on a question of spelling, and Beauty Sawtelle in thirst for information about the Middle Ages. Finally, Mr. Tapping's patience, according to Macnooder's prophetic calculation, burst on a question of Biblical interpretation, and announcing wrathfully that he could no longer be disturbed he ushered out the last tormentor and shut the door with violence.

Presently, Hickey stole up on tiptoe and fastening a noose over the knob, gave a signal. The string, pulled by a dozen equally responsible hands, carried away the knob, which remained in the possession of the enemy. The fall of the other knob was heard on the inside of the door and the exclamation that burst from the startled master. The tyrant was caged, the house was at their pleasure.

Mr. Tapping committed the initial mistake of knocking twice imperiously on the door and commanding, "Open at once."

Two knocks answered him. Then he struck three violent blows and three violent echoes returned, while a bunch of wriggling, chuckling boys clustered at every crack of the door, listening with strained ears for the muffled roars that came from within.

While one group began a game of leap-frog, another, under the guidance of Hickey, descended into the house master's quarters and proceeded to attend to the rearrangement of the various rooms. Working beaver-like, with whispered cautions, they rapidly exchanged the furniture of the parlor with the dining-room, grouping each transformed room, exactly as the original had been.

Then they placed the six-foot water-cooler directly in front of the entrance with a tin pan balanced, to give the alarm, and shaking with silent, expectant laughter, extinguished all lights, undressed and returned to the corridors, white shadowy forms, to wait developments. Meanwhile the caged assistant master continued to pound upon the door with a fury that betokened approaching hysteria.

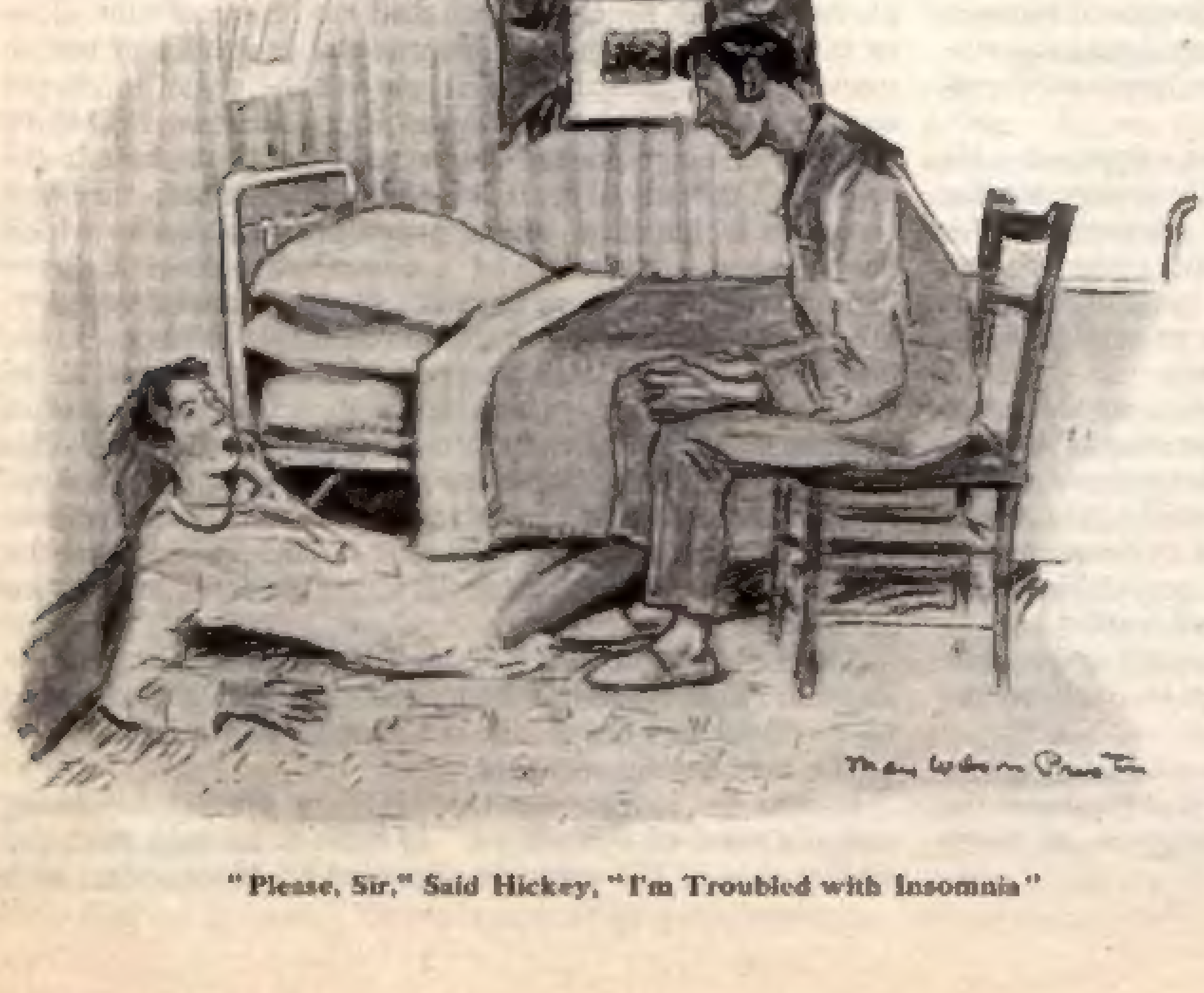
Suddenly, at half-past ten, the tin pan crashed horribly on the floor. A second later every boy was sleeping loudly in his bed. Astonished at such a reception, Mr. Rogers groped into the darkness and fell against the water-cooler, which, in his excitement, he carried over with him to the floor. Recovering himself he lighted the gas and perceived the transformed parlor and dining-room. Then he started for the assistant house master's rooms with long, angry bounds, saying incoherent, expressive things to himself.

The ordeal that young Mr. Tapping faced, from his superior, one hour later when the door had been opened, was distinctly unpleasant, and was not made the more agreeable from the fact that every rebuke resounded through the house and carried joy and comfort to the listening boys.

The house master would hear no explanation; in fact, explanations were about the last thing he wanted. He desired to express his disgust, his indignation and his rage, and he did so magnificently.

"May I say one word, sir?" said Mr. Tapping in a lull.

"Quite unnecessary, Mr. Tapping," cut in the still angry master; "I don't wish any explanations. Such a thing as this has never happened in the history of this institution. That's all I wish to know. You forget that you are not left in charge of a young ladies' seminary."



"Please, Sir," Said Hickey, "I'm Troubled with Insomnia"

"Very well, sir," said the mortified Mr. Tapping. "May I ask what you intend to do about this act of insubordination?"

"That is what I intend to ask *you*, sir," replied his superior. "Good-night."

The next day after luncheon Mr. Tapping summoned the house to his study and addressed them as follows:

"Young gentlemen of the Dickinson House, I don't think you have any doubt as to why I have called you here. A very serious breach of discipline has taken place—one that cannot be overlooked. The sooner we meet the situation in the right spirit, gravely, with seriousness, the sooner will we meet each other in the spirit of harmony and friendly understanding that should exist between pupil and master. I am willing to make some allowance for the spirit of mischief, but none for an exhibition of untruthfulness. I warn you that I *know*—that I *know* who were the ringleaders in last night's outrage." Here he stopped and glanced in succession at each individual boy. Then suddenly turning, he said:

"Hicks, were you concerned in this?"

"Mr. Tapping," said Hickey, with the air of a martyr, "I refuse to answer."

"On what ground?"

"On the ground that I will not furnish any clue whatsoever."

"I shall deal with your case later."

"Very well, sir."

"Macnooder," continued Mr. Tapping, "what do you know about this?"

"I refuse to answer, sir."

At each demand, the same refusal. Tapping, repulsed in his first attempt, hesitated and reflected. Above all things he did not wish to perpetuate last night's humiliation, and to continue the combat meant an accusation *en bloc* against the Dickinson House before the head master.

"Hicks, Macnooder and Reiter, wait here," he said suddenly; "the rest may go."

He walked up and down before the three a moment, and then said: "Reiter, you may go; you, too, Macnooder."

Hickey, thus deprived of all support, remained defiant.

"May I ask," he said, "why I am picked out?"

"Hicks," said Mr. Tapping sternly, without replying to the question, "I know pretty well who was the ringleader in this and other things that have been going on in the past. I warn you, my boy, I shall keep my eye on you from this time forth. That's all I want to say to you. Look out for yourself!"

Hickey could hardly restrain the tears. He went out with deadly wrath boiling in his heart. The idea of singling him out from the whole house in that way! So then every hand was against him; he had no security; he was marked for suspicion, his downfall determined upon!

For one brief moment his spirit, the spirit of indomitable, battling boyhood, failed him and he felt the gray impossibility of contending against tyrants. But only a moment, and then with a return of the old fighting spirit he suddenly conceived the idea of defying, single-handed, the whole organized hereditary and intrenched tyranny that sought to crush him, of matching his wits against the hydra despotism, perhaps going down gloriously, like Spartacus, for the cause, but of leaving behind a name that should roll down the generations of future boys.

III

DURING the next few days, Hickey, like the obscure Bonaparte before the trenches of Toulon, walked moodily alone, absorbed in his own resolves, evolving immense schemes. Macnooder, alone, received the full confidence of the war *à outrance* which he contemplated.

Macnooder was the man of peace, the Mazarin and the Machiavelli of the Dickinson. He risked nothing in action, but to his cunning mind, with its legal sense of dangers to be met and avoided, were brought all the problems of conspiracies against the discipline of the school. Macnooder found the scheme heroic, all the more so that he saw an opportunity of essaying his strategy on large lines.

"We must begin on a small scale, Hickey," he said wisely, "and keep working up to something really big."

"I thought we might organize a secret society," said Hickey, ruminating; "something masonic, all sworn to silence and secrecy and all that sort of thing."

"No," said Doc, "just as few as possible and no real confidants, Hickey; we'll take assistants as we need them."

"What would you begin with?"

"We must strike a blow at Tappy," said Macnooder. "We must show him that we don't propose to stand for any of his underhanded methods."

"He needs a lesson," Hickey asserted savagely.

"How about the skeleton?"

"Humph!" said Hickey, considering; "perhaps, but that's rather old."

"Not up the flag-pole—something new."

"What is it, Doc?"

Hickey looked at Macnooder with expectant admiration.

"I noticed something yesterday in Memorial, during chapel, that gave me an idea," said Macnooder profoundly. "There is a great big ventilator in the ceiling; now there must be some way of getting to that and letting a rope down." Macnooder stopped and looked at Hickey. Hickey returned a look full of admiration; then, by a mutual movement, they clasped hands in ecstatic, sudden delight.

That night they reconnoitred with the aid of a dark-lantern, borrowed from Legs Brownell, of the Griswold, and the pass-keys of which Hickey was the hereditary possessor. They found to their delight that there was a small opening through which one boy could wriggle with difficulty.

The attempt was fixed for the following night, and as a third boy was indispensable it was decided that etiquette demanded that the owner of the lantern should have the first call.

At two o'clock that night Hickey and Macnooder stole down the creaking stairs and out Sawtelle's window (the highway to the outer world). The night was misty, with a pleasant, ghostly chill that heightened measurably the delight of the adventure. In the shadow of the Griswold a third shivering form cautiously developed into the possessor of the dark-lantern.

After a whispered consultation they proceeded to Foundation House, where they secured the necessary rope from the clothesline, it being deemed eminently fitting to secure the coöperation of the best society. Memorial Hall entered, they soon found themselves, by the aid of the smelly lantern, in front of the closet that held the skeleton, which twice a week served as demonstration to the class in anatomy, and twice a year was dragged forth to decorate either the flag-pole or some such exalted and inaccessible station. In a short time the door yielded to the prying of the hatchet Macnooder had thoughtfully brought along, and the white, chalky outlines of the melancholy skeleton appeared.

The three stood gazing, awed. It was black and still, and the hour of the night when dogs howl and bats go hunting.

"Who's going to take him?" said Legs in a whisper.

"Take it yourself," said Macnooder, unhooking the wriggling form. "Hickey's got to crawl through the air-hole, and I've got to work the lantern. You're not superstitious, are you?"

"Sure, I'm not," retorted Legs, who received the skeleton in his arms with a shiver that raised the goose-flesh from his crown to his heels.

"Come on," said Hickey in a whisper; "softly, now."

"What's that?" exclaimed Legs, drawing in his breath.

"That's nothing," said Macnooder loftily; "all buildings creak at night."

"I swear I heard a step. There it is again. Listen."

"Legs is right," said Hickey in a whisper. "It's outside."

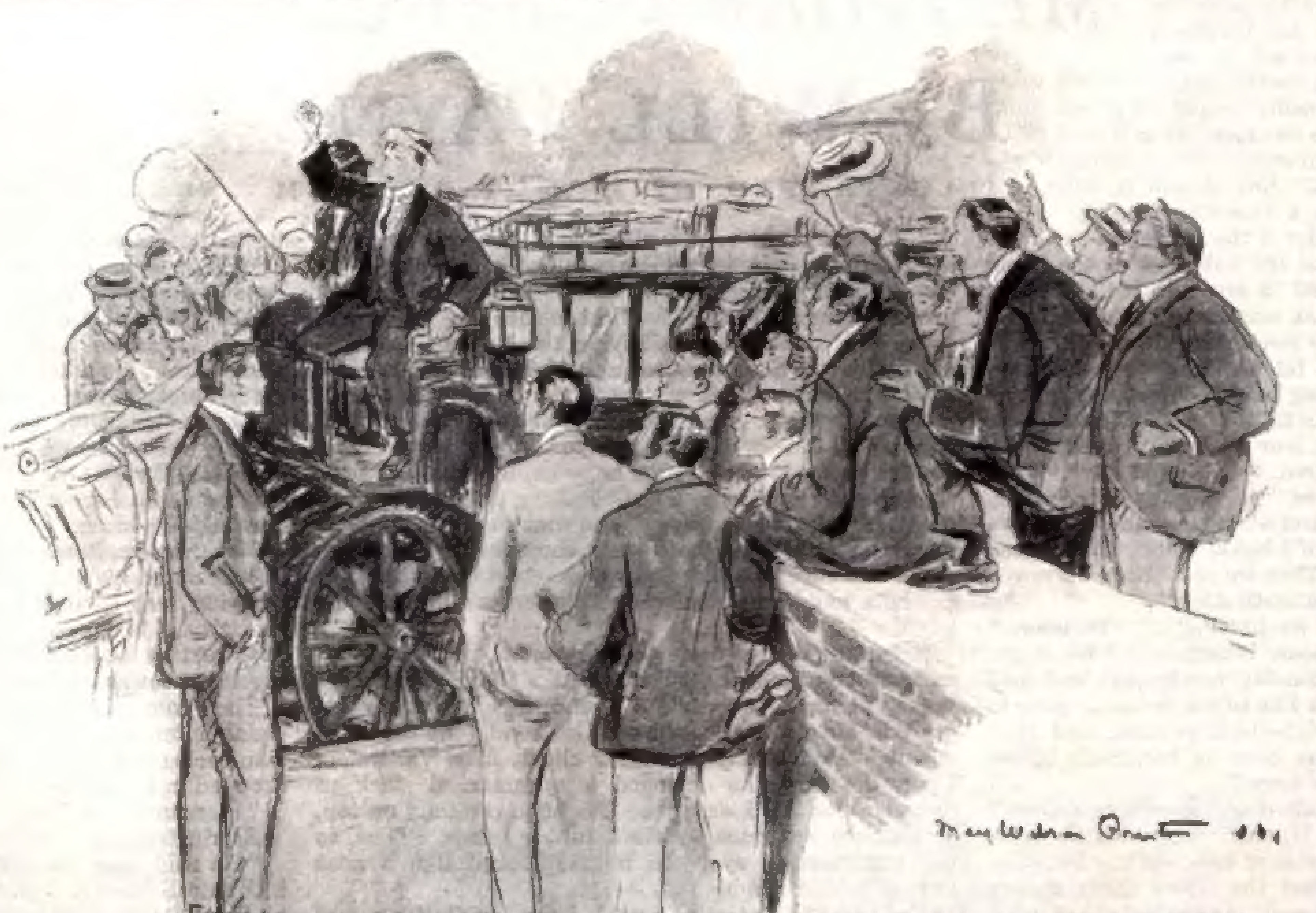
"Rats! It's nothing but Jimmy," said Macnooder with enforced calm. "Keep quiet until he passes on."

They stood breathless until the sounds of the watchman on his nightly rounds died away. Then they started on tiptoes up the first flight for the chapel, Macnooder leading with the lantern, Legs next with the skeleton gingerly carried in his arms, Hickey bringing up the rear with the coil of rope.

"Here we are," said Macnooder at length. "Legs, you wait here; see, that's where we're going to hoist him." He flashed the bull's-eye upward to the perforated circle directly above the rostrum, and added: "I'll get Hickey started and then I'll be right back."

"Are you going to take the lantern?" said Legs, whose courage began to fail him.

"Sure," said Hickey indignantly. "Legs, you're getting scared."



"He Hasn't Any Proof," He Said Brokenly; "No Proof—Darn Him!"

"No, I'm not," protested Legs faintly, "but I don't like to be left all alone with this thing in my arms."

"Say, do you want my job?" said Hickey scornfully, "crawling down thirty feet of air-hole, with bugs and spiders and mice? Do you? 'Cause if you do just say so."

"No-o-o," said Legs with a sigh; "no, I'll stay here."

"You don't believe in ghosts and that sort of thing, do you?" said Macnooder solicitously.

"Course I don't!"

"All right, then; 'cause if you do we won't leave you."

"You chaps go on," said Legs; "be quick about it."

"All right?"

"All right."

Hickey and Macnooder stole away; then suddenly Hickey, returning, whispered:

"Say, Legs!"

"What?"

"If you catch your coat don't think it's the dead man's hand grabbing you, will you?"

"Darn you, Hickey," said Legs; "shut up or I'll quit."

"Sh-h—good-by, old man."

"Hurry up!"

In the crawling, howling darkness Legs waited, holding the skeleton at arm's length, trembling like a leaf, listening horribly for a sound, vowing that, if he ever got safely back into his bed, he would never break another law of the school. At the moment when his courage was wavering he heard the muffled, slipping tread of Macnooder returning. He drew a long, comfortable breath, threw one leg nonchalantly over the back of a near-by seat and clasped the skeleton in an affectionate embrace.

"Hist—Legs."

The lantern flashed upon him. Legs yawned tranquilly.

"Is that you, Doc?"

"Were you scared?"

"Of what?"

"Say, you've got nerve for a youngster," said Macnooder admiringly. "Honestly, how did it feel hugging old Bonesy all alone there in the dark?"

"You know, I rather liked it," said Legs with a drawl. "I tried to imagine what it would be like to see a ghost. Only, I could hardly keep awake. Good gracious! What is that?"

The coil of rope descending had brushed against his face, and the start which he gave completely destroyed the effect of his narrative. Macnooder, seeing the rope, made it fast to the skeleton; then, producing a large pasteboard from under his sweater, he attached it to a foot so that it would display to the morrow's audience the inscription, TAPPY.

He gave two quick tugs, and the skeleton slowly ascended, twisting and turning in unnatural, white gyrations, throwing grotesque shadows against the ceiling.

"Now, let's get up to see Hickey come out," said Macnooder with a chuckle. "He'll be a sight."

Ten minutes later, as they waited expectantly, listening at the opening of the narrow passage, a sneeze resounded.

"What's that?" exclaimed Legs, whose nerves were tense.

"That's Hickey," said Macnooder with a chuckle. "He'll be along in a minute. He's scattering red pepper after him so no one can crawl in to get the skeleton down. Gee! He must have swallowed half of it."

A succession of sneezes resounded, and then with a scramble an unrecognizable form shot out of the opening, covered with cobwebs and the accumulated dust of years.

"For Heaven's sake, Hickey, stop sneezing," cried Macnooder in tremor. "You'll get us caught."

"I—I—can't help it," returned Hickey between sneezes. "Great idea of yours—red pepper!"

"Just think of the fellow that goes in after you," said Macnooder, "and stop sneezing."

"It's in my eyes, down my throat, everywhere!" said Hickey helplessly.

They got him out of the building and down by the pond, where he plunged his head gratefully into the cooling waters. Then they slapped the dust from him and rubbed the cobwebs out of his hair until he begged for mercy.

"Never mind, Hickey," said Macnooder helpfully; "just think of Tappy when he comes in to-morrow."

Fortified by this delicious thought, Hickey submitted to being cleaned. Then Macnooder examined him carefully, saying:

"There mustn't be the slightest clew; if there is a button missing you'll have to go back for it." Suddenly he stopped. "Hickey, there's one gone—off the left sleeve."

"I lost that scrapping with the Egghead last week," explained Hickey, "and both of the left suspender ones are gone, too."

"Honest?"

"I swear it."

"There's been many a murder tracked down," said Macnooder impressively, "on just a little button."

"Gee, Doc!" said Legs in respectful admiration, "what a bully criminal you would make." And on this spontaneous expression of their young ambition the three separated.

The next morning, when the school filed in to Memorial for chapel, they beheld with rapture the uncanny figure suspended directly over the rostrum. In an instant the name was whispered over the benches—"Tappy." It was, then, a feat of the Dickinson House. Every Dickinsonian was questioned excitedly and professed the blankest ignorance, but with such an insistent air that twenty were instantly credited with the deed. Then, with a common impulse, the school turned to watch the entrance of the Faculty. Each master on entering started, repressed an involuntary smile, looked to see the name attached, frowned, gazed fiercely at the nearest boys and took his seat.

Suddenly a thrill of excitement ran over the school, and like a huge sigh the exclamation welled up: "Tappy!"

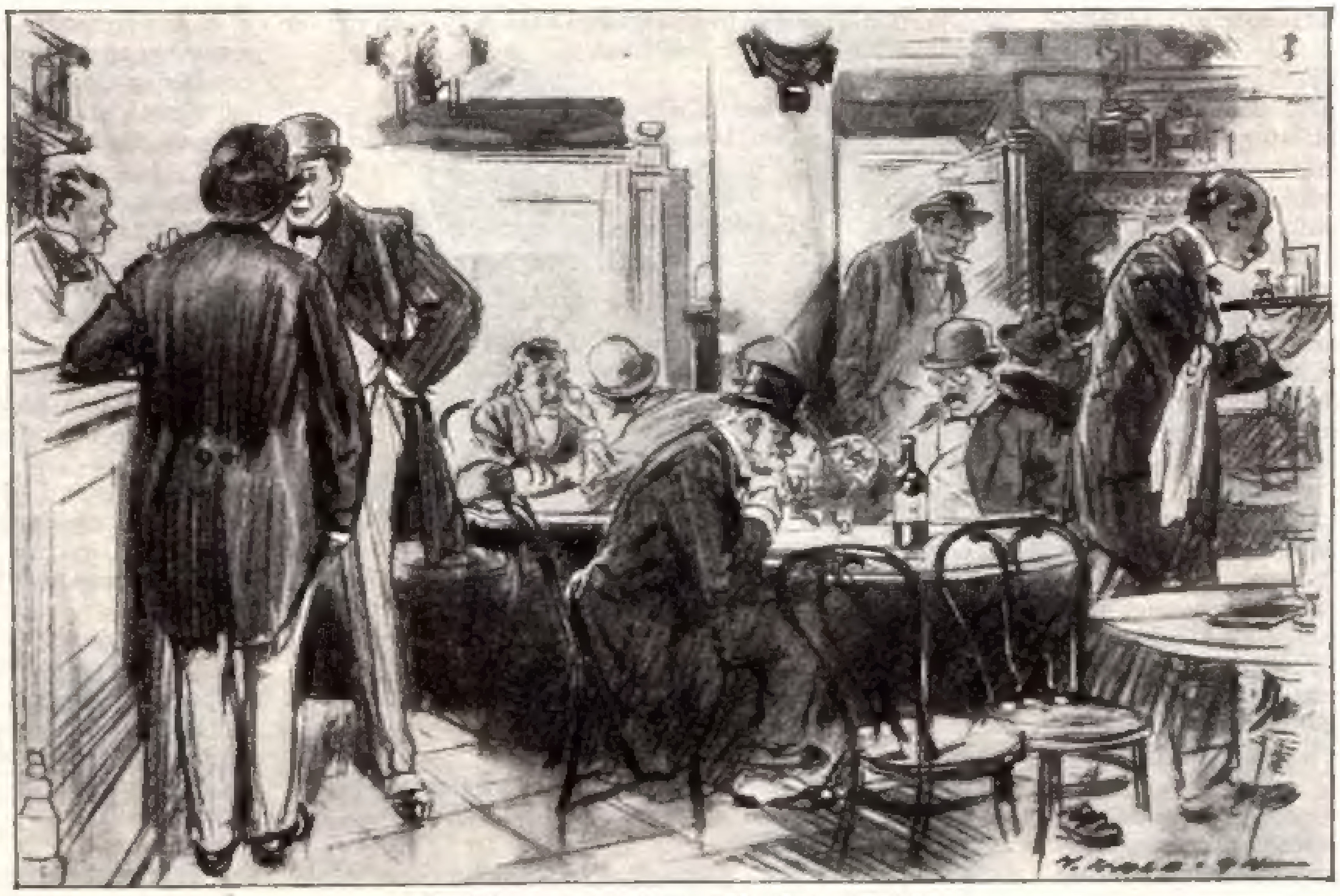
Mr. Lorenzo Blackstone Tapping had entered. His eyes met the skeleton and he colored. A smile would have saved him, but the young Greek and Latin expert understood nothing of the humanizing sciences. He tried to look unconcerned and failed; he tried to look dignified and appeared sheepish; he tried to appear calm and became red with anger. It was a moment that carried joy into the heart of Hickey—joy and the forgetfulness of red pepper, cobwebs and dust.

Then the head master arrived and a frightened calm fell over the awed assemblage. Did he see the skeleton? There was not the slightest evidence of recognition. He walked to his seat without a break and began the services without once lifting his eyes. The school was vexed, mystified and apprehensive. But at the close of the services the head master spoke, seeking the culprits among the four hundred, and under that terrifying glance each innocent boy looked guilty.

Such an outrage had never before occurred in the history of the institution, he assured them. Not only had a gross desecration been done to the sacredness of the

(Continued on Page 33)

The Automatic Capitalists



"Say, We've Got to Find a Way Out of This!"

Mr. Tetlow's Confidence

By WILL PAYNE

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

ONE Saturday in October, at a quarter-past eleven, Chicago time—or fifteen minutes after the New York Stock Exchange closed—Barrington and Benton sat dejectedly in the senior partner's room.

It was a handsome little apartment. A broad window, artistically done in leaded glass, looked out flush with the busy flagging of Monroe Street. The table was of mahogany. Upon it lay a sheet of letter-paper, covered with figures.

Benton, who had the misfortune to weigh nearly two hundred pounds in his twenty-ninth year, stared vacantly at the leaded window. "This firm began business under very flattering auspices, Marcus," he observed, in a reminiscent way. "None more so. You thought I had fifty thousand dollars and a lot of business. I thought you had fifty thousand dollars and a lot of business. Very flattering indeed. As a matter of fact," he added casually, "neither one of us had a blamed cent."

Barrington, on the other side of the polished table, mechanically ran his perfectly manicured fingers through his luxuriant brown hair. Rather undersized, he was neatly made. He dressed fastidiously and his broad, sloping brow was really noble. Without noticing the junior partner's comment he said, half to himself, "I wouldn't at all mind a decent failure—say for a million or two. But to quit in this shape—why, it would ruin a fellow's standing."

Benton gloomily contemplated the figures on the sheet of paper. They showed that the liabilities of the house amounted to $147,628.69, and its assets to $317.23—that being the remnant of the bank account. The office furniture, not being paid for, was not included on either side of the statement. With a fat man's irrepressible good nature, Benton gave a gurgling laugh. "Well, we've done better than a good many," he said. "A good many have lost all their money the last four months. We still have our original capital unimpaired. We should have looked forward to this time of need," he continued, sobering. "While we could still command a few thousand dollars we should have bought control of a bank, 'hocking' the stock to pay the purchase price. Then we could have borrowed all we wanted from our own institution."

"That's what makes it so humiliating, Theodore," Barrington returned with some bitterness. "We might have put page-ads in the Sunday newspapers and sold gold mines, or stock in an air line to the moon, or gone in for any other sort of get-rich-quick swindle, and been rolling in money. But we've been an honorable house, sticking strictly to legitimate lines."

"And we've got three hundred and seventeen dollars," said Benton. "You know, Marcus," he added thoughtfully, "I've got that half-bushel of bonds of the Swastika Diamond Mines that I loaned the fellow thirty dollars on. They look almost like money—to anybody that don't know the difference."

Barrington shook his head. "No illegitimate games for me, Theodore," he said firmly. "Besides, we wouldn't have time to do anything with 'em if we wanted to. Old man Tetlow will be in this afternoon for that pitiful eighteen hundred dollars we owe him. If we give him a check that's not good at the bank he'll have us pinched like a couple of pickpockets."

Benton sighed. "Yes. It's the ragged edge," he said. "And I do hate to go over, fat as I am."

"It isn't mere failure," Barrington replied, knitting his brows. "But to fail with only three hundred and seventeen dollars in the bank. Everybody would laugh at us, and our standing would be ruined forever."

"It does ruin your standing to be laughed at," said the junior partner. "If we only had a little something that looked like money, now; something we could make an ante with, so to speak."

"Of course, something that looks like money is all you ever need," Barrington observed. "You know"—he knocked the ashes from his cigar and looked away at the window—"You know—we've got that one Gas bond of Miss Vanarsten's."

"That occurred to me, also," said the junior partner thoughtfully. He folded his chubby hands across his ample chest, pursing his lips, and cogitated. "Plenty of people, Marcus," he said, half lost in thought, "have been worse off than we are—not having twenty-three cents, to say nothing of three hundred and seventeen dollars—and have won out. What we need," he continued, after a moment's pause, given over to reflection, "is a little originality and—well, dash, as you might say." After another moment of reflection he arose, mechanically, and stepped out to the main office. Passing through the commodious room for the use of the firm's customers—who might, in fact, have been very comfortably accommodated in a much smaller apartment—he went behind the cashier's handsome mahogany counter and entered the vault.

Returning to the senior partner's room, Benton carried an armful of the bonds of the Swastika Diamond Mines—worth, perhaps, two cents a pound, but beautifully engraved. He also carried the one Gas bond, for a thousand dollars, which belonged to their client, Miss Vanarsten. Upon the table he arranged a symmetrical stack of Swastika bonds. Placing the Gas bond carefully on top, he fastened the stack by stout rubber bands. Thus, to the unsuspecting eye, the bundle looked like a neat fortune in Gas bonds.

The partners critically regarded the bundle for a moment. Then Benton consulted his watch, put the bundle under his arm, and arose. "The banks close in fifteen minutes," he said. "I am going out to try it on the dog. The worst that can happen to me is a swift kick by a bank policeman. Against such a contingency Nature has been kind to me."

While the slow minutes passed the senior partner moved nervously about his room, in a painful uncertainty and apprehension.

The clock showed only a few minutes past noon when Benton stepped in leisurely and serene. He dropped the bundle of bonds on the table and sat down. "Marcus," he said, almost solemnly, "we're all right. I tried it on Blarcum, of the Monolithic National. And if it will work with Blarcum we can face the world confidently. I steamed into the bank at ten minutes of twelve, all out of breath, and dropped the bundle of bonds carelessly on the corner of Blarcum's desk. I explained to him as well as I could for haste and sweat that I had to have six Gas bonds in order to make up the two hundred and fifty which I had promised to deliver by twelve o'clock. I wouldn't stick at paying a full point over the market. He could see with his own eyes that I had a large bundle of 'em. Who wouldn't trust six thousand dollars to a man that already had two hundred and forty-four thousand? In short, Blarcum handed over the six bonds with a smile. I told him we'd send a check for them Monday."

From his coat pocket the junior partner drew Mr. Blarcum's six Gas bonds. Taking some more Swastika bonds, he made seven stacks of those securities, of varying thickness. On top of each stack he placed a Gas bond, fastening the stacks with rubber bands. The result really justified the emotion which filled the breasts of the partners.

"Gad, Marcus!" said Benton, in a tone of awe, "we could go into the Bank of England with such a showing as that."

Barrington smiled contentedly. "We are buying a large lot of Gas bonds," he said, "a million dollars' worth or so, for a rich client."

"Sure," said Benton. "For a rich Scotch capitalist."

Barrington considered a moment and wrote some names on the blotter. "Mr. Mackintosh," he said; "Robert Burns Mackintosh, of Glagow."

"That's the man," Benton assented; "a fine, conservative old Scotch gentleman. Let's get something to eat. We'll have plenty of time before Mr. Tetlow comes in."

It was, in fact, nearly two o'clock when Mr. Tetlow appeared at the office. The old gentleman wore his famous overcoat. It was conjectured that the garment had originally been gray and cost $9.89. Time and weather had reduced it to a vague, mottled green; and it now seemed almost a natural integument of his spare, round-shouldered form. He wore, as usual, a black slouch hat, pulled down to his ears, and a pair of steel-bowed spectacles. His beard was coarse, almost white, and sheared close to his face all around, except that a rather protuberant chin-whisker was left. Standing in his stoop-shouldered way at the threshold of the senior partner's room, and peering in through his spectacles, his lean head thrust forward, he looked rather formidable to a person who harbored such notions as floated through Barrington's brain.

Nevertheless, Barrington cordially invited him in and at once arrested his attention by some questions concerning outlying real estate—which was one of Mr. Tetlow's specialties. It appeared from such hints as Barrington let drop that an esteemed client of his firm was looking quite favorably toward an investment in outlying real estate.

Their conversation had not progressed far when it was rudely interrupted by the entrance of the junior partner, who apologized breathlessly, but, instead of withdrawing, dropped in a chair and wiped his brow.

"Blarcum's gone back on us!" he announced.

Barrington gazed at him as one thunderstruck.

"He said over the 'phone he'd sell us the bonds at 95," said Benton in a savage and excited manner. "But he simply backed out; wouldn't do it. He means to hold us up. I've run my legs off."

Morosely, as though he had some spite against them, Benton proceeded to take from the pockets of his coat several parcels of Gas bonds, of varying thickness, bound with stout rubber bands, and to slap them down on the table.

Observing these valuable bonds Mr. Tetlow seemed somewhat surprised. His eyes sparkled mildly behind the steel-bowed spectacles, and he speculatively twisted the chin-whisker.

"I'm sick of the whole business!" the junior partner blurted out sullenly.

"But, see here, Theodore," Barrington reminded him sharply. "We simply can't afford to disappoint Mr. Mackintosh. We've promised to deliver him the bonds this afternoon, and we've got to do it, no matter what it costs us. You know as well as I do what is at stake."

Benton accepted the reproof meekly. He drew up a pad of paper and began setting down the several parcels of bonds, making very large, black figures which Mr. Tetlow could not help seeing. He added the items and set down the total, with a heavy dollar-mark—thus, "$703,000."

"I've run my legs off," he complained, but less savagely, "and we're still shy almost three hundred bonds." He turned appealingly to the customer. "Mr. Tetlow," he asked, "do you know anybody that's got Gas bonds?"

"Why," said Mr. Tetlow softly, "I have a few."

"Oh! Have you! Good!" Benton exclaimed with great relief. "Will you sell us two hundred and ninety-seven, and deliver 'em right away—for cash?"

"I haven't as many as that," Mr. Tetlow replied apologetically. "But I could let you have two hundred."

"Well, two hundred would help out," Benton said with pleasure. "And you can deliver 'em this afternoon?"

"Oh, yes," Mr. Tetlow assured him. "I have only to step around to the safe-deposit vault to get them."

"Good!" said Benton. "But at what price, now?" he added with caution.

"I would let you have them," Mr. Tetlow replied gently, "at par."

"Oh, Mr. Tetlow!" Benton exclaimed reproachfully. "The market is only 94½, you know."

"Of course," Mr. Tetlow rejoined, laying the tips of his finger neatly together, "I'm not anxious to sell." And he proceeded to explain mildly why he thought well, very well indeed, of Gas bonds.

Benton started to argue it with him, but happened to look at the clock. "Great Scott!" he cried in dismay, "Mr. Mackintosh is likely to come in for his bonds at any minute now. Well, we simply can't stand on price, Mr. Tetlow. Fetch the bonds over right away." He got up, as one in haste. "I'll try Spratt. Maybe he'll let me have the ninety-seven. I won't pay him par for them, though," he added belligerently. Starting for the door he addressed the senior partner: "If Mr. Mackintosh comes in, Marcus, hold him until I come back. He and Mr. Tetlow ought to get acquainted anyway. Probably Mr. Tetlow could advise him about some other investments. And, I say, Marcus," he cautioned as he was stepping out, "don't leave these bonds lying around the office"—as though thoughtlessness in the matter of locking up seven hundred thousand dollars were one of the senior partner's failings.

Going out briskly, the junior partner went to La Salle Street; but turned off that fiduciary thoroughfare to an establishment whose modest portal was symbolically decorated with a large, begilded bunch of grapes.

Mr. Tetlow soon followed him out, and Barrington again spent an anxious quarter of an hour. The customer duly returned, however, with a neat bundle of Gas bonds firmly grasped in both hands. Barrington was annoyed to observe that the old gentleman resumed his seat at the table without in the least relaxing his firm grip upon the bonds. The slouch hat, as usual, was pulled down to his ears. His eyes peered brightly through the steel-bowed spectacles. His lean head was thrust forward and his chin-whisker stuck out in a manner which struck Barrington as rather minatory and formidable. The partners had argued that when Mr. Tetlow's mind had been duly impressed by a sight of the very valuable securities in their possession, and he had been brought to the pass of fetching his bonds into the office, it would be an easy matter to induce him to leave them there—Mr. Mackintosh unaccountably failing to appear. But, as Barrington regarded the old gentleman, a doubt upon this cardinal point sank heavily into his heart.

Meanwhile, from the moment Mr. Tetlow reappeared Barrington engaged him in conversation, and he did not for an instant permit the flow of talk to cease. A map of Chicago and environs hung on the rear wall. Barrington, in speaking of outlying real estate, went over to the map. Mr. Tetlow obligingly joined him there—without letting go of the bonds. Clasping them in his bony fingers he used them by way of a pointer as he described the peculiar advantages of certain outlying real estate in which he happened to be interested.

The minutes sped by. Barrington was conscious of a slight huskiness. He was confident that ideas would not fail him; but it seemed rather probable that his voice would give out. Still Mr. Tetlow clasped the bonds in a manner which made Barrington quite timorous about advancing any suggestion that he let go of them.

"I'll bet," said the broker, struck by a startling thought, "that Mr. Mackintosh has had an automobile accident. He's out with a rented machine from the hotel, you know. I'll just bet he's had an accident. Here it is twenty minutes past three!"

But he was really thinking with secret rage, "I'll bet that fat-headed stiff, Theodore Benton, is drunk or asleep, or he'd have had sense enough to call me up by this time and find out what's the matter."

"The safe-deposit vault closes at four o'clock," Mr. Tetlow observed with a certain uncontentious grimness. "If Mr. Mackintosh doesn't come pretty soon I will put the bonds back in the vault and see him Monday."

Barrington made no audible reply. His inaudible one was unworthy of him, considering that Mr. Tetlow was so much his elder. He was about to write a note to the stenographer, instructing her to go next door and call him up, when his telephone bell rang. He caught up the instrument.

"Oh, is that you, Mr. Mackintosh?" he said. "Why, we've been waiting for you here in the office. What's that? Oh, I see. But where are you now? At the Stock Yards? Oh, I see. Why, certainly. Certainly. We'll meet you at the Great Northern Hotel. Say, Mr. Mackintosh, I have a customer and friend here that I'd like you to meet —— Oh, yes. All right. All right. Certainly. We'll put them in the safe-deposit vault for you. We'll be at the hotel before you are."

He hung up the receiver, smiling. "That was Mr. Mackintosh," he explained, evidently much relieved. "Some brother Scotchmen have been showing him around town, you know." Relieved, and smiling, he reached for his hat without a break in the flow of conversation. "Now, for form's sake, Mr. Tetlow, I'll just check over those bonds of yours. Of course they're all right," he added, rather apologetically; "but there's no use in not doing everything up in strict form. Do you know"—Mr. Tetlow had surrendered the bonds to him. Rapidly and deftly he counted them over, flirting each one open to see that the coupons were intact, and refolding it. "Do you know—Mr. Mackintosh and his associates—are putting several million dollars over here in the United States—good, hard-headed business men every one of them—they're putting several million dollars over here in the United States——" Without a break in the conversation, with only little lulls and eddies, he kept on verifying and counting the bonds. Consulting a book of tables, he set down the accrued interest. "And they absolutely won't touch a New York security. Isn't that peculiar, now?" Pausing in the computation he looked over at Mr. Tetlow. "Isn't that remarkable?" He drew a line. "You see," confidentially, "the crowd got badly stung in Northern Pacific—I make it two hundred and eight thousand, seven hundred and sixty-one dollars and thirty-eight cents. Just see if that's right." He shoved the paper and the interest-book across the table. "Ever since that they absolutely won't touch a New York security. They're the best people in the world to do business with, if you do what they think's right."

Discoursing in this way of Mr. Mackintosh and associates, Barrington, quite as a matter of course, began stacking his own bundles of Gas bonds in the hollow of his arm, and he added Mr. Tetlow's bundle to them. Meanwhile he observed, out of the tail of his eye, that Mr. Tetlow had drawn a crumpled slip of paper from his overcoat pocket, comparing a figure upon it with the broker's computation.

"I make it two hundred and eight thousand, eight hundred and sixteen dollars and sixteen cents," said the customer dryly. "Of course, I figured interest to Monday. I can't put the check in the bank until then."

"Why, that's so. I believe you're right. I believe you're right," said Barrington. "Now, if you'll just step over to the Great Northern Hotel with me. Mr. Mackintosh wants us to meet him over there. He's going up on the North Shore to dinner to-night, and will leave for the West at ten o'clock. So his time is limited. We'll just step over there and settle this up. You see, we're drained pretty low, buying all these bonds. So I want to get a check from him in settlement."

They were going out of the street door, and Barrington lowered his voice confidentially. "I wouldn't wonder, you know, if you'd see quite a bit doing in Gas. Mr. Mackintosh has been looking into it pretty closely. I believe myself there's a great opportunity in Gas." Earnestly discoursing, he had turned, not toward the hotel, but toward La Salle Street. He was still earnestly discoursing when they arrived before the arched and massy doorway which gave to the safe-deposit vault that the firm patronized. As Barrington, still talking, turned toward the doorway he observed that Mr. Tetlow nervously grasped his chin-whisker.

"You see," he was saying, "it's not only their own capital, but they can command almost unlimited capital of others. It's perfectly wonderful how much money those English and Scotch investors can dig up. They've been financing Egypt and Argentina, you know, to say nothing—I'll just step down here. Mr. Mackintosh wants me to put the bonds in our safe-deposit box for him until he gets back from the West. He's taking a little run out to Des Moines to look at some farm lands he bought last year."

Mr. Tetlow, nervously clasping the chin-whisker, which he seemed minded to pull off, followed down the steps.

"They think American real estate is a mighty good thing to have and hand down to posterity. Just excuse me a minute." They had come to the entrance proper of the safe-deposit vault, and Barrington had slipped through the bright steel gate. There, perforce, Mr. Tetlow paused; but he kept gazing anxiously after the broker. To bestow the bonds in the firm's strong box was the work of only a few minutes. Barrington took advantage of the opportunity to refresh his parched throat with a drink of water. Setting down the cup he glanced at the clock. It wanted only twenty-five minutes to four, at which hour the vault would close.

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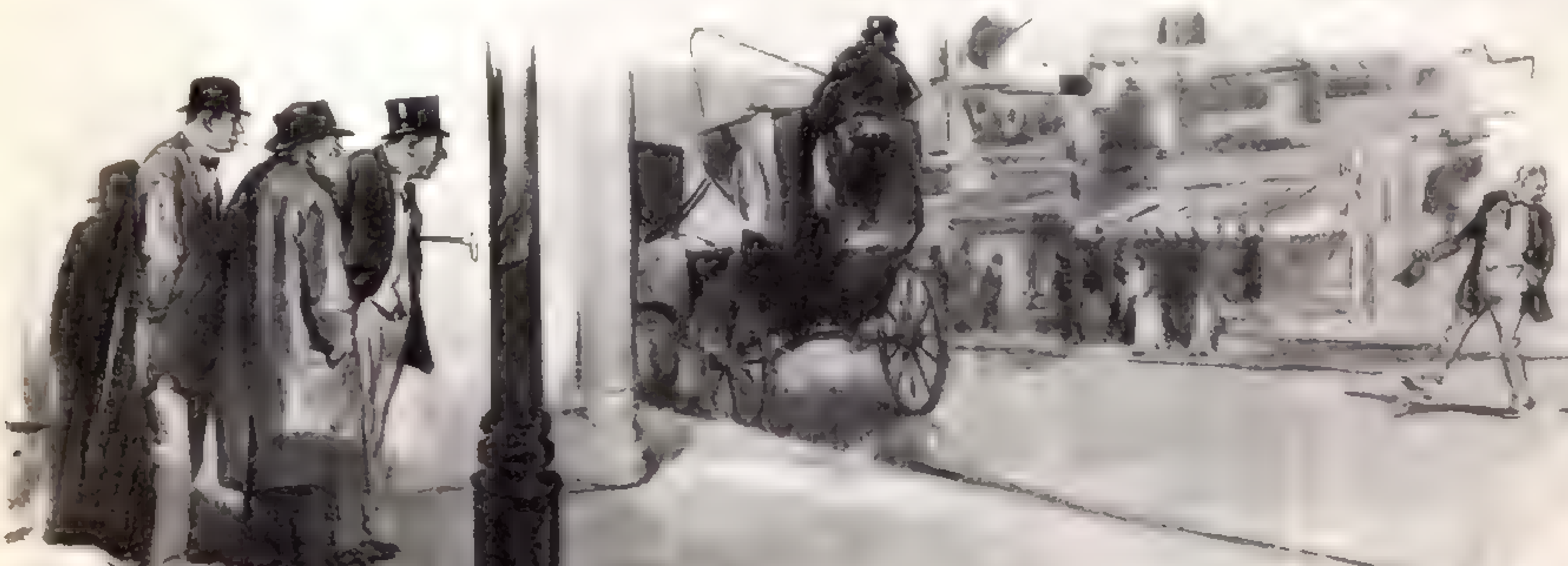


"This is Awful, Awful!" Benton Murmured

THE MODERN CITADEL

True Stories of Guarded Treasure

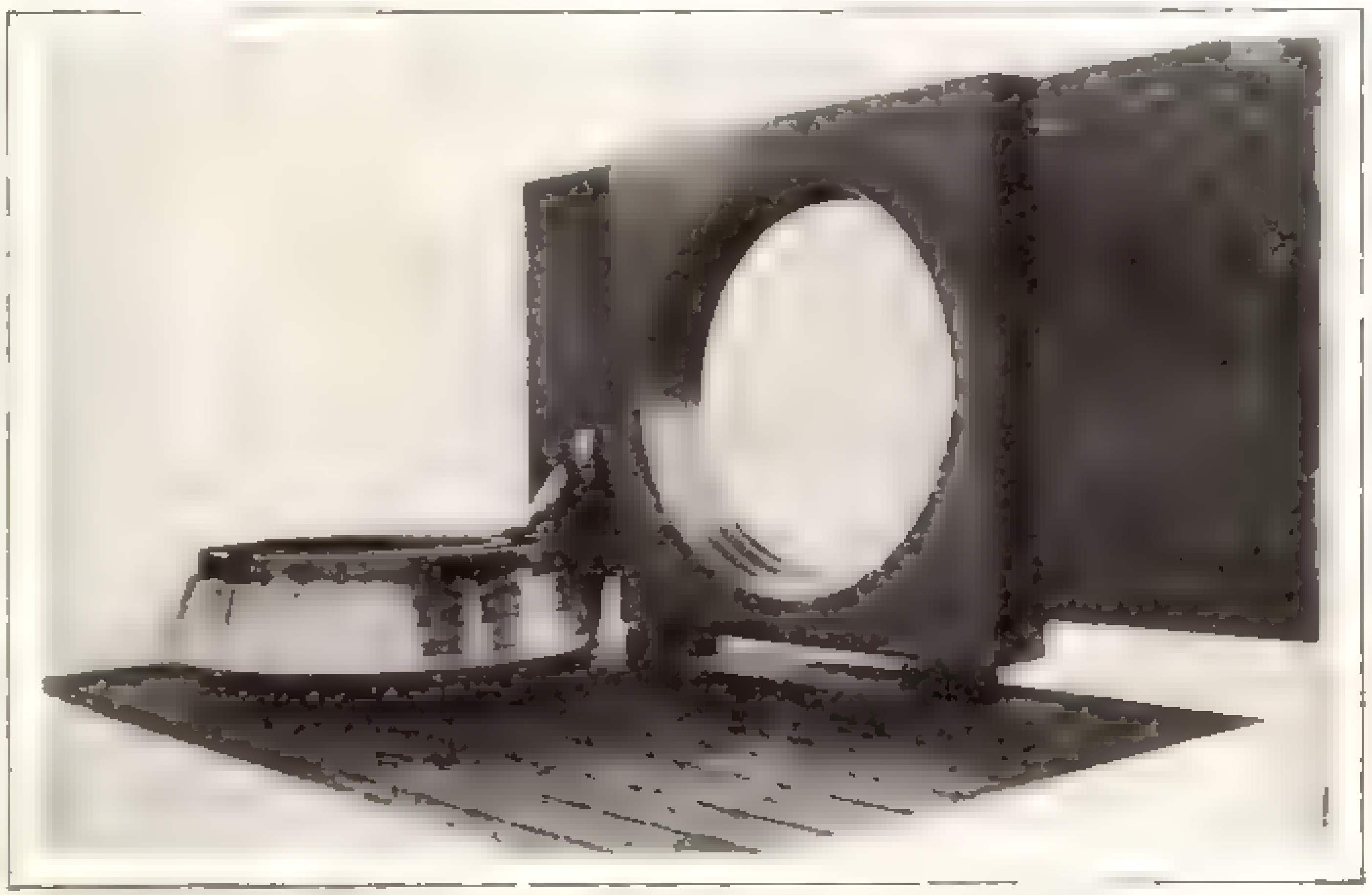
By MARTIN MARWILL

A MAN'S home is his castle, but the citadel where the evidences of his wealth are guarded is the safe-deposit vault. Its location is not on some jutting crag, hard of assault, but though situated amidst the heart of traffic, generally in the very centre of the rush of men, its foundations are away below the level of the streets on the solid rock, reënforced with concrete. The presence of the sentry walking his beat is not apparent, but the courteous attendant in uniform that lets you through the outside grill-gate, who gives you a pleasant greeting as you enter and is ever ready to tell you what car line will reach some part of the city not familiar to you, is prepared for drastic action if necessary, and by the pressing of an electric button can summon instant reënforcements.

In the vault in which I worked there were two armed guards on duty day and night, but the patron might enter and leave for years and never know of their presence unless he stopped to ask or had occasion to find out through his misconduct.

If you ever consider this man who presides at the entrance, have you not wondered that he always knew you from the time you rented a box, and that he showed no hesitancy in opening the door at your approach? But he knows you, and from the first has had opportunities for doing so of which you were not aware unless your power of observation is wonderfully developed. The desk at which you signed your contract of rental is where he can see your every movement; he has noted your conversation with the rental clerk, and knows when the keys to a box are delivered. Natural aptitude and years of training give him the ability to remember your face and, without your realizing exactly when, you begin calling him by his name, and feel that he considers you one of the family, and that he is at your service.

Soon you stop for a moment's conversation; you drop a word about your child; necessity causes you to bring in your wife; and, in a remarkably short time, he knows considerable of your history, and knows that more accurately than some of your business friends do, though you have never talked with him as long as a minute at any one time.



Front and Front-Door Plates, Basement Armor Vault

The Armor Plate that Guards the Treasure

IN ENTERING the vault you see rows of steel safe-deposit boxes of varying sizes, each bearing a number, and they seem secure, but how secure is seldom fully realized.

Behind the boxes the wall is constructed of layers about an eighth of an inch thick, first the hardest of steel, next to it a layer of soft iron, and so on, all fastened by invisible screws so arranged that, even should a burglar find a screw, it would not leave a hole through the wall, but at the end of that screw-hole he would be confronted with solid metal again. The fact that he would not be able to find a hole entirely through offers difficulties to the use of an explosive, and should nitroglycerine be used, while the hard layers would crack, the soft iron layers, instead of shattering, would bend into the openings in the hard layers. This layer-wall, if I may so call it, is about six inches thick, and then comes an air chamber of about an inch in width, and the final outside coating is made of railroad iron, the tees of the rails dovetailed into each other and fastened with concrete. There is no stronger method of construction known; if one is discovered the safe-deposit companies will be quick to adopt it.

Every mechanical device that is practical is employed to protect the contents of the boxes, and only men are employed whose honesty has been tried. Despite this, articles will disappear from the safes; it is all the more mysterious because it seems so utterly impossible.

One day a lady came to my desk and, satisfied by one glance at her nervous bearing that something was wrong, I invited her into my private office. She sank into a chair and, locking and unlocking her handbag, said: "Some one has had access to my safe-deposit box."

"Impossible," I replied, smiling, thinking this another case where the person had misplaced something.

"Not impossible at all," she said. "I have looked through that box until I am sick" (she was on the verge of tears), "and it's not there."

"What is missing?"

"My twenty-dollar gold piece."

"Did you have only one in the box?"

"Yes; and it was marked. My nephew gave it to me. He has lived with me all his life and is just like my son. It represents his first earnings and I have kept it for many years, but now it is gone."

"When did you last see it?"

"Yesterday, when I was in"

"Did you examine to see if it was caught in any of the papers?"

"Yes; I told you that. I turned the box upside down and then shook it, but the gold piece was not there. I would not have lost it for anything."

"No one could have taken it, madam," I said. "No one can get in except you."

"But you have a key."

"Yes; but the key we have is a pass-key, and will not open the box. It is only for the purpose of protecting you. Give me your key and I will explain. You notice that this key has five slight protuberances, each of which, when you place the key in the lock, should catch on a tumbler and throw it. This it would do had the lock only five tumblers, but in reality it has six. Now, our key throws this sixth tumbler and, until it is thrown, your key will not go far enough in for its projections to catch and open the lock. Our pass-key is only to compel you to see the attendant so that he will know you are the right party; so far as opening the lock is concerned it is absolutely powerless."

"Yes," she replied; "I was told that when I rented the box, but the gold piece is gone."

"Come, let me show you," I said, and we entered the vault. She tried her key and it would not open the box. She tried the pass-key and satisfied herself that it would not throw the lock, but did set it so her key would open.

"It seems impossible," she said; "but I'm certain it's gone."

I was convinced that the lady was truthful. Her whole bearing indicated that she was sincere, and her history, as given on the card written at the time she rented the box, which I had examined without her knowing it, was confirmatory. In fact, I personally knew something of this lady and felt that she was trustworthy.

"Would you mind examining the box in my presence?" I asked. "Perhaps we may come across it."

I knew of similar cases where the lost article was found snugly nestling in the fold of an insurance policy, and felt that this mystery would have some such solution.

Tracking Down the Missing Coin

SHE consented and we took the box to one of the large coupon-rooms. While I sat by she emptied all the contents, unfolded each paper, but our search was fruitless. I ran my hand into every corner of the box, for lost things have a most wonderful way of sticking to the sides, top or bottom, but there was nothing. At last I, too, was satisfied that the coin was not there. By the time the box had been replaced and we were again seated in my private office I was worried but not alarmed, for I had known other instances develop as far as this one and, after investigation, found that the owner of the box had taken the article out and forgotten the transaction. I remembered with satisfaction that she said she had been in yesterday. I excused myself for a moment and examined the vault record, for no one ever had access to a box without one of the attendants noting it on the book. This confirmed her statement, showing that the time had been 3.32 P. M., and giving the information that she had been accompanied by a woman friend.

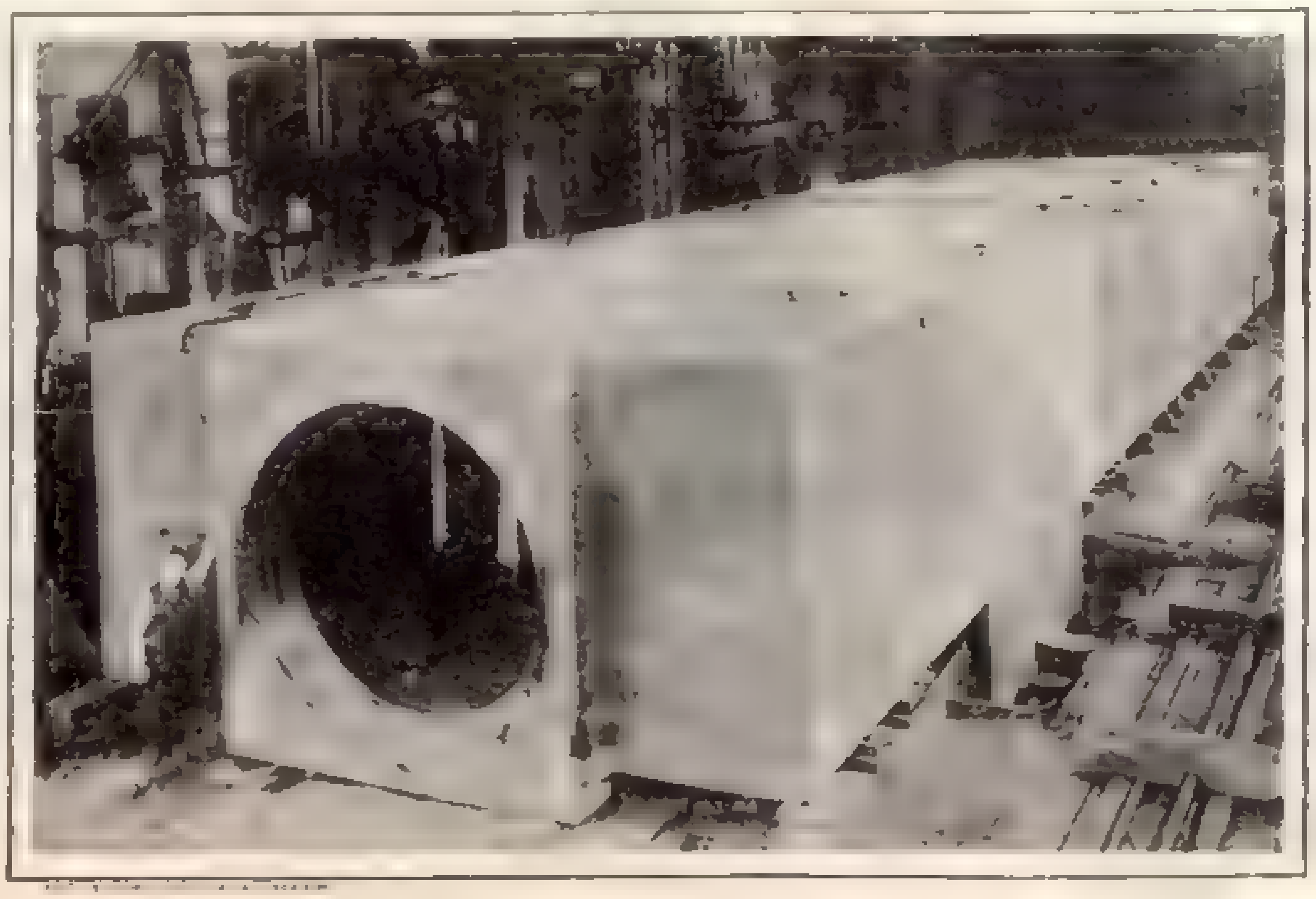
Filled with hope, I returned and said: "I know you'll help me, for you want this cleared up nearly as much as I. In the first place, I believe all the boys are honest."

"So do I," she broke in; "I don't suspect them for an instant."

"In the second place," I continued, "even if one were dishonest he could do nothing unless all were dishonest, for the vault is never left with less than two men on duty, and, even supposing that all were dishonest, it would be nearly impossible for them to do anything. I am also thoroughly satisfied that your box now contains no twenty-dollar gold piece. I don't doubt for an instant your statement that it was there yesterday—I believe that absolutely; but because all of us sometimes make mistakes I am going to ask that you answer a question or two."

By this time she had recovered from her nervousness, and said she would do anything in her power to help, and I was sure she would.

"You were in once this morning before you discovered the loss?" I



Armor-Plate Vault for Carnegie Trust Company, New York asked. While I was examining the vault record I had noticed an entry showing she had opened the box at 10:10 A. M.

"Yes," she replied

"Did you miss the coin then?"

"No; I only took one or two things out of the box. I did not examine it. It was not until I returned to replace my savings passbook that I happened to look for it, because I was thinking of having it made into a watch-charm for my nephew on his birthday. And now it is gone."

Remembering her statement about the passbook I asked: "Did you make any deposits this morning?"

"Yes," she replied, "three: one in a savings account, one in the National and one in the International."

"Did you deposit gold in any of them?" I asked eagerly.

"No," she said; "I had nothing but bills, a check or two and some silver. I am certain there was no gold."

"Absolutely certain?"

"Yes."

Her answer killed what hope I had. I tried another line of questioning, but with similar results.

The entire morning had passed in this search.

I went to lunch, but I did not enjoy it. I knew that the disappearance of the coin must be explained or the safe-deposit vault might as well close. Circumstantial evidence was strong against us, and a breath of suspicion is sufficient to scare people, who only patronize the department because they have confidence in its security.

The lady returned in the afternoon. It was about time for the banks to close, but as I had thought of no solution I was heart-sick. She said she had thought of every movement she had made since yesterday, but found nothing to help.

In desperation I finally asked: "Would you mind going with me to the banks where you made deposits and examining the slips?"

"Certainly not," she said, but shaking her head. "It's no use. I didn't have any gold."

I put on my hat and we started with the International.

The receiving teller had put up his "closed" sign when we arrived, but was as courteous as he could be. He found the deposit slip and pushed it through his cage. As my eyes fell on it my heart bounded, for the very first item was "Gold—$20.00." The lady took it up in a confused way, examined it and, talking to herself, said: "Yes; it's my writing." Then to the teller: "But I didn't deposit any gold."

"Yes, you must," he said, "for there is my check mark as I took it in." He pointed to the item.

"Have you put away your gold?" I asked; "it was marked "

"How?" he said, already at work sorting the twenty-dollar gold pieces in his drawer.

"It had four V's made with some sharp instrument, all with their apexes around the same point. It was a month's wages, and each V represented the five dollars earned each week," said the lady.

"This is it, then," said the teller. "I suppose you want it back?"

She did; so he kindly attended to the details and we left.

"I will never be certain of anything again," she said "I have absolutely no recollection of taking that gold piece out of the box, no remembrance of making that entry on the deposit slip, and I'll be candid: if we had not found it I am afraid I could never have freed my mind of suspicion, and it was all my fault. I'm so sorry. I doubtless am getting old."

I hastened to assure her that I was so glad it had occurred to such a considerate person. In fact, there are people who, according to their own ideas, never make a mistake, and had this befallen one of them the tumult raised would have made the solution much more difficult.

The greatest problem confronting the safe-deposit department is to guard its patrons from themselves. Every so-called loss that ever came to me turned out to be no loss at all.

All boxes are required to be opened in the rooms, called coupon-rooms, provided for the purpose, and the moment a customer leaves, and before any other is allowed to enter, it is the duty of the attendant to make a thorough examination, and if anything is left report it at the desk.

One day I was called to inspect a room. Upon the table I found a diamond cross, several magnificent rings and other jewelry. The attendant said he was sure Mr. XYZ had been the last person to use it and some of the jewelry

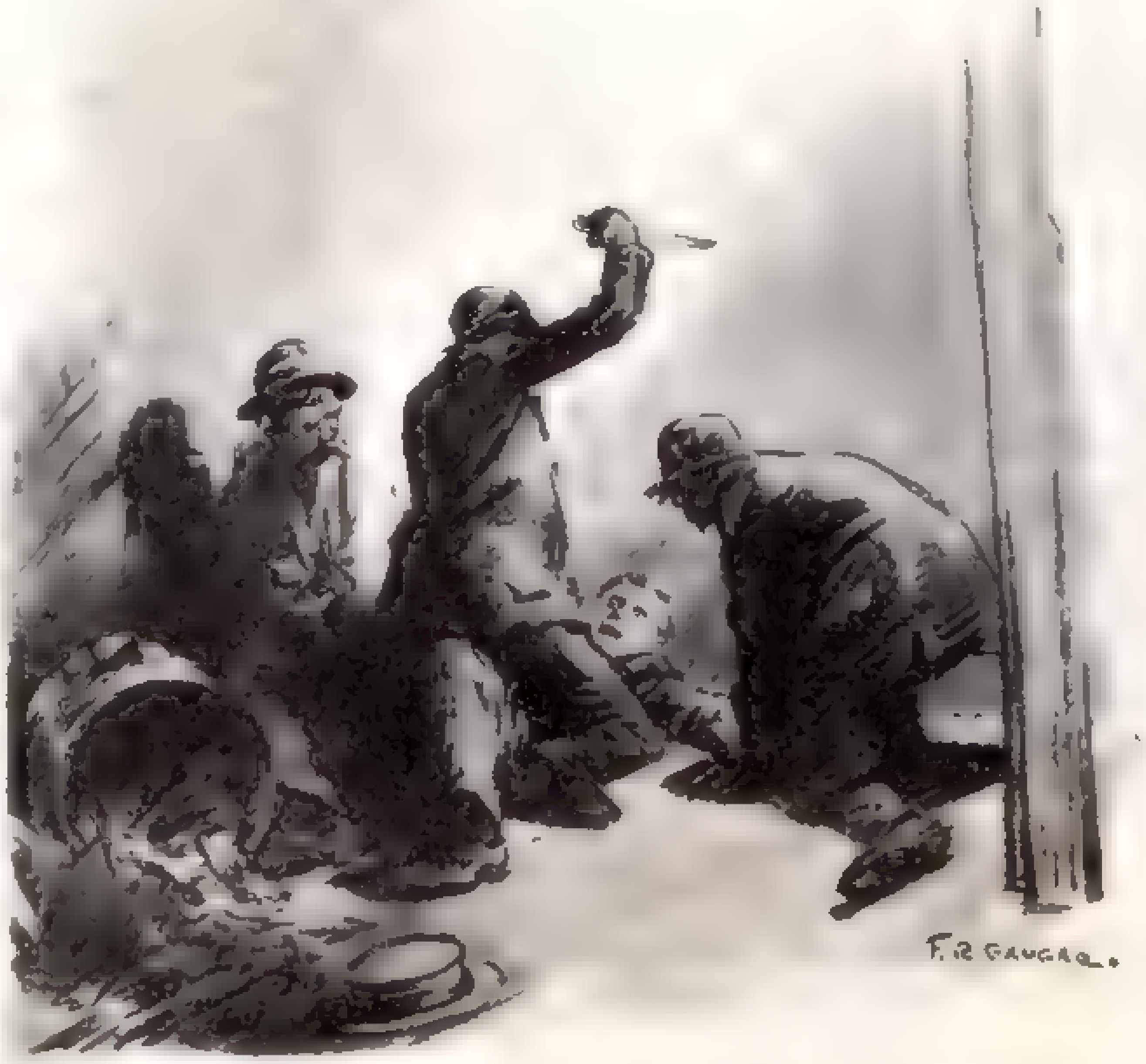
(Continued on Page 27)

HAMMERING STONE

Bobby Burnit Breaks an Enemy Over the Wheel of Publicity

By George Randolph Chester

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER



"If I wasn't Workin' Under Orders, in Half an Hour They'd Have You on Slab Six with Ice Packed Around You and a Sheet Over You"

V

THE Bulletin, continuing its warfare upon Stone and every one who supported him, hit upon names that had never been mentioned before but in terms of the highest respect, and divers and sundry complacent gentlemen who attended church quite regularly began to look for a cyclone cellar. They were compromised with Stone and they could not placate Bobby. The four banks that had withdrawn their advertisements after a hasty conference with Stone put them back again the first day their names were mentioned. The business department of the Bulletin cheerfully accepted those advertisements at the increased rate justified by the Bulletin's increased circulation; but the editorial department just as cheerfully kept castigating the erring conservators of the public money, and the advertisements disappeared again

Bobby's days now were beset from a hundred quarters with agonized appeals to change his policy. This man and that man and the other man high in commercial and social and political circles came to him with all sorts of pressure, and even Payne Winthrop and Nick Allstyne, two of his particular cronies of the Idlers', not being able to catch him at the club any more, came up to his office.

"This won't do, old man," protested Payne; "we're missing you at billiards and bridge whist, but your refusal to take part in the coming polo tourney was the last straw. You're getting to be a regular plebe."

"I am a plebe," admitted Bobby. "What's the use to deny it? My father was a plebe. He came off the farm with no earthly possessions more valuable than the patches on his trousers. I am one generation from the soil, and since I have turned over a furrow or two, just plain earth smells good to me."

Both of Bobby's friends laughed. They liked him too well to take him seriously in this.

"But really," said Nick, returning to the attack, "the boys at the club were talking over the thing and think this rather bad form, this sort of a fight you're making. You're bound to become involved in a nasty controversy."

"Yes?" inquired Bobby pleasantly. "Watch me get worse involved. More than that, I think I shall come down to the Idlers', when I get things straightened out here, organize a club league and make you fellows march with banners and torchlights."

This being a more hilarious joke than the other the boys laughed quite politely, though Payne Winthrop grew immediately serious again.

"But we can't lose you, Bobby," he insisted. "We want you to quit this sort of business and come back again to the old crowd. There are so few of us left, you know, that we're getting lonesome. Stan Rogers is getting up a glorious hunt and he wants us all to come up to his new lodge for a month at least. You should be tired of this by now, anyhow."

"Not a bit of it," declared Bobby.

"Oh, of course, you have your money involved," admitted Payne, "and you must play it through on that account; but I'll tell you: if you do want to sell I know where I could find a buyer for you at a profit."

Bobby turned on him like a flash

"Look here, Payne," said he. "Where is your interest in this?"

"My interest?" repeated Payne blankly

"Yes, your interest. What have you to gain by having me sell out?"

"Why, really, Bobby ——" began Payne, thinking to temporize.

"You're here for that purpose, and must tell me why," insisted Bobby sternly, tapping his finger on the desk.

"Well, if you must know," stammered Payne, taken out of himself by sheer force of Bobby's manner, "my respected and revered ——"

"I see," said Bobby.

"The—the pater is thinking of entering politics next year, and he rather wants an organ."

"And Nick, where's yours?"

"Well," confessed Nick, with no more force of reservation than had Payne when mastery was used upon him, "mother's city property and mine, you know, contains some rather tumbledown buildings that are really good for a number of years yet, but which adverse municipal government might—might depreciate in value."

"Just a minute," said Bobby, and sent for Jolter.

"Ben," he asked, "do you know anything about Adam Winthrop's political aspirations?"

"I understand he's being groomed for governor," said Jolter.

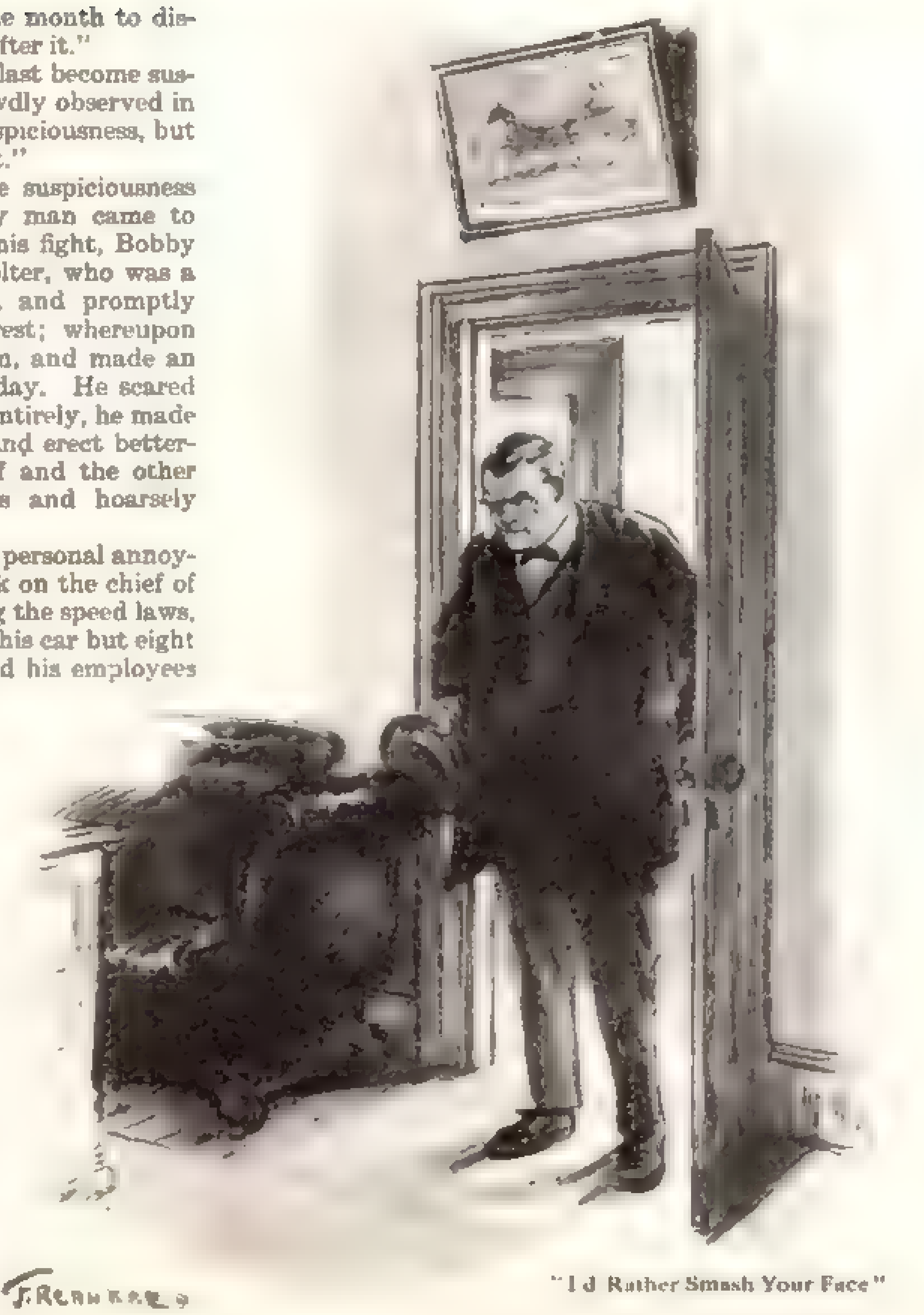
"Meet his son, Mr. Jolter—Mr. Payne Winthrop. Also Mr. Nick Allstyne. I suppose Mr. Winthrop is to run on Stone's ticket," continued Bobby, breaking in upon the formalities as quickly as possible.

"Certainly."

"Payne," said Bobby, "if your father wants to talk with me about the Bulletin he must come himself. Jolter, do you know where the Allstyne properties are?"

Jolter looked at Nick, and Nick colored.

"That's rather a blunt question, under the circumstances, Mr. Burnit," said Jolter, "but I don't see why it shouldn't be answered as bluntly. It's a row of two blocks on the most notorious street of the town, frame shacks that are likely to be the start of a holocaust, any windy night, which will sweep away the entire downtown district. They should have been condemned years ago."



"I'd Rather Smash Your Face"

"Nick," said Bobby, "I'll give you one month to dispose of that property, because I'm going after it."

This was but a sample. Bobby had at last become suspicious, and as old John Burnit had shrewdly observed in one of his letters: "It hurts to acquire suspiciousness, but it is quite necessary; only don't overdo it."

Bobby, however, was in a field where suspiciousness could scarcely be overdone. When any man came to protest or to use influence on Bobby in his fight, Bobby took the bull by the horns, called for Jolter, who was a mine of information upon local affairs, and promptly found out the reason for that man's interest; whereupon he either warned him off or attacked him, and made an average of ten good, healthy enemies a day. He scared Adam Winthrop out of the political race entirely, he made the Allstynes tear down their fire-traps and erect better-paying tenements, and he had De Graff and the other involved bankers "staggering in circles and hoarsely barking," as "Bugs" Roach put it.

So far, Bobby had been subjected to no personal annoyances, but on the day after his first attack on the chief of police he began to be arrested for breaking the speed laws, and fined the limit, even though he drove his car but eight miles an hour, while his news carriers and his employees were "pinched" upon the most trivial pretexts. Libel suits were brought wherever a merchant or an official had a record clear enough to risk such procedure, and three of these suits were decided against him; whereupon Bobby, finding the money chain which bound certain of the judges to Sam Stone, promptly attacked these members of the judiciary and appealed his cases.

His very name became a red rag to every member of Stone's crowd; but up to this point no violence had been offered him. One night, however, as he was driving his own car homeward, men on the watch for him stepped out of an alley mouth two blocks above the Burnit residence and strewed the street thickly with sharp-pointed coil springs. One of these caught a tire, and Bobby, always alert for the first sign of such accidents, brought his car to a sudden stop, reached down for his tire-wrench and jumped out. Just as he stooped over to examine the tire, some instinct warned him, and he turned quickly to find three men coming upon him from the alley, the nearest one with an upraised slung-shot. It was with just a glance from the corner of his eye as he turned that Bobby caught the import of the figure towering above him, and then his fine athletic training came in good stead. With a sidewise spring he was out of the sphere of that descending blow, and, swinging with his heavy wrench, caught the fellow a smash upon the temple which laid him unconscious. Before the two other men had time to think, he was upon them and gave one a broken shoulder-blade. The other escaped. There had been no word from any of the three men which might lead to an explanation of this attack, but Bobby needed no explanation; he divined at once the source from which it came, and in the morning he sent for Biff Bates.

"Biff," said he, "I spoke once about securing some thugs to act as a counter-irritant against Stone, but I have neglected it. How long will it take to get hold of some?"

"Ten minutes, if I wait till dark," replied Biff. "I can go down to the Blue Star, and for ten apiece can get you as fine a bunch of yeggs as ever beat out a cripple's brains with his own wooden leg."

Bobby smiled.

"I don't want them to go quite that far," he objected. "Are they men you can depend upon not to sell out to Stone?"

"Just one way," replied Biff. "The choice line of murderers that hang out down around the levee are half of them sore on Stone, anyhow; but they're afraid of him, and the only way you can use them is to give 'em enough to get 'em out of town. For ten a throw you can buy them body and soul."

"I'll take about four, to start on duty to-night, and stay on duty till they accomplish what I want done," and Bobby detailed his plan to Biff.

Stone had one peculiarity. Knowing that he had enemies, and those among the most reckless class in the world, he seldom allowed himself to be caught alone; but every night he held counsel with some of his followers at a certain respectable beer garden where, in the summertime, a long table in a quiet, half-screened corner was reserved for him and his followers, and in the winter a back room was given up for the same purpose. Here Stone transacted all the real business of his local organization, drinking beer, receiving strange-looking callers, and confining his own remarks to a grunted yes or no, or a brief direction. Every night at about nine-thirty he arose, yawned, and, unattended, walked back through the beer garden to the alley, where he stood for some five minutes. This was his retreat for uninterrupted thought, and when he came back from it he had the day's developments summed up and the necessary course of action resolved upon.

On the second night after the attempted assault upon Bobby he had no sooner closed the alley door behind him than a man sprang upon him from either side, a heavy hand was placed over his mouth, and he was dragged to the ground, where a third brawny thug straddled his chest and showed him a long knife.

"See it?" demanded the man as he passed the blade before Stone's eyes. "It's hungry. You let 'em clip my brother in stir for a three-stretch when you could have saved him with a grunt, and if I wasn't workin' under orders, in half an hour they'd have you on slab six with ice packed around you and a sheet over you. But we're under orders. We're part of the reform committee, we are," and all three of them laughed silently, "and there's a string of us longer than the Christmas bread-line, all crazy for a piece of this get-away coin. And here's the little message I got to give you. This time you're to go free. Next time you're to have your head beat off. This thuggin' of peaceable citizens has got to be stopped; see?"

A low whistle from a man stationed at the mouth of the alley interrupted the speech which the man with the knife was enjoying so much, and he sprang from the chest of Stone, who had been struggling vainly all this time. As the man sprang up and started to run, he suddenly whirled and gave Stone a vicious kick upon the hip, and as Stone arose another man kicked him in the ribs. All three of them ran, and Stone, scrambling to his feet with difficulty, whipped his revolver from his pocket and snapped it. Long disused, however, the trigger stuck, but he took after them on foot in spite of the pain of the two fearful kicks that he had received. Instead of darting straight out of the alley, the men turned in at a small gate at the side of a narrow building on the corner, and slammed the gate behind them. He could hear the drop of the wooden bolt. He knew perfectly that entrance. It was to the littered back yard of a cheap saloon, at the side of which ran a narrow passageway to the street beyond, where street cars passed every half-minute.

Just as he came furiously up to the gate a policeman darted in at the alley mouth, and, catching the glint of Stone's revolver, whipped out his own. He ran quite fearlessly to Stone, and with a dexterous blow upon the wrist sent the revolver spinning.

"You're under arrest," said he.

For just one second he covered his man, then his arm dropped and his jaw opened in astonishment.

"Why, it's Stone!" he exclaimed.

"Yes, —— you, it's Stone!" screamed the Boss, livid with fury, and overcome with anger he dealt the policeman a staggering blow in the face. "You —— flat-foot, I'll teach you to notice who you put your hands on! Give me that badge!"

White-faced and with trembling fingers, and with a trickle of blood starting slowly from a cut upon his cheek, the man unfastened his badge.

"Now, go back to Cooley and tell him I broke you," Stone ordered, and turned on his heel.

By the time he reached the back door of the beer garden he was limping most painfully, but when he rejoined his crowd he said nothing of the incident. In the brief time that it had taken him to reach from the alley mouth to that table he had divined the significance of the whole thing. For the first time in his career he knew himself to be a systematically marked man, as he had systematically marked others; and he was not beyond reason. Thereafter, Bobby Burnit was in no more jeopardy from hired thugs.

VI

"BOBBY, they *are* spoiling you," complained Aunt Constance Elliston. "They're taking your suavity away from you, and you're getting grim, hard lines around your mouth."

"They're making him," declared Agnes, looking fondly across at the firm face and into the clear, unwavering eyes.

Bobby answered the look of Agnes with one that needed no words to interpret, and laughed at Aunt Constance.

"I suppose they are spoiling me," he confessed, "and I'm glad of it. I'm glad, above all, that I'm losing the sort of suavity which led me to smile and tell a man politely to take it, when he reached his hand into my pocket for my money."

"You'll do," agreed Uncle Dan. "It has been a year since you took hold of the Bulletin, and your best friends only gave you two months. But are you making any money?"

Bobby's face clouded.

"Spending it like water. We have practically no advertising, and a larger circulation than I want. We lose money on every copy of the paper that we sell."

Uncle Dan shook his head.

"Is there a chance that you will ever get it back?" he asked.

"Bobby's so used to failure that he doesn't mind," interjected Aunt Constance.

"Mind!" exclaimed Bobby. "I never minded it so much in my life as I do now. The Bulletin must win. I'm bound that it shall win! If we come out ahead in our fight against Stone I'll get all my advertising back, and I'll keep my circulation, which makes advertising rates."

The telephone bell rang in the study adjoining the dining-room, and Bobby, who had been more or less distrait all evening, half arose from his chair. In a moment more the maid informed them that the call was for Mr. Burnit. In the study they could hear his voice, excited and exultant. He returned as delighted as a schoolboy.

"Now I can tell you something," he announced. "Within five minutes the Bulletin will have exclusive extras on the street, announcing that the legislature has just appointed a committee to investigate municipal affairs throughout the State. That means this town. I have spent ten thousand dollars in lobbying that measure through, and charged it all to 'improvements' on the Bulletin. Sounds like I had joined the ranks of the 'boodlers,' don't it? Well, I don't give a cooky for ethics so long as I know I'm right. I'd have been a simp, as Biff Bates calls it, to go among that crowd of hungry law jugglers with kind words and the ten commandments. I'm not using crossbows against cannon, and as a result I'm winning. I got my measure through, and now I think we'll put Stone and his crew of freebooters on the grill, with some extra-hot coals for my friend De Graff and the other saintly sinners who have been playing into Stone's hands. I have been working a year for this, and the entire politics of this town, with wide-reaching results in the State, is disrupted."

"You selfish boy," chided Aunt Constance. "You have been here with us for more than an hour, expecting this all the time, and have not breathed a word of it. Don't you trust anybody any more?"

"Oh, yes," replied Bobby easily; "but only when it is necessary."

Agnes smiled across at him in calm content. She had but very little to say now. She was in that blissful happiness that comes to any woman when the man most in her mind is reaping his meed of success from a long and hard-fought battle.

"Spoken like your father, Bobby," laughed Uncle Dan. "You're coming to look more and more like him every day. You talk like him and act like him. You have the same snap of your jaws. Your father, however, never dabbled in politics. He always despised it, and I see you're bound to be knee-deep in it."

"My father would have succeeded in politics," said Bobby confidently, "as he succeeded in everything else, after he once got started. I have his confession in writing, however, that he made a few fool mistakes himself along at first. As for politics, I *am* in it knee-deep, and I'm going to elect my own slate next fall."

"Another reform party, of course," suggested Uncle Dan with a smile.

"Not for Bobby," replied that decided young gentleman. "I am forming an affiliation with Cal Lewis."

"Cal Lewis!" exclaimed Uncle Dan aghast. Then he closed his eyes and laughed softly. "As notorious in his way as Sam Stone himself. Why, Bobby, that's fighting fire with gasoline."

"It's setting a thief to catch a thief. You must remember that for fifteen years Cal hasn't had any of the pie except in a minor way, and all this time he's been fighting Stone tooth and toenail. The late reform movement, which failed so lamentably to carry out its gaudy promises after it had won, left him entirely out of its calculations, and Lewis actually joined with Stone in overturning it. I propose to use Lewis' knowledge of political machinery, but in my own way. As a matter of fact, I have already engaged him and put him on salary; a good stiff one, too. His business is to organize my political machine. I'm going to have a slate of clean men, who will not only conduct the business of this county and city with probity but with discretion, and I do not mind telling you that my candidate for mayor is Chalmers."

Agnes gave a little cry of delight, and even Aunt Constance clapped her hands lightly, for Chalmers, a young lawyer of excellent social connections, was a prime favorite with the Ellistons, and in the business he had transacted for the Burnit estate Bobby had found in him sterling qualities.

"Chalmers is a good man," agreed Uncle Dan, "though he is young, and practically without political influence; but, if you can make him mayor, I predict a brilliant political future for him."

"He will have it," said Bobby confidently, "for I intend to make him the attorney for the investigating committee, and through his work I expect to have not less than a hundred thousand dollars of stolen money turned back into the city and county treasuries."

As Bobby announced this he arose mechanically, and, still absorbed in the details of his big fight, walked out into the hall. It was not until he had his coat on and his hat in his hand that he came to himself, and with the deepest confusion found that he had been about to walk out without making any adieus whatever.

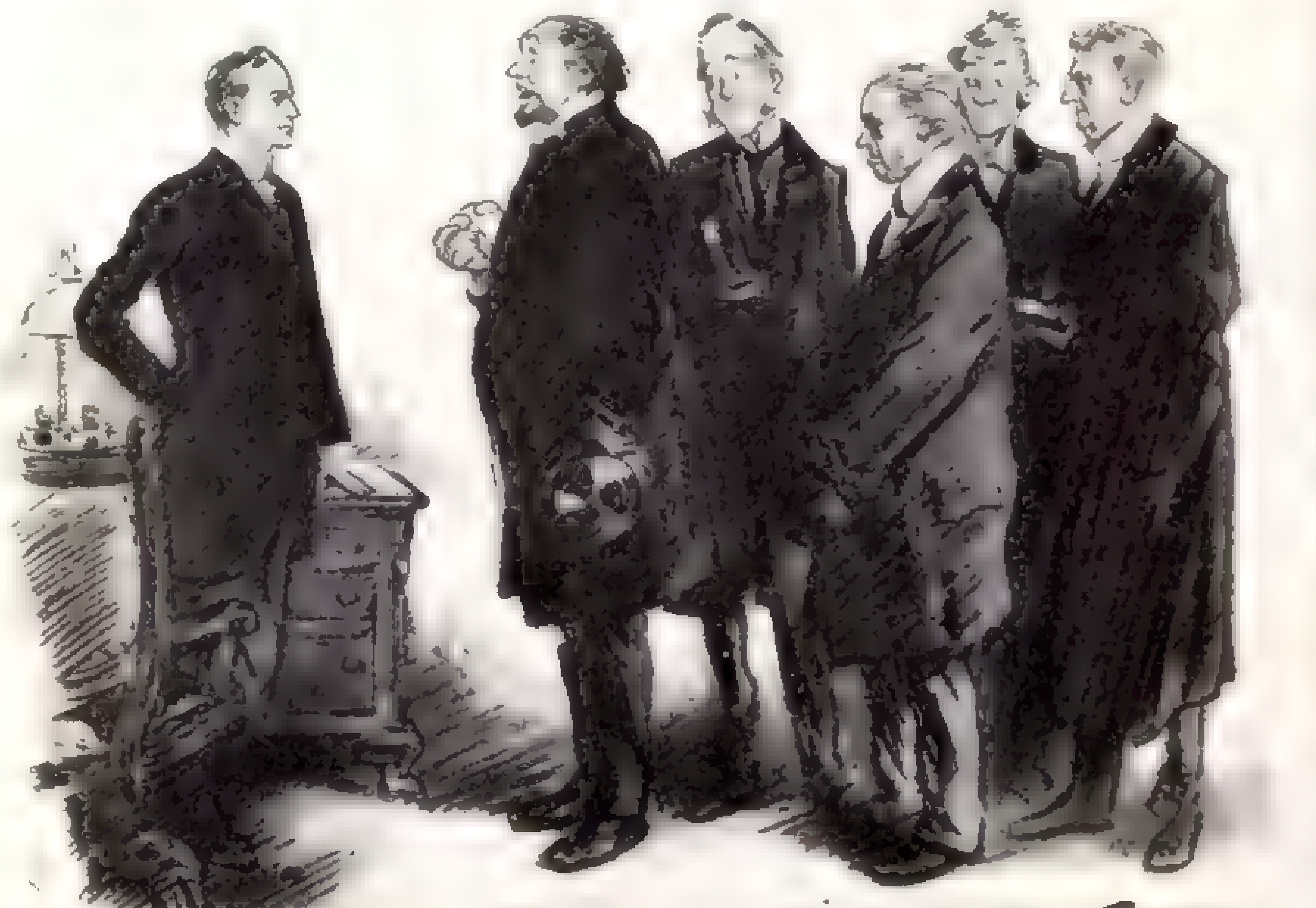
"Why, where are you going?" inquired Agnes, as he came back into the drawing-room.

He laughed sheepishly.

"Why," he explained, "ever since I received that telephone message I have been seeing before me the Bulletin extra that they are throwing on the street right now, and I forgot everything else. I'll simply have to go down and hold a copy of it in my hands."

"You're just a big boy," laughed Aunt Constance. "Will you ever grow up?"

"I hope not," declared Agnes, and taking his arm she strolled with him to the door in perfect peace and confidence.



"Shake Hands with Mr. Freedom, the Utopian Club's Candidate for Mayor, Mr. Burnit"

VII

IT LOOKED good to Bobby, that late extra of the Bulletin, and the force that he had kept on duty to get it out greeted him, as he walked through the office, with a running fire of comment and congratulation that was almost like applause. He had bought a copy on the street as he came in, and as he spread it out there came upon him a thrill of realization that this ought to be the beginning of the end.

It was. The fact that Bobby, through the Bulletin, had forced this action, made him a power to be reckoned with; and straws, whole bales of them, began to show which way the wind was blowing.

One morning a delegation headed by the Reverend Doctor Larynx waited upon him. The Reverend Doctor was a minister of great ingenuity and force, who sought the salvation of souls through such vital topics as Shall Men Go Coatless in Summer? The Justice of Three-Cent Car Fares, and The Billboards Must Go. All public questions, civic, state or national, were thoroughly thrashed out in the pulpit of the Reverend Larynx, and turned adrift with the seal of his condemnation or approval duly fixed upon them; and he managed to get his name and his picture in the papers almost as often as the man who took eighty-seven bottles of Elixo and still survived. With him were four thoroughly respectable men of business, two of whom wore side-whiskers and the other two of whom wore white bow-ties.

"Fine business, Mr. Burnit," said the Reverend Doctor Larynx in a loud, hearty voice, advancing with three strides and clasping Bobby's hand in a viselike grip; for he was a red-blood minister, was the Reverend Doctor Larynx, and he believed in getting down among the "pee-pul." "The Bulletin has proved itself a mighty fine engine of reform, and the reputable citizens of this municipality now see a ray of hope before them."

"I'm afraid that the reputable citizens," ventured Bobby, "have no one but themselves to blame for their past hopeless condition. They're too selfish to vote."

"You have hit the nail on the head," declaimed the Reverend Larynx with a loud, hearty laugh, "but the Bulletin will rouse them to a sense of duty. Last night, Mr. Burnit, the Utopian Club was formed with an initial membership of over seventy, and it selected a candidate for mayor of whom the Bulletin is bound to approve. Shake hands with Mr. Freedom, the Utopian Club's candidate for mayor, Mr. Burnit."

Bobby shook hands with Mr. Freedom quite nicely, and studied him curiously.

He was one of the two who wore side-whiskers and a habitual Prince Albert, and he displayed a phenomenal length from lower lip to chin, which, by reason of his extremely high and narrow forehead, gave his features the appearance of being grouped in tiny spots somewhere near the centre of a long, yellow cylinder. Mr. Freedom, he afterward ascertained, was a respectable singing-teacher.

"Professor Freedom," went on the Reverend Doctor Larynx, still loudly and heartily, "has the time to devote to this office, as well as the ideal qualifications. He has no vices whatever. He does not even smoke nor use tobacco in any form, and under his régime the saloons of this town would be turned into vacant storerooms, if there are laws to make possible such action."

"I do not want the saloons put out of business," declared Bobby. "I merely want them vacated at one o'clock every night, without exception."

When Doctor Larynx and his delegation went away in wrath the leader was already preparing his sermon upon The Iniquity of the Sons of Rich Fathers.

On the following day a delegation from the business men's club waited upon him. The business men's club wanted a business administration. This crowd Bobby handled differently. Upon his desk, tabulated in advance against just such an emergency, he had statistics concerning all the business men's administrations that had been tried in various cities, and he submitted this statement without argument. It needed none.

"Politics is in itself a distinct business," he explained. "You would not one of you take up the duties of a surveyor without previous training. The only trouble is that there are no restrictions placed upon politicians. I propose to use them, but to regulate them."

He did not convert the delegation by this one interview, but he did by cultivating these men and others of their kind separately. He ate luncheons and dinners with them at the Traders' Club, played billiards with them, smoked and talked with them; and the burden of his talk was Chalmers. When he finally got ready for his campaign the business men were with him unanimously, at least outwardly. Inwardly, there were reservations, for the matter of special privileges was one to be very gravely considered; and special privileges, at a price not entirely prohibitive, was the bulwark of Stone's régime.

"But the Stone régime," Bobby advised them, coming brutally to the point and telling them what he knew of their own affairs and Stone's, "is about to come to an end. The handwriting is on the wall, and you might just as well climb into the band wagon, for at last I have the public on my side."

At last he had. For a solid year he had been trying to understand the peculiar apathy of the public, and he did not understand it yet. They seemed to like Stone and to look upon his wholesale corruption as a joke; but by constant hammering, by showing the unredeemable cussedness of Stone and his crowd, he had produced some impression—an impression that, alas! was of the surface only—until the investigating committee began its sessions. When it became understood, however, that certain of the thieves might actually be sent to the penitentiary, then who so loud in their denunciation as the public? Why, Stone had robbed them right and left; why, Stone was an enemy to mankind; why, Stone and all his friends were monsters whom it were a good and a holy thing to skewer and flay and cast into everlasting brimstone!

Facts were uncovered that set the entire city in turmoil. More than fifty men who had never been born were carried upon the city and county pay-rolls, and half of their salaries went directly into Stone's pocket, the other half going to the men who conducted this paying enterprise. Contracts for city paving and other improvements were let to favored bidders at an enormous figure, and Stone personally had one-fourth the huge profits on "scamped" work, another fourth going to those who arranged the details and did the collecting. Innumerable instances of this sort were brought out; but the biggest scandal of all, in that it involved men who should have been unassailable, was that of the banks. The relentless probe brought out the fact that all city and county funds had been distributed among four banks, the deposits yielding no revenue whatever to either commonwealth. These funds, however, had paid privately two per cent. interest, and this interest was paid in cash, in sealed envelopes, to the city and county auditors and treasurers, who took the envelopes unbroken to Stone for distribution. The amounts thus diverted from their proper channel totaled to an enormous figure, and, as this money was the most direct and approachable, Chalmers, who had the interesting rôle of inquisitor, set out to get it. The officials who had been longest at the crib, grown incautious, were now men of property, and by the use of red-hot pincers Chalmers was able to restore nearly sixty thousand dollars of stolen money, with the possibility of more in sight.

It was upon the heels of this that Chalmers' candidacy for mayor was announced, and the manner in which the Stone machine dropped to pieces was laughable. Chalmers, and the entire slate so carefully prepared by Bobby in conjunction with the shrewd old fox, Cal Lewis, won by a majority so overwhelming as to be almost unanimous. Immediately upon Chalmers' election heads began to drop, and the first to go was Cooley, Chief of Police, in whom, four years later, Bobby recognized the driver of his ice wagon. Coincident with the election came well-founded rumors of grand jury indictments. Two of Stone's closest and busiest lieutenants, who were most in danger of being presented with nice new suits of striped clothing, quietly converted their property into cash and then slipped away to Honduras.

VIII

LATE one afternoon, as Bobby sat alone in his room in the almost deserted Bulletin building, so worried over his business affairs that he had no time for elation over his political and personal triumphs, the door opened and Stone stood before him. The pouches under Stone's eyes were

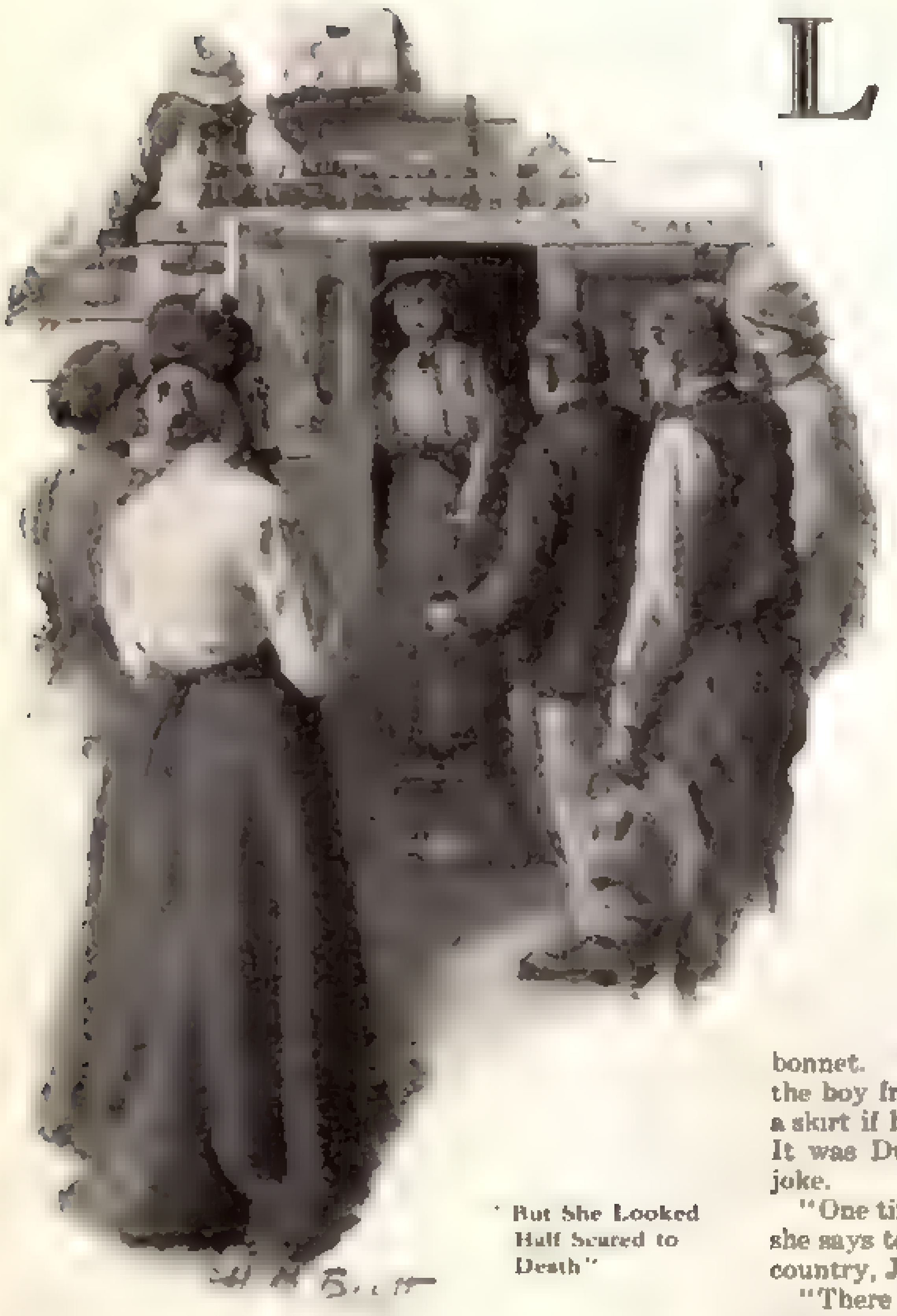
(Continued on Page 25)

LIESCHEN

DUTCH JOHNNY RINGS TRUE

By Kennett Harris

ILLUSTRATED BY H. M. BRETT


"But She Looked Half Scared to Death"

IT AIN'T no good way to do, if you ask me," said the stock-tender, handing back the photograph; "she looks to be a hummer, but you can't never tell. There was Old Man Maclean sent off to one o' these matrimony bureaus an' he got a photygraft that would have stacked up alongside o' yourn, but when the 'rigernal got off the stage there wasn't no more resemblance than there is atwixt a buzzard an' a bird o' paradise. Mac couldn't back out, an' he thought that she might not be as ornery as she looked, an' so he married her. But he pulled his freight for the Coeur d'Alenes inside o' two months, an' she's up on Pass Creek yet. Another thing, she didn't have no standin' with the Pass Creek ladies. They figgered that, if she couldn't get a man 'thout advertisin' for one, she couldn't amount to much."

"It's diff'runt back East. Men is skurce back there," said the bull-whacker, "an' what few there is it don't seem like a woman 'ud want."

"That may be, but women folks don't never make allowances," the stock-tender observed sagely. "This experimentin' with imported stock is all right, if a man can afford to take chances. Sometimes it works, but oftenest it don't. You keep your eyes skinned for somethin' around home. It ain't no cinch that you'll do better, but the percentage ain't so high against you in the game. There was Dutch Johnny; but it was diff'runt with him. Heard about him sendin' off for a woman, didn't you?"

"Never heard of him at all," replied the bull-whacker, looking dreamily at the photograph in his hand.

"They called him 'Dutch Johnny' because he was Dutch an' his name was Johnny," explained the stock-tender. "He come down from the mines to Hermosita an' started up a blacksmith shop there. He was a chunky little runt of a boy, black complected an' with the cheerfullest kind of a grin. Everybody liked him, an' everybody kidded him. He worked hard an' he done well an' didn't blow his money, an' bached in the back of his shop, an' kep' out o' the s'loon an' didn't gamble none. But nobody held that up against him. They'd kid him, but he didn't mind that. You couldn't make him mad.

"Johnny was a jim-dandy with the accordion, an' they useter get him to play for the dances. He was willin'. He was the willin'est lad you ever seen. Any kind of a shindig in town or out an' you'd see Johnny perched up on a table shoved off in one corner of the room, with the sweat runnin' down his face an' his eyes shinin' an' his mouth stretched 'most as far as he pulled that wind-jammin' squawker of hisn, an' the time that he quit was when the last giddy couple went a-wabblin' to their seats.

"Nachally, he was popular with the gals. You never seen anybody that could pick on a string, pound bone or scrape gut that wasn't. They'd cluster around him as thick as flies on a baby gaumed up with merlasses.

"'Say, Johnny, don't you know that piece, Las' Night the Nightungale Woke Me?'

"'Play Juanita, Johnny, an' we'll all sing it. Don't you pay no attention to her. I'm the one that loves you.' Sure! They didn't care. It was only Johnny.

"An' Johnny would show them white teeth of his. 'So?' he'd say. 'Vell, she loaf me, too, so ve vill haf Der Nightungale Voke Me Oop der Oder Night forst, und den I play for you.'

"That 'ud set 'em all to gigglin', an' Johnny would throw back his head an' laugh to beat the cars, an' then open up his music bellers an' squeeze the everlastin' tormented soul out o' them.

"An' some o' them fool punchers 'ud set back an' grit their teeth to see him actin' so partickler gay an' festive. You've seen a gal kiss her little brother when some feller she'd took a notion to was around? Well, Johnny was a sort o' little brother to everythin' that wore calico between Box Butte an' the Warbonnet. But, when it come right down to brass tacks, the boy from the sage-brush, who shied off an' snorted at a skirt if he come upon one sudden, stood a better show. It was Dutch Johnny, an' Dutch Johnny was a sort of a joke.

"One time Myrtle Streeter—her that married Joe Bell—she says to him, 'Ain't you got ne'er a gal back in the old country, Johnny? I bet you have.'

"There was a mess o' fool gals around, an' they tee-heed at the idee. But Johnny looked kind o' solemn for him, an' shook his head. 'Nein,' he says, 'dere vas no von . . . no von,' an' he begun makin' the ol' accordion breathe slow in an' out with some trembly little toon, with his big, black eyes starin' at nothin' in partickler, 'way off yonder through the winder out into the dark. An', presently, he begun to sing, still with the far-away look, an' the song was in Dutch.

"I ain't no judge o' singin', an' a good part o' Johnny's sounded as if he was a-garglin' somethin' in his throat, though I reckon that was the language. Whether or no, it was right smooth, an' from the way every one in the room listened you'd have s'posed they'd been raised on blutwurst an' pretzels. Somehow, it got into my throat an' made it lumpy, an' set up a ticklin' in the bridge o' my nose. When he got through there was about a minute that nobody spoke. Then they hollered for more. Johnny smiled an' shook his head.

"'What was it all about, Johnny?' asks Myrtle.

"'Oh, das is noding,' says Johnny; 'she vas yoost a girl, und her eyes dey vas color like der vasser in by der rocks back vere it vas schtill alreaty—der blue ohf der shky und der deep ohf der vasser, und—oh, I can dell noding. But dere is a yunker—a boy—und he loaf her, und his heart is so big mit der loaf in it dere is a hurt; for she vill marry him not, und her song is about him. If you know Cherman it is goot, you bet your lifes.'

"'Sing some more,' says another one o' the gals; but Johnny jest laughed an' begun to jam out a heel-ticklin' waltz, an' in another minute the hull herd o' them was a-millin' on the floor in great shape.

"Havin' that evenin' in mind an' bein' nachally of an observin' an' reflectin' turn, it didn't take my breath away when, less than two months after that, a photygraft fell out o' Johnny's shirt bosom as he was wras'lin' with the nigh hindleg of a wall-eyed little pinto I'd brought in to him to be shod. He didn't have no more judgment than to let go of the hoof right there to grab for the picture, an' the cayuse hauled off an' kicked him plumb over the coolin'-tub, an' then kicked his tool-kit after him. It took Johnny about five minutes to get his wind; but, as soon as he'd done it, he went weavin' back to death an' destruction after his picture. I caught him by the suspenders in time to save his life.

"'I've got it, Johnny,' I says. 'She's sure a little peach, too; but you hain't been givin' the gals here a square show, representin' your affections as unbranded stock. I thought you said that there wasn't no one?'

"'Dis is since,' says Johnny, lookin' foolish. 'Gif me dot picture, Hank.'

"I handed it to him an' he put it back next to his heart an' buttoned it up; then he went to gath'rin' the rasps an' truck that the pinto had distribyerted. I waited for him to get through shoein' the plug so's he could slop his confidence on me, but he was a hard formation. I had to pry a few chunks of information loose at a time.

"It was a real gal; she wasn't wood, which the photygraft give me the idee of. Her name was Lieschen, an' she didn't have no folks of her own, but she stood ace high with Johnny's, an' they give her an elegant send-off. No monkey business about her, an' a rustler from Rustlerville; kind as a kitten an' all sorts o' pace an' action. The only thing wrong with her was that she hadn't got no money, an' them boys around where Johnny was raised won't take no kind of a prize-package without it's wropped in silver paper. Johnny was a-correspondin' with her with a view to matrimony on delivery.

"I told him the same as I've told you. 'It's a poor way to do courtin', to my notion, Johnny,' I says. 'If any trouble's a-comin' to me I like it at short range. This stringin' a bunch o' little dinky crosses along a page o' paper an' callin' em kisses is like lookin' at a bock beer advertisement when you're twenty miles out in the alkali with a dry water-kag. You're both missin' heaps, son.'

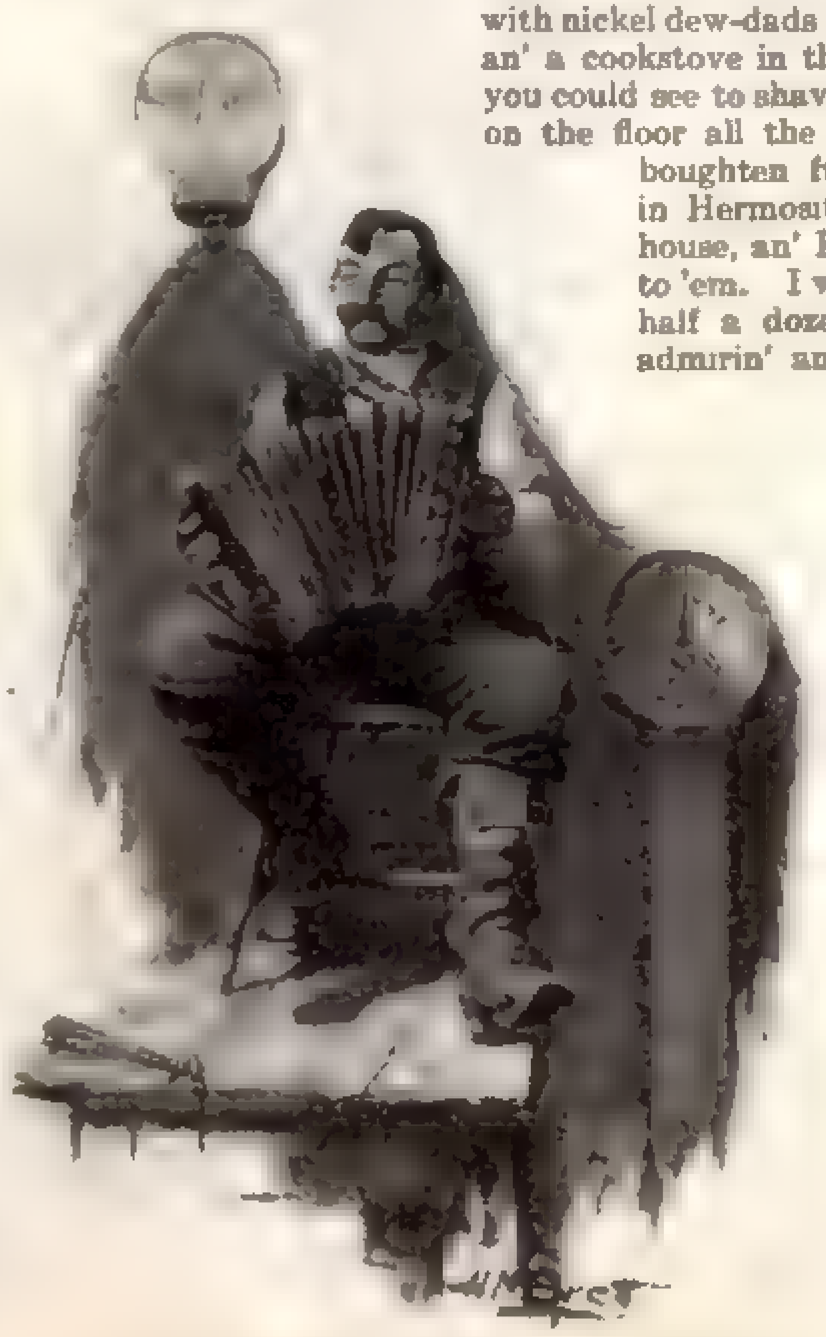
"'But dere is der time ohf our lifes ve bot' haf,' says Johnny—'der life's time.'

"'There's a diffrunce atwixt the time of your life an' a lifetime of bein' married, from all I hear,' I says. 'But, if you're set on it an' it's the best you can do, I'll give you my consent,' I says.

"Havin' got that settled Johnny starts a team out to the sawmill after lumber, an' the first thing you know there was an elegant five-room residence painted a sweet saddle color with maroon trimmin's stuck up back o' the blacksmith shop. Nothin' less than a frame house would do Johnny—floors dressed an' matched stuff, an' more dog gen'rally than you'll see in the first circles o' Fort Pierre.

"You never seen a happier boy than what Johnny was. Lieschen was on the way out, as he figgered, an' the house was all fixed an' ready. There was a base-burner with nickel dew-dads on to it in the settin'-room, an' a cookstove in the kitchen polished up so's you could see to shave in it; there was carpets on the floor all the colors of the rainbow, an' boughten furniture. All the women in Hermosita was around to see that house, an' I reckon it was a surprise to 'em. I went through it as many as half a dozen times with parties of admirin' an' envyin' females jest to see Johnny's grin as he stood in the middle of the settin'-room, swelled up like a snake bite, sniffin' in the smell o' fresh varnish an' swallerin' their taffy. It was worth money only to see him take the key out of his pocket, fit it to the lock an' open up the gay little shebang. Happy! He sure was.

"But the women wasn't by no means approvin'. As I said, it's that way every time. They allowed that Lieschen couldn't be much to let a man she'd never seen pay her way out, as Johnny was a-doin', an' marry him at the drop of the hat. The house was


"Johnny was a Jim-Dandy with the Accordion"

all right, an' the dishes done Johnny credit, but he was a plumb fool all the same an' he'd live to be sorry for it. In the pride of my heart I'd sprung that gag o' mine about marriage on delivery to Lickover, the storekeeper, an' he'd told it around, an' the women picked it up an' called Johnny's bride-to-be the M. O. D. gal. There was a heap o' speculation about her.

"Johnny wouldn't move into the house. He still bunked in the shop an' cooked his meals there, but he'd keep the back doors open so's he could look out while he was a-workin', an' admire the little ol' maroon an' buff ed'fice He sung all the time when there wasn't no one in the shop. I used to hear him:

"'Hi lee, hi lo, hi lee, hi lo,
By ungales immer ye lahnger ye schlimmer;
Hi lee, hi lo, hi lee, hi lo,
Ich bin ine yarger man.'

"Every time the 'lee' an' 'lo' came out, whack would go the hammer on the anvil, with a double clink sometimes for the 'immer' an' 'schlimmer,' an' I tell you it made music.

"Yes, it was enough right then to jest look an' sing. He wouldn't even start up a fire in the nickel base-burner. 'Das is for Lieschen,' he says; 'she is to start der fire und make der varm und der light for me.'

"'That's all right in the sense o' po'try, son,' I says, 'but you'll fool yourself if you think that you'll get out of it that easy in this land o' the free. Buildin' fires is a married man's duty an' priv'lidge, an' the best he can do in the way of a compromise is to play his wife a game o' seven-up over night to see who'll wrastle with the kindlin' in the mornin', an' then stack the cards on her.'

"He jest threw back his head an' laughed.

"There was a considerable excitement around the stage barn a few mornin's after that. About half-past eight Johnny ambled up, decorated with a blue coat, white vest an' ice-cream pants, an' his hair all slicked down. He sure looked a heap gay. If it hadn't been for a quarter of a yard o' smile he was wearin' I reckon nobody would have thought it was him. The stage was due at eleven an' hadn't got in afore noon in the mem'ry o' mortal man, but he allowed that Vanatta might have socked the buckskin to them plugs of hisn some more energetic than usual an' hazed them in ahead o' time. It was clost along about eleven that Dickover an' a few more leadin' citizens come up. Dick bein' able to talk Dutch had been 'lected chairman o' the reception c'mittee, an' he'd brought Mrs. Dick along with him, agin her better judgment. Bein' as she was there, some other serciety leaders concluded they'd resk their soshul standin' by a casual rubber. Mrs. Driscoll, who run the hotel, had fixed up a dinner in honor of the occasion, an' everything was all waitin' when Vanatta's lead horses rounded the turn an' the brakes grated agin the wheels comin' down the bluff.

"We gave three cheers as the coach come rollin' over the bridge. Dickover led. Then he poked Johnny in the ribs. 'My heart bleeds for you, old son,' he says, 'but I'm afraid she ain't on. I knowed that she'd never get apast all them ol' sour dough stags scattered along the Warbonnet. They've stole her, sure.'

"But Johnny wasn't takin' no notice of him. He was a-strainin' his eyes at the stage door, an' before Vanatta had fairly pulled up he jumped an' opened it, an' the next moment out steps Lieschen. She didn't have no dew-flicker screwed into the back of her neck then, I want to tell you. No wood about her. An' there was a red on her lips an' on her plump cheeks that even paint couldn't come anear, an' a sparkle in her eyes an' a shine o' gold in her hair that no chromo calendar ever touched. But she looked half scared to death.

"Johnny took both her hands an' said suthin' to her in Dutch; but she kind o' pulled back from him an' looked at Mrs. Dick, with her poutin' under lip a-tremblin'.

"'Lord love you!' says Mrs. Dick, all of a sudden. 'You, Johnny, get out o' the way,' an' she pushed Johnny to one side, took the gal in her arms an' kissed her with a smack, square on the mouth. 'Now you come with me, my dear,' she says, an', before Dickover could get a word out of his speech o' welcome, she tucked Lieschen's arm in hern an' started for the hotel, Johnny trailin' after, with his head hangin' like he'd been caught stealin' sheep, an' Dick bringin' up the rear. At the hotel Mrs. Dick takes Lieschen up into the ladies' parlor. In about ten minutes she opens the door an' beckons to her husband an' Johnny.

"Dickover told what happened when they went into the parlor. Lieschen was a-settin' back in a corner, dabbin' her eyes with a handkerchief. Johnny was a-goin' up to her, but Mrs. Dick waved him back.

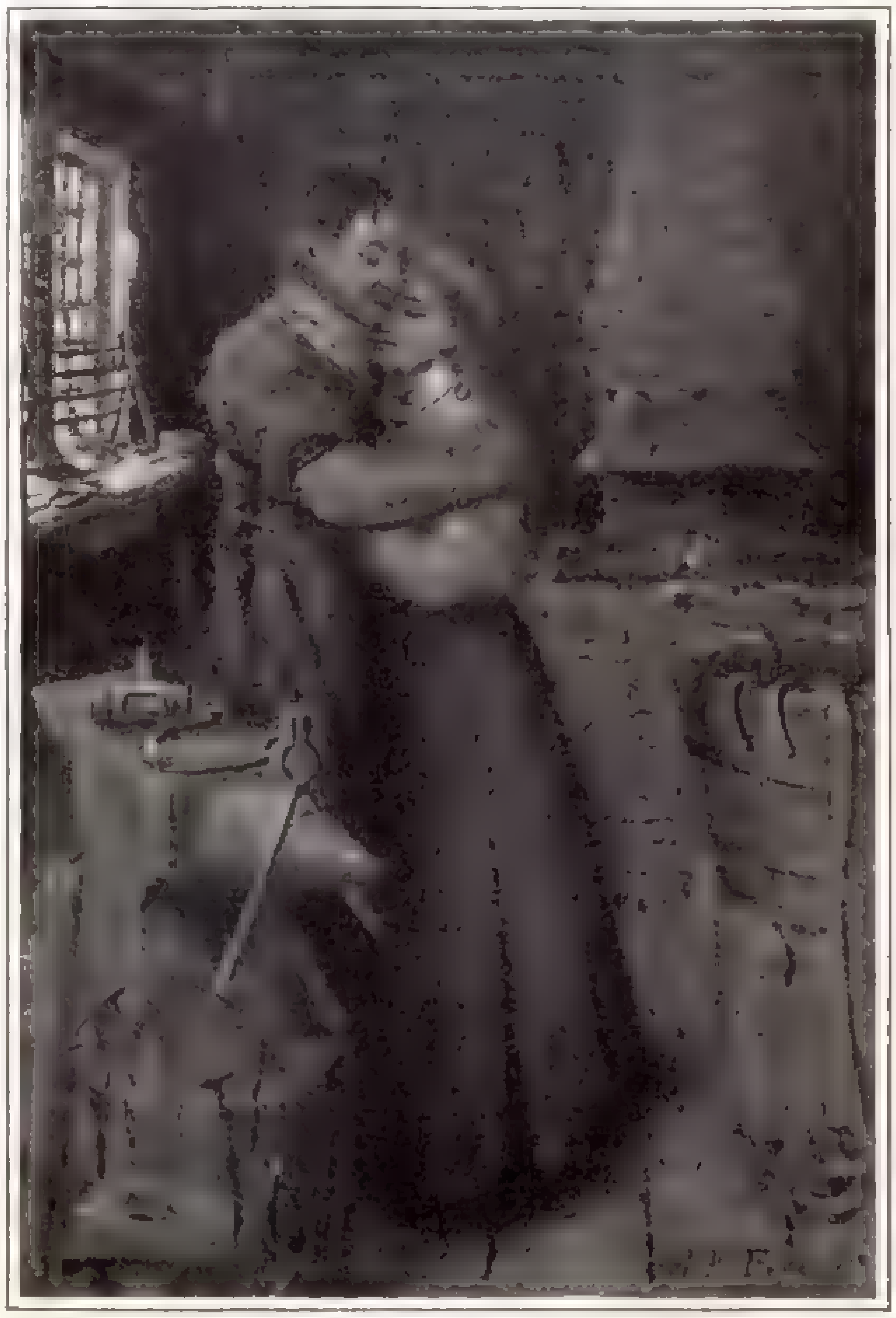
"'You'd better speak to her first, maybe, Dick,' she says, an' Dick stepped up an' got suthin' off about bein proud to welcome to the c'munity the feeongsay of a gentleman so universally respected an' esteemed as Johnny was, an' how happy he was to congratulate her an' him both an' wish 'em joy.

"Lieschen thanked him kindly, with the color up to the roots of her hair an' around to the back of her pretty neck, an' then Dick says, 'Now, Johnny, you wade in,' an' stepped back.

"Johnny waded. Dick didn't hear what he said because he didn't listen an' Johnny talked low. At last Johnny stopped an' Lieschen said suthin'. When she had finished Johnny's face was white an' he turned away an' gulped.

"'She say dot she do not vish me to marry,' he says. 'She do not like me aireaty. No, she vill not.'

"'Oh, shucks!' says Mrs. Dick. 'She don't mean that. She's tired out with the journey. You skip now an' come around to-night, Johnny. I'll stay an' look after her.'



"An' the Next Moment Lieschen was in His Arms, Clost to His Old Burned Apron"

"'You do not know,' says Johnny. 'It is not der tire. I am not as she has t'ought, und—und she vill not her mind chanche, nefer—nefer, nefer!'

"Dick said that he got sore an' started to tell the gal that it wasn't no way for her to act, but Johnny shut him right up. He said she had a right to do as she was a mind to, an' he didn't blame a gal like her for not wantin' to tie up with a plug like him.

"'Well, what do you propose to do?' says Mrs. Dick.

"'Dere is noding to do but as she shall vish,' says Johnny. 'If she vishes she shall go back ven she has rest.'

"'An' who'll put up for it?' asks Dick.

"'I haf blendy for dot,' says Johnny. 'Das is no matter for der money. Money is no goot mitout happiness, und I haf no happiness. She shall stay dis house in till she shall say vat she shall do.'

"'You're a good feller, Johnny,' says Mrs. Dick. 'It's a pity that there ain't more like you.'

"Johnny got up an' started to go out, but he stopped with his hand on the door-knob an' turned to Lieschen, who was cryin', with her yaller hair tumblin' all about her face. 'Lieschen,' he says, accordin' to Dick, 'you don't want to feel bad, because I ain't mad at you. You can't help your feelin's, an' you ain't to blame one particle. If you'd liked me I'd have been tickled plumb to death, an' I'd have done my level best to have pleased you; but, as it is, I ain't got no kick comin' an' you want to remember that I'm your friend anyway an' nobody ain't goin' to plague you. The folks here'll fix you out, an' when you get good an' ready send word to me by Dick here what you want an' I'll see that you get it.'

"Johnny's shop wasn't but a little ways from the barn, an' I kep' my eye on it that evenin'; not that I had any idle curiosity or intentions to jam in, but the sight o' that boy's face when he come out o' the hotel didn't look good to me, an' when I seen him strike off into the hills back o' town, afoot, I didn't know what to make of it. I went to Dickover an' got the harrowin' de-tails an' then it looked worse. 'I'm a-goin' to saddle up an' trail after him,' I says to Dick. 'You know what them fool Dutch is.'

"'Don't you do nothin' of the kind,' says Dick; 'I know what Johnny is, I reckon. He ain't achin' for serciety now, but he'll be back all right.'

"The moon had been up an hour afore he did get back, though. I was a-settin' out in front of the barn, smokin', when I seen him come down the trail an' let himself into the shop. I heaved a sigh of relief an' knocked the ashes out o' my pipe an' crawled into my blankets. I didn't sleep good, though, an' oncet or twicet I thought I heard Johnny's accordion goin'—either that or the wind on the telegraft wire that went through to the Agency, mixed up with the sounds o' the pines an' the water in the crick. But, along about dawn, I heard somethin' there wasn't no mistakin': Clink, clink, clank! Clink-clank, clink-clank, clink, clink, clank! If it had been an hour or two later I'd have enjoyed it. It kep' right on without any let-up till I went to breakfast.

"When I come back I looked in at the shop an' there was Johnny all right, hammerin' away for dear life. But the back door was closed, an' he wasn't singin' 'Hi lee, hi lo.' He didn't look as if he had ever sung or ever intended to.

"'Ain't you afraid you'll work yourself out of a job, Johnny?' I asked him.

"He pushed the drippin' black hair back off his forehead with the back of his wrist an' nodded at me, an' then pounded away harder than ever. After a while he stopped hammering an' poked around in the forge and started up the bellers.

"'Vork is goot,' he says.

"'It's all right for them as like it, son,' I says. But he didn't seem to want to argue about it. He was a heap int'rusted in gettin' the right kind of a scald on that iron, seemed like. So pretty soon I slid out.

"It seemed to be his busy day. If he stopped to eat he done it when I was out o' hearin'. One an' another o' the boys meandered up to the shop in the course of the day, but none of them stayed long, an' though, if it had been me, they'd have deviled me to death, they didn't try to plague Johnny —'ceptin' Romeo Jenks, who was 'tendin' bar for Daly at the Last Chance. Rome allowed he'd have a little sport.

"'I hear you got the cold shake, Johnny,' he says.

"Johnny let go of the bellers cord he was holdin' an' looked ugly, I reckon for the first time in his life. 'So?' he says, 'I haf heard many times dot you vas a fool mit a het ohf vood—und I belief it; bot I haf nefer toldt you ohf it before.'

"An' Romeo didn't take it up. He said that Johnny's eyes was like two live coals, an' there was hammers around, an' he might be a fool, but he wasn't fool enough for that.

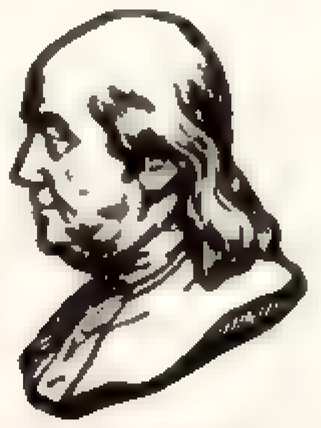
"The middle o' that night I was up to 'tend to a blame fool horse that had untied his halter rope with his teeth an' was tryin' to kick his way to liberty through the clapboards. Johnny's light was a-burnin' yet, an' I made a sneak over an' peeked in at the little winder of the cubby-hole. Johnny was a-settin' there all humped up with his chin on his hands, starin' at a picture propped up agin the candlestick. I couldn't see the picture plain, but I made a guess whose it was.

"After breakfast I studied a while whether I'd go in an' cheer him up a few or whether it wouldn't be more soothin' to his feelin's if I stayed away. I fin'ly concluded company was what he wanted, so I went over.

"'Johnny, old son,' I says, 'you want to brace up. You've got an idee that Proverdence has been throwin' the hooks into you good an' hard, but I want to tell you that you're playin' in the biggest kind o' luck.'

(Concluded on Page 36)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER 5, 1908

Big Business—Big Profits

SOME months ago we expressed a notion that the railroads would get through without having either to raise freight rates or reduce wages. Already the falling off in gross earnings grows less. At the same time, without cutting wages, the roads are so reducing operating expenses as to recoup, in considerable part, the loss in gross. The Pennsylvania June statement, for example, shows only two-thirds the May loss in gross, while eighty-five per cent. of the loss was made good by decreased cost of operation.

The railroads employed, in 1907, nearly one million seven hundred thousand persons. The average pay, from highest to lowest, according to the Interstate Commerce Commission report, was about fifty-five dollars a month. The interest of the employees in maintaining that not extravagant wage-scale is obvious and natural. Some of their organizations have indorsed a plea for higher freight rates; but we do not see that the situation presents such an expedient as an inevitable alternative to wage-reduction. Better business is in sight. That, and not higher freight rates, is what—and all—the roads need.

A statement by the New York Central points out that labor and supplies cost that system, in 1907, $54,666,582 more than the same articles would have cost in 1897. Nevertheless, for all the roads the ratio of operating expenses to gross earnings was actually less in 1907 than in 1897. Notwithstanding the higher prices for labor and supplies, out of every dollar that the roads took in fewer cents were expended for labor and supplies. That is because, in 1907, the railroad plant was employed to its full capacity. More business is all the roads need, and they are already in the way of getting it.

Misplaced Enthusiasm

IN ITALY, more than in almost any other country, the people are upon intimate terms with art; a quick feeling for it is widely diffused. That is why, in Italy, a poem is sometimes discussed with a passionate wealth of invective which, with us, only an assault upon property can call forth; why dramatic performances often break up in a riot; why, at the presentation of a new opera recently, the gallery rained vegetables until the conductor indignantly resigned his baton—on the ground that his score was being ruined because the prima donna sang off the key every time an onion hit her.

To understand what art is to those fortunate Italians, attend a baseball game. There, also, you have an interest which spontaneously and universally appeals; into which the spectators enter with eager understanding and sympathy; an intimate rapport between performers and audience.

Mark the hearty yells of approbation or execration, the undying thirst for the umpire's blood, the free, objective criticism in the form of pop bottles. Contrast this with the behavior of the same audience at a play—sitting in glum detachment, with only a little hand-clapping now and then.

"When Homer smote his bloomin' lyre" the audience understood, and sympathized; cried, "Bully! Good work, old socks! That's the stuff!" Or—at the catalogue of ships—"Rotten! Gag the old skate! Back to the farm!"

We must encourage a more intimate popular footing with art. We should like to see readings by novelists in a baseball park—with screens, perhaps, to catch the pop bottles. We should like to see a poet chased down Broadway by an infuriated populace.

We would even pick out the poet.

Nominations by the People

DIRECT primaries have had their first trial in a great city. The result disappoints some enthusiasts. In Chicago two-thirds of the voters went to the polls; in the State about sixty per cent. They nominated, in the main, the same persons who would have been named by conventions. Senator Hopkins defeated Foss, who might have given Illinois that adequate representation in the upper house at Washington which she sadly lacks. In Chicago "Jake" Kern captured the Democratic nomination for State's attorney, although his success at a convention would probably have been pointed to as one of the horrors of boss rule. With few exceptions some notoriously unfit candidates for the Legislature came through without a scratch. The better man won the Republican nomination for Governor; but he would have won in a convention.

Yet the experiment justifies itself; direct primaries, no doubt, have come to stay, because they broaden the democratic base of government. They provide means whereby the rank and file of a party can always check an unfit aspirant—whether they always elect to do it or not. The chief defects, as exemplified in Chicago, are the expense entailed upon a candidate and the ease with which Democratic machine votes are cast for a Republican machine favorite. But the convention system was never deemed faultless.

The two-thirds who voted evidently included all those active, thick-and-thin partisans whom the party organization can always control. They rallied to Hopkins and Kern just as they would have done under the old system. For this obstructive lump direct primaries do not, of course, provide a solvent.

The Woes of Capital

WE SOMETIMES wonder why the Socialists should have so much trouble in achieving their dream of extinguishing the capitalists, when the capitalists do so much to extinguish themselves.

Money was loaned in New York the other day at a rate that makes the return on a hundred thousand dollars only $2.08 a day, or little over the wage of a day-laborer. That rate was exceptional; but the whittling down and "expropriating" of the mere capitalist—one who lives simply upon invested money—is a pretty constant process. It was not very long ago that first mortgage railroad and even State or city bonds paid six and seven per cent. interest, and a carpenter got two dollars a day. A family with a hundred thousand dollars invested in tip-top securities enjoyed the income of ten carpenters. Latterly, bonds of the same character paid three and a half or four per cent., and a city carpenter got five dollars a day. The income of the hundred-thousand-dollar family equaled the income of two carpenters and a half. After the next Witwatersrand gold field is opened up we shall probably see the hundred-thousand-dollar family passing the hat at Carpenters' Hall

Unless the family fortune was invested in a public concern, like a State or city, or in a quasi-public and quasi-monopolistic concern, like a railroad, it has very likely been destroyed by competition or reorganized into common stock of uncertain value. How many stock-holding capitalist families were expropriated by the reorganization of Baltimore and Ohio, Atchison, Northern Pacific and so on, we do not know; but the number must have been considerable.

Many a good man who has drawn his will in fear of Socialism would be astonished could he see what the family fortune has come to—without any help from the Socialists.

The Dangerous House

"AN ELECTIVE despotism was not the government we fought for," declared Jefferson. A popular representative chamber, absorbing all the powers of government and arrogating to itself unlimited sway, was one of the graver dangers against which the Fathers carefully guarded.

Nevertheless, they would now, perhaps, like the Democratic platform, "observe with amazement the popular branch of our Federal Government helpless to obtain either the consideration or enactment of measures desired by a majority of its members."

Mr. Bryan does well to dwell upon the condition which that plank accurately describes. The action (or non-action, which is sometimes more important) of the House does often depend upon the will of a "majority of a majority," or even upon that of a decidedly smaller minority of its members. Madison warned: "It is against the enterprising ambition of this department that the people ought to indulge all their jealousy and exhaust all their precautions." Probably he would admit that the benevolent assimilation of most of the powers of the House by the Speaker and his little coterie rather overshoots the due precautionary mark.

That branch of the Government in which the wisest Fathers saw most danger of usurpation has, in fact, been most subject to usurpations. Between its own Speaker and the Executive, it is actually not much more than a harmless amateur debating society. Mr. Bryan declares the Democratic purpose to rescue it from this humiliating position. That, of course, can be accomplished by the election of members who want to be rescued; but not in any other way.

Seeing Beyond One's Nose

IN THE main the dangers that have actually menaced the Government were not at all of a sort that the framers of the Constitution feared, but of a rather contrary sort. That, however, is nothing against the framers. They knew as much about it as anybody else. Inspiration very rarely extends to those who prophesy in politics. Carlyle, who had read more history than most men, and could wisely link cause and effect after the event, clearly foresaw, some forty years ago, that extended suffrage would swiftly drag England to complete destruction. "Calling in of new supplies of blockheadism, gullibility, bribability, amenability to beer and balderdash by way of amending the woes we have had from our previous supplies of that bad article," he amiably termed it—solemnly warning the nation that Niagara lay just ahead. Macaulay's prophecy of the Hun and Vandal in Broadway was as well inspired.

The fact is familiar enough. We mention it now merely by way of reassurance. A chief activity of a campaign is to point with horror; but don't let it disturb you much. Bear in mind that the pointer really knows precious little about it. So complex an affair is government, so incalculable the play of action and reaction among eighty million people, that the wisest man living sees little further than his nose.

And not every one of the gentlemen who will address you on political topics this fall is the wisest man living.

What Wall Street Buys

UPON one article of radical faith we are hopelessly heretical. We never could believe in Wall Street's omnipotence in deviltry. Granting that it wants to monopolize wickedness, we deny that it has the power. Even upon the count that funds supplied by the Street purchased the election of 1896, we find a lack of evidence.

To this subject of campaign contributions, it strikes us, Mr. Bryan gives a rather exaggerated importance. The interests that receive unjust consideration from Government, amounting to a subversion of that equality to which the Government was dedicated, owe little of their advantage, we think, to campaign contributions. For example, unless the monopolistic human breast is utterly devoid of gratitude, the interests which benefit especially by high tariff must, in 1892—only two years after the McKinley bill—have been contributing to Republican campaign funds rather than to Democratic. Yet they fared just about as well at the hands of the Democratic Administration elected that year on a tariff-reform platform as they had at the hands of its Republican predecessor. Their power to reward, in various ways, the men who serve them is the source of their subversive influence upon Government. In the main it is not elections, but the elected, that they buy in various ways.

The Modern Battlefield

ONE of the largest railroad systems, we learn, has already given some twenty-five thousand of its employees careful, scientific instruction in first aids to the injured, and expects ultimately to school its whole force in this humane art. We are really glad to know it.

The annual toll, it will be remembered, averages about ten thousand killed and eighty to ninety thousand injured. Heretofore employees have been properly instructed about giving first aid to the company—in the matter of hustling injured persons off the scene, getting their names and addresses, and otherwise facilitating the endeavors of the claim agent to secure a favorable settlement of the damage liability. But even on the battlefield, where casualties are comparatively trifling, the modern spirit demands that every resource of science shall be available to the hurt; and there is obviously no good reason why the same humane forethought should not extend to this more gruesome field. No doubt the remarkable achievements of the Japanese army surgeons in minimizing the death-rate will be duly studied with a view to their incorporation into our American railroad practice.

We have often wished for something better than first aid to the injured, but see no prospect of getting it.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

Mr. Mack Comes Back

BACK in Livingston County, Western New York, years ago, we children had a charm—I suppose other children elsewhere had it, too—based on the mystifying word "PREFACE" that appeared in big letters in the front part of our readers and geographies and arithmetics. We took the word and separated it thus: "P-R-E-F-A-C-E," and this is what it stood for: Peter Riley Eats Fish And Catches Eels—Eels Catch Alligators, Father Eats Raw Potatoes. If you placed one hand over your heart and one on the top of your head, early in the morning, on a Saturday or another holiday, and repeated it as rapidly as possible, Peterrileyeatsfishandcatcheseelseelscatchalligatorsfathereatsrawpotatoes, five times you were sure to get something that day you did not expect. It might be a whipping or it might be a gift, but you would certainly get something, and the element of chance appealed strongly.

Now, Norman E. Mack has lived in Western New York for many years and, like as not, he knows about the charm. Like as not, also, on a certain Saturday morning, not long ago, he repeated it rapidly five times, with one hand over his heart and the other on top of his head. He wouldn't say so, but probably he did. Anyhow, it worked, for Mr. Mack got something on that Saturday he did not expect—got the biggest something he could get at that particular time—got it like a flash of lightning out of a clear sky, like a street car that stops on the right corner to let you off, like a fellow who pays you the five dollars he owes you, or any other miraculous and unexpected thing. You see, on that day they made Norman E. Mack, of Buffalo, chairman of the Democratic National Committee.

To say that Mr. Mack did not expect to be made chairman of the Democratic National Committee would be to use mild, mauve language. Mr. Mack was tickled to death to be on the committee at all, and the idea of being chairman was furthest from any thoughts he may have had on the subject, stranger to his emotions and unknown to his conjectures. Mr. Mack was satisfied. Out at Denver, a short time before, he had stumbled across a conspiracy to keep him off the committee altogether. He had served as committeeman for a long time, and it seemed to some of his friends and neighbors that it was time to have a change. Not that they did not think Mack was an efficient committeeman, but they wanted a change. That was all. Just wanted a change. And they put skids under Mack, greased them carefully, and prepared to shoot him into the Hasbeen pond.

Well, Mack protested. He emitted loud screams of rage. He went to his dear friends and neighbors and said: "What are you fellows trying to do? Going to put me in the discard, eh? Not if I can stop it. This is a fine deal to be giving me, isn't it? Quit it! Stop! Refrain! I want that place again."

The Drawing of Mr. Mack

THERE was much conferring, much whispering, many plots were plotted and unplotted and replotted and machinated and strategized and so on. It was announced that the Honorable William James Conners, from Mr. Mack's own town, did not desire to see any further honors heaped on Mr. Mack, that the Honorable Charles F. Murphy sided with Mr. Conners in this enthusiasm, and that it was rocky going for Mack. There were rumors around the Brown Palace Hotel that Mack was to be deposed, that he wasn't; and all the time Mack was busy, busy as the telephone operator who had charge of the wire running into a certain residence with stained-glass windows in the suburbs of Lincoln, Nebraska.

Time came for the New York delegation to meet. It looked ominous. The opposition was implacable. But it wasn't. Mack was designated. He won and went on the committee again as the New York member. Mr. Conners and Mr. Murphy, it seems, thought better of it, or had to, or something. Anyhow, Mack went back on the committee, and he was mighty glad to get the chance. Then began the long search for a chairman, and on that eventful Saturday, when Mr. Bryan went to Chicago to fix things up, Mack, who was to be deposed, was superimposed and became boss of the whole works. All of which shows that, next to buying cantaloupes, politics is the biggest gamble there is. You never can tell what you have until you cut the rind, and, it may be remarked in passing, Mack had to cut some reasonably thick rinds.

In Politics and Cantaloups You Can Never Tell What You Have Till You Cut the Rind

Mack lives in Buffalo. He has lived there ever since, some twenty-five or more years ago, he blew in and started a newspaper. He had as assets experience gained as a news butcher on the Grand Trunk road, as publisher of a summer paper at Chautauqua Lake, a few hundred dollars, a gold watch on which Ike Boasberg would always lend him eighty dollars, and enough confidence in himself to run all the newspapers there were. He fought an uphill fight for years, just the same kind of a fight many another man now rich and prominent has fought in getting a newspaper on its feet. Sometimes the newspaper was a Sunday paper, sometimes it was a morning paper, and sometimes it was an afternoon paper, but it always came out. When Saturday night came around and the printers had to be paid—printers always have to be paid, you know; reporters and editors can wait (and they did)—the gold watch was on tap if there wasn't enough cash.

It was a terrific struggle, but Mack kept at it like a bulldog. Finally, his paper became settled as an afternoon one, and things began to brighten. There was great competition. Buffalo had other strong afternoon papers and Mack had to fight for every inch he gained. Buffalo never took him seriously as a politician until one time when Governor Flower removed the sheriff of Erie County, in which Buffalo is, for some dereliction of duty.

While everybody was talking about the successor for the sheriff Mack slipped down to Albany and saw the Governor, and Flower appointed Mack's father-in-law to the vacant shrievalty. Then Buffalo began to sit up and take notice. Mack had grown faster than they thought.

Meantime, Mack had been pretty generally Democratic, and, along about 1896, William James Conners bulged into the newspaper field by buying an afternoon paper already established. Mr. Conners had been pretty generally Republican, and the paper he bought was independent. Bryan was nominated. Conners came out for McKinley. All the other papers in Buffalo were for McKinley, with the exception of Mack's. He did not declare.

What One Editorial Accomplished

IT WAS a hard situation to put a man in who was just getting on his feet. The big business interests were for McKinley. All the advertisers wanted McKinley elected, or most all of them. Buffalo had no faith in Bryan, and Mack went down to Chautauqua Lake to think it over. He came back to town one night and sent for Charley Smith and Harry Taber, his editorial writers. He had Smith write a Bryan editorial article and Taber a McKinley one. He read them both carefully, half a dozen times. Finally he said: "By George, I'm for Bryan!" and he ran the Bryan editorial article next afternoon. Then he went into the fight in earnest, and Bryan received 35,000 votes, approximately, in Erie County, which was going some, as matters turned out that fall.

Presently, Mr. William James Conners decided to become a Democrat, and made his papers—he had another then—so. That made the business rivalry, as well as the political rivalry, keen between the two men. Mack was made National Committeeman, and he and Conners seesawed for the county Democratic organization for years. Then, two years ago, Conners handed out a crushing blow. He was made chairman of the New York Democratic State Committee. Mack was merely a National Committeeman, with nothing to do, and Conners had a State campaign, when Hearst ran against Hughes, to manage. It looked as if Mack was submerged, especially as it seemed certain he would not get back on the National Committee, owing to the friendly ministrations of his rival, Conners. But Fate and Luck and Politics are fickle, and now Mack is chairman of the National Committee, and the language of Mr. Conners is gnarled and knotty—not to say naughty—when he refers to the subject. You see, a National Chairman has a State Chairman out in a leaky rowboat with the waves rolling mountain high when it comes to power and prominence.

Mack is a good-looking, well-dressed, intelligent, pleasant man with much business ability, and skillful as a politician. He puts on no lugs and sails under no false colors. He has pounded out his own success, built up a fine, profitable, influential newspaper, made himself a fortune and has never had a swelled head. He has played the game hard from the beginning, and it has been a hard game. He has accomplished much, and his friends are mightily pleased at his preferment and confident he will do what can be done with his job.

That is, with the possible exception of the Honorable William James Conners.

Banking in Mother Earth

A FRIEND of long standing, who had heard rumors of coming financial disaster, went to a leading New York financier, early last summer, and asked about the situation.

"What is it that you want to know?" queried the banker.

"Why, I hear stories on every side of depression that is sure to come and I have some investments in mind. I want to know what you think about putting out money for investment."

"Do you ever read the Bible?" inquired the financier.

"Sometimes."

"Well, do you remember about the man who went and buried his treasure in the ground?"

"I do."

"Let me tell you, then, that he wasn't such a fool as he has been taken to be."

A Pitfall of Pet Names

SHORTLY after the late Bishop Potter, of New York, married Mrs. Clark, of Cooperstown, his wife came to him and said: "My dear, I think I shall ask your daughter to call me Elizabeth, by my first name. It seems odd to have her call me Mrs. Potter, and I am not her mother, you know."

The Bishop revolved the matter in his mind. "I think I wouldn't, my dear," he replied, "for it might lead one of your sons to call me Hank."

The Hall of Fame

¶ Senator Dick, of Ohio, is the only Senator who wears a Fra Elbertus tie.

¶ William H. Andrews, delegate in Congress from New Mexico, is known as "Bull" Andrews, and is rarely called anything else.

¶ Major Parker West, of the Army, now stationed at Washington, has a fad for horses, and owns some of the best in that city.

¶ Elbert Hubbard looks like Richard Le Gallienne, only larger; or Richard Le Gallienne looks like Elbert Hubbard, only smaller—you pay your money and you take your choice.

¶ Charles G. Dawes, who used to be Comptroller of the Treasury, and is now president of a bank in Chicago, has a genius for politics and for buying gas plants, combining them and making money. He is very rich now.

¶ General S. B. M. Young, now Superintendent of Yellowstone Park, is named after Samuel B. Morse, inventor of the telegraph, which fixes his age pretty exactly for those who care to know how old this lively warrior is.

¶ Victor Rosewater, son of the late Edward Rosewater, and owner of the Omaha Bee, which was founded by the elder Rosewater, is known as Doctor Rosewater. He has about every possible degree except D. D. He used to be a telegraph operator.

¶ Charles F. Brooker, chairman of the executive committee of the Republican National Committee and chairman of the board of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Road, devotes the rest of his time to running one of the biggest brass works in the country, at Ansonia.

WINTON SIX

How Much Does It Cost You to

Sworn Facts, Not Hearsay

High grade touring cars usually average 3000 to 4000 miles in a season, and cost for upkeep — well, ask the man who pays the bills.

Ten 1908 Winton Sixes traveled 65,687.4 miles (up to June 30) and cost for upkeep exactly $15.12½ — an average of $1.00 for each 4343 miles.

These are not hearsay statements. We have on file in our office the original *sworn* report of each owner and each chauffeur of these ten cars, and the *sworn* report of four disinterested judges.

Note that these records were not made by factory experts, nor in factory tests. They are the result of everyday work of Winton Sixes in the service of ten different individual owners, not one of whom is in any manner connected with the Winton Company — except as a well-satisfied patron.

Note also that these records represent the work of cars that, in some instances, ran all winter. Furthermore, observe that these records were not made in any one city or over any one route, but from Boston to Savannah, and from New York to Chicago, in city traffic, on country roads, over the worst hills the East affords.

The real test of any motor car is *what it does for its owner.* These certified figures show what ten Winton Sixes did for ten mightily pleased Winton owners:

OWNER	Months of Service	Total Mileage	Average Miles per Month	Upkeep Expense
Milton Schnaier, New York	7	11,683	1669	$12 00
J. Axelrod, New York	3 5	7,570	2162 8	None
H S. Pickands, Euclid, O	10	6.632.8	663 3	None
Jas. T. Brennan, Brooklyn	8	6,806	850 7	$3.00
Warren Somers, Atlantic City	7	6,183	883 3	$ 025
Mrs. L. R. Speare, Newton Centre, Mass.	4.5	6,113 6	1358 5	None
Joseph Fish, Chicago	6	5,535	922 5	None
H. H. Roelofs, Elkins Park, Pa.	6 3	5,415	859 5	None
J. E. Clenny, Chicago	3.2	5,155	1610 9	None
E. A. Rooney, Buffalo	5.5	4,594	835.3	$ .10
Total,	61	65,687 4	1076 8	$15.125

We have put the month to month statements and the final affidavits of these owners and their chauffeurs in a booklet, "One Dollar Upkeep for 4343 Miles," and in it have recorded all the kicks, as well as the praises, developing from the daily work of these ten standard stock models in the hands of their ten users.

This booklet is the first actual mileage and expense record ever issued by a manufacturer, and is worth the time of any automobile owner who reads it. Better send for a copy *to-day.*

We Want Sworn Proof Next Year, Also

The Winton Motor Carriage Company believes that no car in the world is better made, more substantial or more trustworthy than is the Winton Six.

Our mileage and upkeep expense records of 1908 are offered in proof.

But we do not stop there. We will pay on July 1, 1909, $2500 to the drivers of Winton Sixes who submit sworn proof of the best ten mileage and upkeep expense performances.

Write us for the conditions of the contest.

Why the Six is the Most *Enjoyable* Car

Most automobile advertisements read alike. Most of them claim all the virtues extant

But there is a mighty difference in the cars themselves. And buyers know that, sometimes to their sorrow.

We wouldn't advertise at all if we could get you to take a demonstration in a Winton Six without advertising.

Because the Winton Six is its own best advertisement.

No matter what other car you may own or may have ridden in, the Winton Six illustrates the difference between excellence and anything less than excellence.

Sweetest running motor possible to imagine. Smoother and quieter than nine-tenths of the electrics you pass on the road

As vibrationless as a piece of machinery can be, when set upon springs.

Has all the flexibility of steam and none of its inconveniences.

Does Flexibility Mean Anything to You? These automobile terms of flexibility, hill-climbing capacity, economy, etc, are so often used that they seem to have lost their vital strength

But ride in a Winton Six and all of them take on a new meaning Particularly flexibility In the Winton Six flexibility means minimized necessity for changing gears, it means doing most of your traveling through traffic on the high it means that your motor will throttle down to a slow speed on high gear that would stall a four; it means that it will pick up speed faster and more easily than does any other type of motor.

The driver who is compelled to shift gears in order to run his car in traffic at very low speed and to shift again in order to accept an opening that may occur ahead is thereby called upon to do work that the Winton Six motor does for him

These are some of the meanings of flexibility But above all else it means an enjoyment that you haven't known unless you are already a Winton Six owner.

What Does Hill-Climbing Ability Mean to You? Does it mean a big dog of a motor that will climb any grade and although you may not have thought of it literally "eat its head off" in wasteful consumption of gasoline on the level?

Or does it mean taking a hill with a run at the bottom and a pounding engine at the top?

Hill-climbing capacity in the Winton Six means neither. It means the power to take hills gracefully, at an even speed all the way up, and no motor pounding at the top

That's because the Winton Six does its work on the level with a partly opened throttle, and has always in store real reserve power for hill climbing Thereby you get beautiful work on grades, as well as on the level, and economy all the time.

What "Torque" Means The Winton Six motor has constant torque Torque is a technical word, meaning power exerted on crank shaft and driving shaft

No one-cylinder, two-cylinder, three-cylinder or four cylinder car ever possessed even the possibility of constant torque.

Power strokes on the Winton Six overlap Thus before one power stroke finishes its work, another power stroke has taken hold.

That explains the flexibility of the Winton Six. Continuous torque (continuous power) accomplishes more than intermittent, jerky power of the same volume; hence the Winton Six motor drives the car when turning over at a speed so slow that if attempted on a four the motor would stall.

Overlapped Power Strokes Overlapped power strokes mean also overlapped suction strokes; hence there is a continuous suction through the carburetor of the Winton Six, whereby perfect carburetion is secured. With perfect carburetion, speedy acceleration of the motor follows as a matter of course So does fuel economy.

Since continuous torque enables the motor to propel the car on high gear without extending the motor, it follows that the higher motor speeds are always available for hill climbing or for fast going on the level.

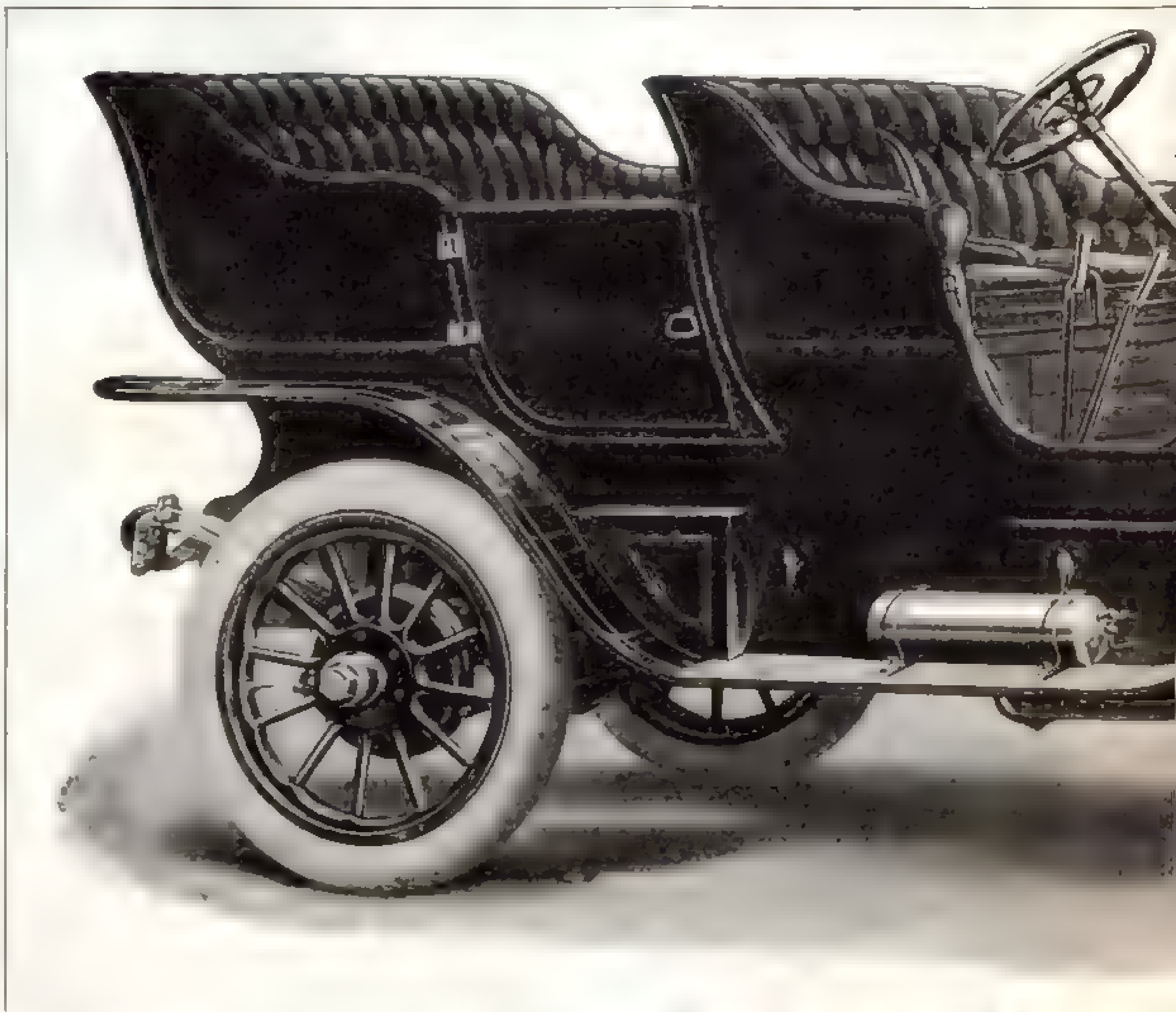
The exhaust of the Winton Six is continuous, and with continuous pressure passing through the muffler the noise of exhaust is minimized. Cut out three of the six cylinders as a test, and the Winton Six would be as noisy as a four.

Pistons and other reciprocating parts of the Winton Six are lighter than in a four of the same total horse-power Each power impulse of the Winton Six is lighter than in a four of equal total horse power. This explains why the Winton Six is better balanced and why vibration is minimized

Saves Upkeep Expense Lighter power impulses less vibration, continuous torque and the fact that second and first gears are seldom used, explain why there is lessened wear on parts why it is possible for Winton Sixes to travel 4343 miles on an upkeep expense of $1.

Indeed, continuous torque affects favorably every

Ten Winton Sixes Traveled 65,
of $15.12 1-2, an Average Cost



These are some of the featu

Motor — Six cylinders. 4½ x 5 inches. 48.6 horse power, A. L. A. M rating. Cylinders cast in pairs. Cylinders ground. Cylinders offset. No moving parts exposed, except fly wheel Interchangeable, two piece, mechanically operated valves, all on one side. Quiet spiral gears in front. Crank shaft has tensile strength of 125,000 pounds to the square inch. Crank case has inspection openings. Crank shaft, pistons, etc., removable without removing cylinders.

Self-Starter — Mechanically infallible. Operates by air pressure. Motor started from the seat.

Ignition — Double system. Eisemann magneto and accumulator.

Carburetor — Winton type. Two throttles, which open progressively and automatically. Much of the success of Winton Sixes is due to this effective carburetor.

Lubrication — Positive force feed. Sight test on dash. Economy of Winton system shown in Long Island Endurance Test in which a Winton Six ran 242 miles on one quart of oil.

Cooling — Gear driven centrifugal pump. Winton radiator, vertical tube. Radiator fan, gear driven.

Clutch — Multiple disc, having 67 relatively small friction surfaces, running in oil bath. Takes hold gently, but positively. We have used this clutch two years, and find it exceedingly effective.

Gear — Change Mechanism — Selective, sliding gears. Three forward speeds and reverse.

Frame — Pressed steel. Motor, clutch and transmission carried on drop frames. No sub frame.

Steering — Screw and nut design, with ball thrust bearing. Forward steer front axle. Steering links adjustable.

Brakes — Four, all on rear
secure in either directio

Drive — Propeller shaft,
couplings. Timken rolle
Driving mechanism entir
anywhere in Winton con

Axles — Front axle of ma
floating type. Carries m
carried on heavy drawn
the axle. Spur differentia
gears and pinions.

Springs — Famous Winton
Winton cars. Shock ab

Radius and Torsion Rods —

Wheels — Twelve spoke ar
Timken roller bearings t

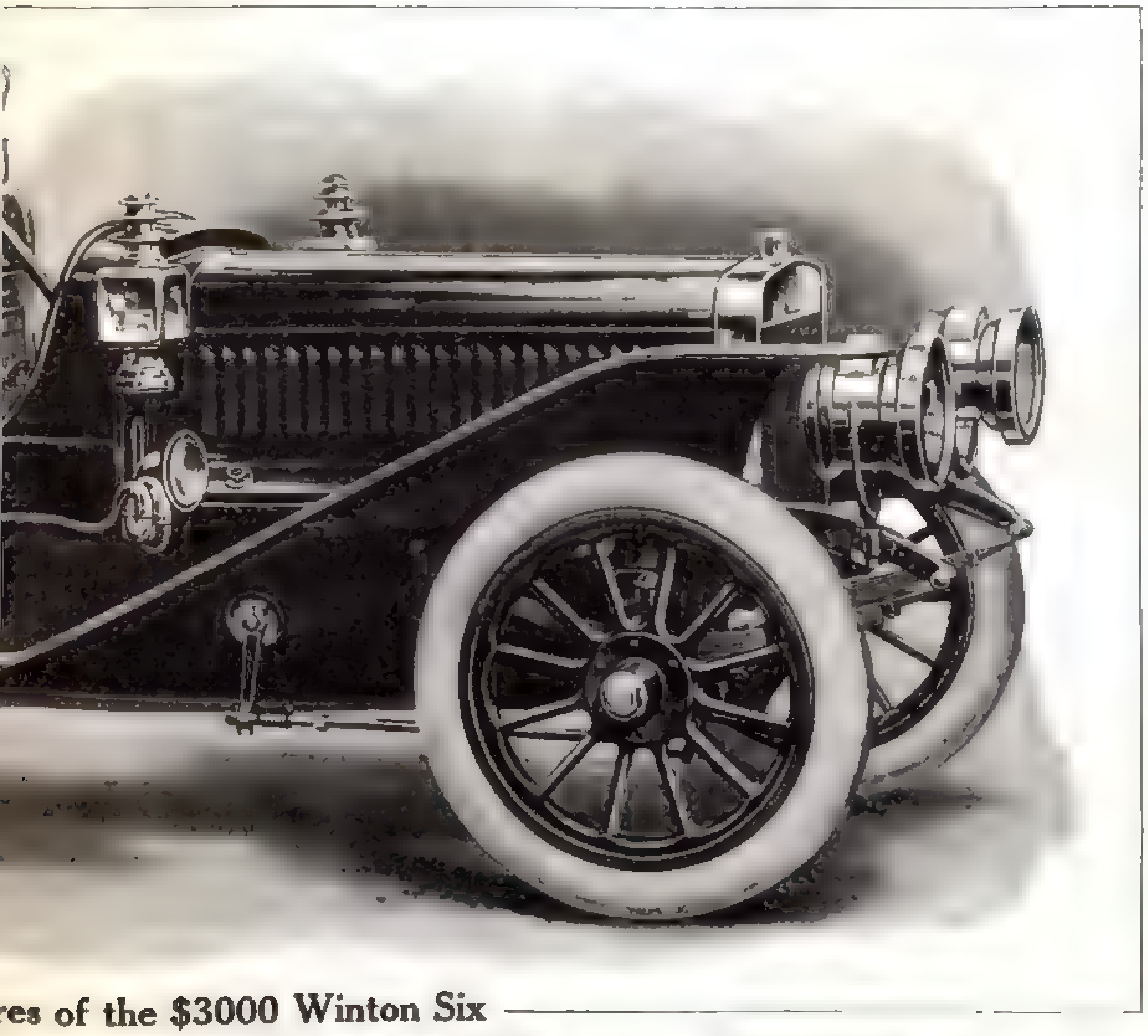
For buyers who want great power we are making a 60 Horse-Power Winton

THE WINTON MOTOR CARRIAGE COMPANY (Member A.L.A.M.), CLEVELAND, OHI

WINTON SIX

Keep Your Automobile Running?

687.4 Miles at an Upkeep Cost
of $1.00 for each 4343 Miles



res of the $3000 Winton Six

wheel hubs. Brakes hold
. No transmission brake.
with roller type universal
bearings on pinion shaft.
ely housed. No oil aims used
struction.

ganese bronze. Rear axle,
load, weight of car being
steel tube that surrounds
l. Drop-forged nickel steel

Twin Springs used on all
orbers equipped.
as in 1908.
illery 34-inch wood wheels.
roughout

Tires Quick detachable, 4 and 4½ inch.

Tanks 22 gallon gasoline tank astern. Has reserve compartment holding three gallons for emergency use; prevents stranding for lack of fuel. Patented auxiliary gasoline tank on dash. Avoids feeding gasoline to carburetor under pressure. Oil tank at left of motor.

Body Five passenger side entrance body, built wholly of wood, in beautiful lines, at no sacrifice of comfort or practicability.

Finish — Without question Winton cars carry the finest finish that skilled coachwork and finest paints and varnishes can produce.

Dash Mahogany, with steel hood. Carries spark coil, auxiliary gasoline tank, oil test, and self-starter gage, push in, turn one, start off.

Bonnet — Aluminum. Quadruple hinged.

Guards — Sweeping guards of beautiful design. Guards and shields fully protect body from road wheel splash.

Dust Pan — Steel pan extends from front axle to rear of transmission. Apron extends from radiator to front axle. The under side of the car is therefore completely housed.

[illegible] Storage space under both seats.

Equipment Shock absorbers, two gas head lamps, two oil side lamps, one oil tail lamp, gas tank or generator, horn and full set of tools.

PRICE — With touring car body	$3000
With roadster body	3000
With limousine body	4250
With landaulet body	4500
Chassis only	2750

Six with seven-passenger body and four-speed transmission. This car will be ready for early fall delivery and will sell at **$4500**

part of the car, down to the tires, which on the Winton Six do not suffer from the intermittent jerk which they receive on other types of car.

Practically continuous use of the high gear and the flexibility of the motor are further reasons why gasoline consumption is cut down on the Winton Six.

Cranking Days Are Over "Get out and crank." That's one of the humiliating experiences of motoring that the Winton Six user doesn't suffer.

Because the Winton Six is equipped with a self-starting device that is mechanically infallible. Works by air pressure from the seat. Just push a button and the motor starts. Absolutely nothing to get out of order.

Only one moving part, and in a year's time we have not known that part to fail in its work. The Winton device is so exceedingly simple that we ourselves were surprised that nobody had discovered our method before we did.

The Winton Six carries its starting crank in the tool box, and the prospect is you will have little use for it.

These are Six-Cylinder Times Buyers who want comfort, smooth operation, absence of vibration, flexibility, hill-climbing capacity and economy of operation must come to six cylinder cars. We realized that fact a year ago. That's why we began making Sixes exclusively. Results have proved our policy was right. Results have proved our Sixes were right.

So we are making the same car again this year, equipping it with a five-passenger body, and selling it at the exceptional price of $3000.

The Winton Six a Proved Car

The Winton Six is not new in design — not experimental.

It is the same car that traveled 65,687.4 miles at an upkeep cost of $15.12½.

There isn't an unproved feature in its construction.

The Winton Company isn't cutting down weight and value and cost — stinting at every point.

We have taken the actual car we made last year — with its brilliant records and its hundreds of highly pleased owners — and have put on it a price that places the best Six within almost everybody's reach.

The value remains in the car.

O, U. S. A. **Branch Houses in** NEW YORK, PITTSBURG, CHICAGO, SEATTLE, PHILADELPHIA, DETROIT, BOSTON, BALTIMORE, SAN FRANCISCO, MINNEAPOLIS

A Personal Word to the Ladies

Men sometimes laugh among themselves because wife, mother or daughters, in saying the final word about the purchase of a new motor car, are influenced in their choice by graceful lines, comfortable seating arrangements, beautiful finish of body inside and out, or a particularly striking color scheme.

That's just like a man.

The average man never stops to think that the automobile maker is also a man.

To the average man the machinery of a motor car is practically the whole subject.

So it is with the average manufacturer, also.

He regards comfortable seating and fine finish as an after consideration.

First he perfects the machinery, and then gives his attention to the details that interest you. Accordingly, when you do find a car that pleases you, it is practically certain that the machinery is well perfected.

Therefore, you are perfectly right in continuing to choose cars just as you have done in the past.

But you can do even more.

When selecting your next car show Mr. Man that you know a car for its mechanical worth quite as well as he does.

The method is perfectly simple.

Machinery talks a language that anybody can understand.

A noisy motor is a motor protesting against ill-fitting parts, its wasteful grind, and power needlessly consumed.

A motor that grunts and pounds up an incline is a motor complaining of its overload. That motor hasn't power enough, and probably never will have.

A transmission that grinds is complaining that its teeth do not fit perfectly.

In short, perfect machinery runs sweetly and quietly. Take that for your guide.

When you ride in a car that is right in principle and in construction, you know that fact instinctively, for it performs its work so quietly, peacefully, gladly I might say, that you hardly realize the presence of machinery — instead, your consciousness is that this is a really splendid motor car and that life is emphatically worth the living.

Alexander Winton

A Technical Journal says:

". . . The 'six' may be slowed down actually to a foot pace, and accelerated similarly in high gear, without slipping the clutch and with a perfect mixture throughout the stroke; also . . . the 'six' running no faster than a man's brisk walk, will climb in high gear a grade which the 'four' of the same power would not touch, save at several times the speed or in intermediate gear."
Cassier's Magazine, May, 1908.

A Popular Magazine says:

"Because of its almost perfect smoothness and flexibility — its appeal to the aesthetic sense, in short — I look to see the 'six' accepted as the high-water mark of excellence for cars of over, say, 24 horse-power, until the time, now definitely remote, when the gas or steam turbine is made a success for vehicle propulsion." — Herbert L. Towle in *Scribner's*, May, 1908

Fiction says:

"I tell you, it makes a fellow's blood tingle to look at a car like mine, and feel that it belongs to him; a car that will start on the direct drive, a car that will race a railroad train or jog contentedly behind a milk cart, a car that can make a steep hill ashamed of itself; a wild, dashing car that eats up the miles; a faithful, sweet-running car that purrs like a pussy-cat! To own such a car is to own a kingdom; the driver's seat is a throne, the steering-wheel a sceptre, miles are your minions and distance your slave." — From "*A Six Cylinder Courtship*," published by The John McBride Co.

We have just issued a catalog that is as different from the usual automobile catalog as this advertisement is different from the usual automobile advertisement. We have put into our catalog a volume of time and thought that will be appreciated by automobile owners and buyers who are keen for facts and suspicious of platitudes.

Clip out this reminder and mail it to-day.

The Winton M. C. Co.
Cleveland, Ohio

You may send me
☐ Winton Six Catalog
☐ $2500 Prize Booklet
☐ "One Dollar Upkeep for 4343 Miles"

Name

Address

Welch's Grape Juice

You may be acquainted with Welch's Grape Juice, but do you know of the many ways in which it may be served?

We have two booklets with recipes which will be sent free upon request.

The best one of these recipes and one that makes an ideal refreshment for receptions, parties, table use at home, etc., we call

Unfermented Grape Punch

Take the juice of three lemons and one orange, one pint Welch's Grape Juice, one quart water and one small cup of sugar. If served from a punch bowl, sliced oranges and pineapple may be added. Of course serve cold.

If your dealer doesn't keep Welch's, send $3.00 for trial dozen pints, express prepaid east of Omaha. Booklet of forty delicious ways of using Welch's Grape Juice, free. Sample 3-oz. bottle, by mail, 10 cents.

The Welch Grape Juice Company
Westfield, N.Y.

SEEING THE CAMPAIGN

Getting Out the Golf Vote

AS THIS is written, Mr. Taft is perspiringly at work garnering the golf vote. His press agents reported from Virginia Hot Springs a short time ago that he had gone around in a beautiful ninety-two. After that had sunk in along came the news that he had beaten that ninety-two in a hard-fought foursome, and had made an eighty-eight. Steady improvement may be looked for, and it will not be astonishing to discover in the morning papers, before Mr. Taft leaves the Springs, that after herculean efforts, when the conditions were just right and Mr. Taft at the top of his game, he went around in bogey, or, if the press agents are feeling well, that he played par golf.

Apparently, Taft's idea of the way to secure the golf vote is to play mighty good golf, but there is a fine question here that he may not have considered. It is the Taft theory, judging from the remarkable improvement of his game as published, that the golfers will vote for him, provided he plays like a champion. It may be he had the right idea, but before he gets too good he should stop and consider the fact that the bulk of the golf vote, the great majority of the golfiacs in this country cannot do a ninety-two to save their lives, much less an eighty-eight. Perhaps the golf vote will not be actuated by admiration—the bulk of the golf vote—that is, the golfers who linger around a hundred, where most of them do linger, but consumed by envy. It may be that the bulk of the golf vote will not go to this clockwork candidate, with his ninety-twos and his eighty-eights. Like as not, the bulk will prefer a golfer who is in the bulk class, with a hundred pretty fair and a ninety-five a miracle.

The golf vote has never had a chance in this country. It is an unknown quantity. Mr. McKinley didn't know what golf was, and Mr. Roosevelt is on record as thinking it "an old woman's game." Mr. Bryan cannot distinguish a stance from a stimy, and Judge Parker is a neophyte, if he has ever played at all. Therefore, Mr. Taft is the first golfing candidate the country has had. It behooves him to be very careful. It may be that the golfers, instead of rallying to him as one man because he can play a bit, will rally only so far as the chaps who have the small handicaps are concerned. It may be that the fellows who are in that multitudinous company with twenty-four handicap will not be so taken with this Hot Springs golfer who is gradually annihilating bogey and rarely putting the ball anywhere it should not be put. It may be. Anyhow, the press agents who report the daily devastation of the links by Mr. Taft would best be wary. If they get their candidate too good it is possible the great golfing majority will turn away from him, consumed by jealousy, instead of being brought to his feet by admiration. If Mr. Taft wants the entire golfing vote he would better stick along about a hundred. That is where most of the other golfers stick, stick and are stuck, unless, of course, they "take another one" that doesn't count, now and then.

The Way to Golfing Fame

And it is a curious thing how expert a distinguished citizen gets to be at golf as soon as he takes it up. An ordinary dub of a person, not in the limelight, may go out and beat the ball into a pulp for years and never get a line in the papers, except on the rare occasions when he falls into the second sixteen for the consolation cup; but let a man who has a name turn to golfing and he becomes a near-champion at once. There is John D. Rockefeller, a most assiduous golfer, who plays with his personal doctor and who is always hovering around the eighties whenever the doctor tells the reporters what is the total of the Rockefeller card. To hear the doctor tell it, and then to read what the newspapers print about it, one would think John D. could step out any day and make Travis or any other cup-getter look like a one-armed man playing in a high wind. And that brings up the disquieting fact that this eighty-eight of Mr. Taft's was made with much satisfaction by the candidate because he had heard that John D.'s best card was an eighty-eight also.

That was a tactical error. Before this, the Democratic press sleuths will have seized on it and played it up in the Bryan papers like this: "William H. Taft Emulates John D. Rockefeller." "Close Association of the Republican Candidate for President and the Standard Oil King." "Made the Same Golf Score." "Iniquitous Coalition Clearly Proved by Dispatches from Hot Springs."

They are keen chaps, these press sleuths of the two publicity bureaus. When Chairman Hitchcock picked out his headquarters in Chicago, he chose a floor in the Harvester Trust Building on Michigan Avenue. Biff! Away went the Democratic typewriters, and it was pellucidly proved that because the Republican Western headquarters are to be in the Harvester Trust Building Mr. Taft is the candidate of the trusts and corporations of all kinds, the enemy of the people and the pet of the plutocrats. It was a crushing blow, but the Republican press sleuths rallied nobly. Next morning it was pointed out that Moses C. Wetmore, of St. Louis, made chairman of the Democratic Financial Committee, or high on it, anyhow, is a member of the Tobacco Trust, and that the plutocrats have their hooks in on Mr. Bryan also.

Thus the battle wages. Any candidate who meets a corporation on the street without jumping down the nearest coal-hole and sending out declamatory bulletins of his adhesion to the rights of the plain people and his utter disgust at all combinations is at once penalized twenty yards in the race; and if a malefactor of great wealth, a predatory plute or a representative of the criminal rich gets in touch, in any way, with either candidate, or nods to him while passing in his automobile, that spells ruin, almost. It is different when a candidate gets in touch, or touches (which amounts to the same thing), any representative of the reprehensible classes just catalogued. That counts double, with two for his nobs, for the names of all contributors will be published, you know.

Shaking the Plum Tree

Chairman Mack and Treasurer Haskell, of the Democratic National Committee, spent the month of August in acquiring new slants and angles on the old, old truth that money does not grow on trees. They learned it sixty-two ways, two for each day in the month. Various loud cries were emitted from the Auditorium Annex in Chicago and from the Hoffman House in New York, all of them to the general effect that patriotic citizens should come liberally to the centre with legal tender. "It takes money," explained Mr. Mack a few hundred times each day, "to run a campaign." "It does," confirmed Mr. Haskell. "I repeat," said Mr. Bryan, "that we must have contributions." And meantime, Treasurer Sheldon, of the Republican Committee, made no public remarks on the subject, but is reported to have had a large number of earnest private conversations.

Believing thoroughly with his chief, Mr. Taft, that there should be publicity for all campaign contributions, that the world should know just who handed in checks so an accurate tab may be kept after election on what they get in the way of offices, Mr. Sheldon is, of course, tapping no corporations, for corporations must not have a hand, or a pocket, in the election of Mr. Taft, if so be he is elected. That has been settled once for all.

Wiping the corporations off his slate, what has Mr. Sheldon left? Not much, although, of course, corporations are made up of individuals. It looks like a rocky road, but, strangely enough, the Republicans are not complaining. They seem reasonably well satisfied. Things are running along smoothly, all bills are being paid, and there is no lack of postage stamps or campaign buttons.

Whereupon there arises a hypothetical question—purely hypothetical, mark that—to this effect: Inasmuch as no contributions from corporations will be received by Mr. Sheldon, and inasmuch as all names of contributors are to be published after election, or sometime, and inasmuch as the National Committee is to be held rigidly

Get a Tyden Table-Lock FREE!

with your dining table [illegible] insisting on your dealer selling you a

Hastings Extension Table

which is fitted with a celebrated Tyden Patent Table-Lock without extra charge.

We guarantee that a Hastings Pedestal Dining Table if it is locked will never spread apart at the bottom of pedestal.

It draws the two halves of the pedestal together from inside and holds them together with one hook so the center cannot sag.

The Tyden Lock Adds Years of Life to the Beauty of a Pedestal Table.

As you buy only one or two dining tables in a lifetime, do not take a substitute lock and hope it will be all right.

All Hastings Tables are guaranteed—they are high grade, beautifully finished and of surpassing workmanship, made in oak and mahogany, from $20.00 to $150.00.

New Book of Designs Free

Send for it and see the very latest 1908 correct designs in dining tables. It also shows our latest [illegible], the combination table that extends to 72 inches and locks without opening the pedestal.

Buy a guaranteed table. The only one is the Hastings, marked like this.

80,000 now in use. Sold by furniture dealers everywhere.

Hastings Table Co., Dept. S, Hastings, Mich.

Adhesives that Keep Fresh for Years

Dennison's
GLUE
IN TUBES

Dennison's Adhesives are the only ones that never spoil, never grow sour—never cake. It's all due to superior materials, improved methods of making and to the wonderful Patent Pin-Tubes. Dennison's Adhesives are ever ready for instant use. Pull out the pin! then squeeze out just the amount required and spread with the metal spreader. Replace the pin and the tube becomes air tight. Dennison's Adhesives will [illegible]

Dennison's
GLUE, PASTE AND MUCILAGE

are sold by dealers everywhere. Ask for them or send 10 cents for sample tube of Glue, Paste or Mucilage [illegible]

Dennison Manufacturing Co.

BOSTON 26 Franklin Street
NEW YORK 15 John Street
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CHICAGO 128 Franklin St
ST. LOUIS 413 North 4th St.

Exceptional Business Opportunity

$5 to $15 Per Day [illegible] **Automatic** Card Press

Only $165 for this wonderful, high speed, little press. Be your own boss. No experience required.

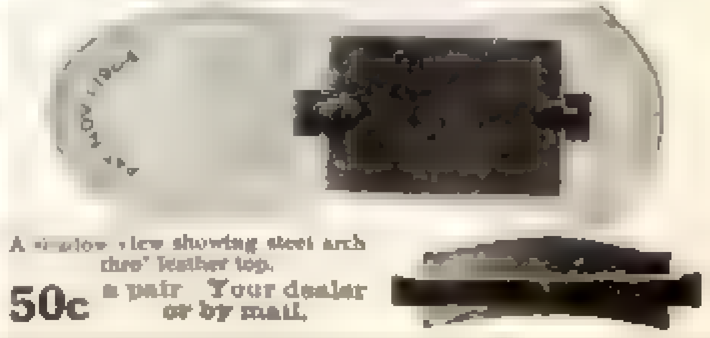
AUTOMATIC CARD PRINTING PRESS [illegible]

AUTOMATIC PRINTING PRESS CO., Chicago
Factory 155 S. Jefferson St. Sales Office 171 Dearborn St.

BROKEN-DOWN ARCH OR WEAK INSTEPS CAUSE RHEUMATISM, LAMENESS and TENDERNESS of the feet, also legs, knees, and backache, and possibly deformity. The

C & H ARCH INSTEP SUPPORT

will prevent all this. Give size shoe.



A shadow view showing steel arch thro' leather top.

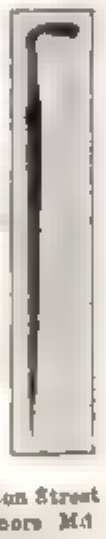
50c a pair. Your dealer or by mail.

C & H ARCH SHANK CO., Dept. E, Brockton, Mass.

SOCIETY BRAND Clothes are considered the height of perfection in modern dress for Young Men and Men who stay Young. Characteristic lines giving a dignified, gentlemanly appearance.

Made in Chicago by
Alfred Decker & Cohn
Sold through the better clothiers

Society Brand



You can keep a NAME-ON

It has your signature woven right in the fabric on the *inside* of a Beehler umbrella,—see picture. Your name and address in a NAME-ON keep it from getting lost. It can't be taken by mistake—it identifies itself. You may forget it or loan it, but it is bound to come back.

The NAME-ON is the best umbrell[illegible]. It is the [illegible] product of our 80 years' experience. It is light. It is strong and durable. It rolls close and has a distinctive style. It is made for men and women in all sizes.

The NAME-ON Lasts!

The cover [illegible] are a Taffeta woven water- [illegible]

For gifts NAME-ON umbrellas are ideal—they are [illegible] with any name you wish woven in.

For $2.00 [illegible] express prepaid in [illegible]

Send for leaflet descriptive of [illegible]

The [illegible] umbrella house in America

WILLIAM H. BEEHLER, 204 West Lexington Street
[illegible] Baltimore Md

Do You Shave Yourself?

If so, send for our free [illegible] comforts and booklet [illegible] hone, strop and keep your razor in perfect [illegible]
Brandt Cutlery Co., 100 Chambers St., N. Y. City

to this program, would it not be natural for some bright person, not unconnected with the Taft campaign, to suggest that such corporations as may desire to contribute should contribute to an organization outside of the National Committee and distinct from it—a Tariff League, or a Manufacturers' Association or something like? And would it not be natural for these outside organizations to send the money to such States as need money, without knowledge of the National Committee, or, say, without knowledge of the National Committee except such few hints of it as might percolate to Chairman Hitchcock or to Treasurer Sheldon, and such few hints as they might give, thus keeping the National Committee entirely absolved from the ignominy of having anything to do with corporation money, but getting a few results here and there by dropping a wad into a Congressional district now and again, or helping out a county committee?

Trying to Net the American Farmer

Mr. Taft was not so imperious as to demand that every organization that may have its eagle eye fixed on the tariff schedules or on future trust legislation should not receive money from corporations to help the cause along. He barred the National Committee only. He cannot help it if a Chinese Wall Amalgamation wants to send a little contribution to Indiana or Illinois or Ohio. He controls only the National Committee. But it is all a hypothesis. Of course, he did not bar Tariff Leagues and such organizations from contributing to his campaign. How could he? He shut out corporations. Nor is it his part to ask where the money these organizations may contribute comes from. That would be mere vulgar curiosity.

Meantime, Mr. Bryan and Mr. Kern and Mr. Stevenson and Mr. Chafin and all the rest have accepted their nominations, have outlined the issues, and sat for the necessary photographs. The banners are up, the publicity bureaus are manufacturing publicity by the ton, and things are in full swing. Meantime, also, the grand, quadrennial attempt to throw the net over the Great American Farmer is being made.

Mr. Bryan was at this earliest. So soon as he was nominated he put out an appeal to the farmers, urging them not to be serfs, and to contribute to his cause and the cause of Kern, pledging himself to be the only original farmers' friend after he gets in the White House, and pointing proudly to the fact that he is a farmer himself, a regular tiller of the soil, but no soiler of the till, as he would have them know, for he will not take tainted money. It was a fine piece for the farmers that Mr. Bryan wrote, calling on them to rally to Bryan and Kern, to get in line, to sell a few bushels of ninety-cent corn and send the proceeds to the campaign treasurer, and otherwise show they realize their downtrodden condition and intend to strive for the uplift.

That stirred Colonel Roosevelt, who, among his many other duties, has been finding a few moments each day to devote to the Taft campaign, he feeling a sense of responsibility therefor, combined with a full knowledge that there isn't a politician in the Republican party who is in his class. The Colonel did no such crass work as asking the farmers to contribute to Mr. Taft's campaign fund. He put out no appeal for funds. What he did, after the farmers had had time to analyze the Bryan honey, was to appoint a commission to investigate the social and sociological and sanitary and septic conditions on the American farm and of the American farmer, and report a comprehensive remedy therefor, it having come to the Colonel's knowledge that there are a few farmers in the country who have no piano players in their houses and who are deprived of the benefits of electric lights, shower baths and hot-water heat.

To show how much in earnest he was in this movement, and to make Mr. Bryan's self-centred appeal shrivel in comparison, Mr. Roosevelt, after his kind words to the farmers and his expressed determination to help them over the rough places and see that all of them have opportunities to get in touch with the best thought, appointed Gifford Pinchot on the commission. You can bet that when Gifford Pinchot is put on a commission that means the President thinks pretty highly of the commission. He does not waste Pinchot on any of the smaller and less important commissions. He keeps Pinchot for the big and impelling and real uplifty ones, for Pinchot knows all about the seamy side of life, having only a very few millions to his name.

This held Mr. Bryan most of the month of August. It was a master stroke, for, omitting the slight detail that the farmers think they are about as well off, socially and septically, as any other class, much good must come of it. After the commission has reported the farmer can hope for brighter days. They'd all better vote for Taft, too, or maybe the commission will report against them and compel them to do what they do not want to. Then where would they be?

To hear the Republicans tell it, the internal warfare in various States became so acute in August that it seemed improbable the Republicans would cast any votes at all. In Illinois they had a primary where Deneen and Yates fought it out for the Republican nomination for Governor. Half of the Republican papers claimed Deneen was everything from a buccaneer to a hold-up man, and the other half held Yates would do anything from scuttling a ship to robbing a poor-box. Deneen won by a squeak, and the Democratic papers are preparing to reprint: "What the Republican Papers said of Deneen During the Primary Fight." In West Virginia Prince Elkins and Proletarian Scott have a regular party and are annoyed by a bolting outfit. In Ohio almost every male citizen above the age of twenty-one is a candidate for Senator, and the liquor fight is tearing things wide open. In Indiana Watson, who wants to be Governor on the Republican ticket, and Hemenway, who wants to return as Senator, are shivering in their shoes, and there is another liquor fight that is stirring things up from one end of the State to the other. Wisconsin Republicans are at one another's throats. It is pitiful.

And in New York, after they thought Governor Hughes would not run again, after they had all their plans laid to put up a nice little man who would do what the machine wanted, along came the obstreperous and obtuse Hughes with the declaration that he thought he would run again, after all. Whereupon the Republican machine went up higher into the air, stayed up longer and came down with more propellers broken than any airship that ever soared. Not wanting to nominate Hughes, they are afraid they must. They think they will be beaten if they do and beaten if they don't. Their dilemma has two horns, and the Republicans of the Empire State are on both of them.

All this news cheered up Mr. Bryan. It made Chairman Mack chipper and happy. It seemed impossible for the Republicans to do anything but lose in these various States, where there is so much discord and disturbance. But—and here is something that has always happened—in the political almanac there occurs after the date of Election Day this warning: "About this time look for the Republican party to get together and vote solidly." The only way to judge the future is by the past.

Cat-and-Dog Fights Galore

Chairman Hitchcock has been to Oyster Bay several times to have his bumps felt, and to Virginia Hot Springs once or twice to get some bumps he could feel himself. It seems that Mr. Hitchcock, upon taking the chairmanship, which he positively refused to take until after he found he could get it, imagined he is chairman with all functions. But he has discovered that instead of having functions he is a functionary. Mr. Hitchcock went ahead and appointed his executive committee, right off his own bat, so they say, without consulting anybody. The result was a fine executive committee, as a whole, but with a person or two, here and there, in it that made Mr. Taft and Brother Charley and a few others rush rapidly from the first tee and leap over three bunkers.

Brother Charley wanted Mr. Hitchcock to put his Western headquarters into the Auditorium Hotel. Mr. Hitchcock chose the Harvester building, which had a fine, big floor he could divide up into coops, the whole forming one of his justly-celebrated crystal mazes. Various other things occurred, including the wild demands of Arthur Vorys to be put on his proper pedestal.

So they led Mr. Hitchcock to an inside room at Virginia Hot Springs and reasoned with him. The wires leading to the candidate and to Oyster Bay are working better now.

Knapp-Felt
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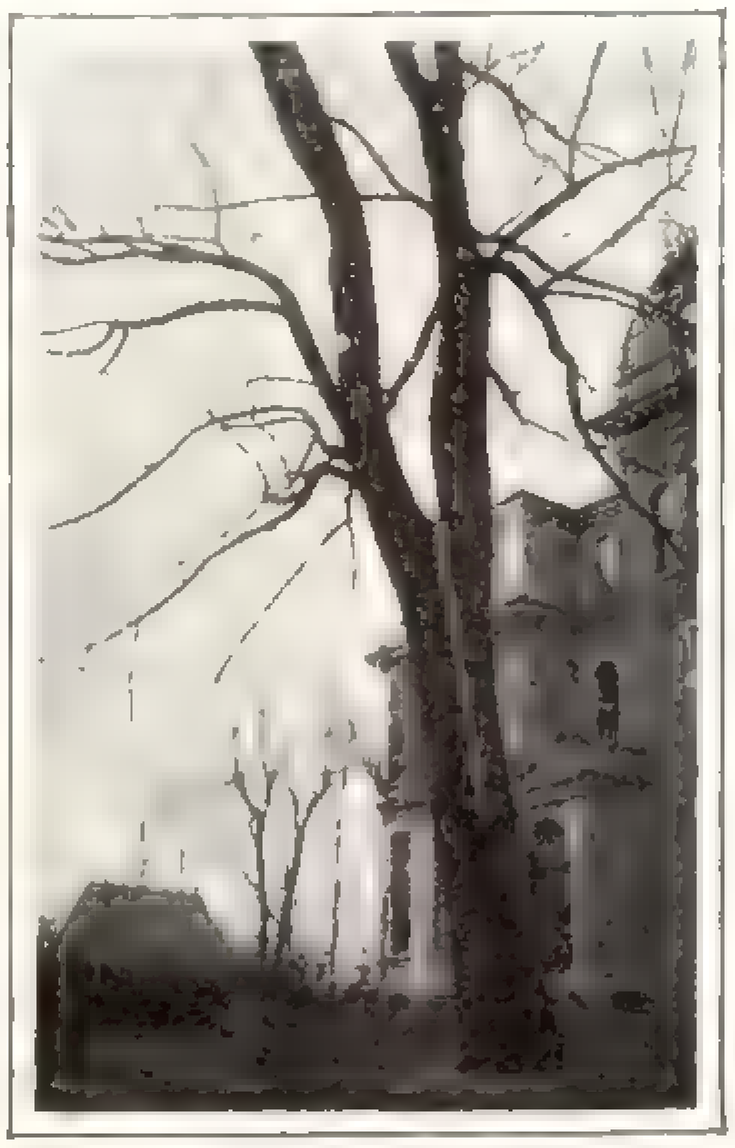
YOUR HOME

Calling in the Tree Doctor

WHEN you are sick you call in the doctor. When your horse is sick you call in the horse doctor. Then why not, when your tree is sick, call in the tree doctor?

Call in the tree doctor? Certainly. But isn't it, perhaps you ask, an unusual thing to do; a strange thing? Unusual? Yes; because tree doctoring, as practiced by present-day experts, is largely new. But it ought not to appear strange, because expert tree doctoring is something that ought to have come into vogue long ago. And whether a man owns but a single tree or a thousand trees, he will be certain at some time to appreciate the importance of tree treatment. You are willing to pay a good price for a new and little tree—then why hesitate about paying to preserve the old and noble ones?


Showing English Walnut, Repaired After Being Split Half-Way Down the Bole; Also Shows Two-Pieced Turnbuckle Bolt by Which it was Drawn Together, and Which Now Holds it in Place; Also Shows Split Tinned to Prevent Moisture from Entering and Which Allows the Live Tissues to Cover the Wound

Tree ailments, like human ailments, are doctored largely with the knife. The tree doctor is not only a tree doctor but a tree surgeon, who performs many an operation. And after you have watched him clean and fill cavities you will think him a dentist, too.

Send for a tree doctor, and he will come with extensive paraphernalia—with ladders and ropes, with saws little and big, saws short-handled and saws with handles so long that a man may stand on the ground and reach far up into the branches; he will come also with knives, with chisels, with clippers, with tin, with healing and protective unguents.

By watching and studying the methods of a skillful tree doctor you may, if you wish, gain such knowledge, acquire such hints as will be of material assistance when next you find some tree doctoring to be required, for with what you have learned you may be able to do without the aid of the paid specialist. In any case you will never again trim a tree to its death, and you will learn at least something of the art of cutting branches.

Curing Dropsy of a Tree Trunk

Not until recently has the world come to full realization of the value of trees. The importance of their growth and development has been tardily appreciated, and now comes the movement for their doctoring, their cure, their preservation. Village improvement associations and some municipal authorities have the trees in parks and along public highways treated and mended, especially in New England and in the Middle West.

Decay from the action of water is responsible for the greater part of tree evils. The results of what is outwardly but a simple and slight decay are liable to be amazing in their extent. Decay beginning from the incorrect cutting of a branch, or from the breaking of a limb by wind or lightning, may permit the entrance of water into a wound, and then the slowly-destructive work may go on unsuspected for years.

The tree doctor may find a serious case for treatment in a branch which is still apparently strong and vigorous except at its ragged end. Perhaps the decay has gone so far that there must needs be a probing, and his probing may indicate that the decay has penetrated for ten or twelve feet. If the branch cannot be saved he will thereupon cut it off; but it may well be that the decay is not such as to make destruction inevitable, and in this case he may, after locating the bottom of the decayed space, bore through into it from the outside to let out the water—and this dropsical operation may empty several buckets of foul-smelling water that was busied in the occupation of working evil down in the heart of the branch, from which it would have gone on and worked down the centre of the tree, reënforced by seepage at every storm.

The cavity, cleared of water, must yet be cleared of its decayed wood and thoroughly dried. With chisels, wires, swabs this is done; and there are times when, the cavity being so deep that the bottom is difficult of proper access, plaster of Paris is dropped down into it, and this, absorbing what dampness is still there, makes a filling of rock. And the opening into the tree must be so stopped as to prevent more water from entering.

How the Doctor Amputates a Branch

Some tree doctors fill cavities with cement; not at all, as with plaster of Paris, to absorb the moisture, but purely as a solid filling. But cement is very heavy and is thus a source of weakness if used high in the tree. Cement is applied wet, and it thus adds moisture to the interior of a cavity instead of drying it. And, too, the growth of the tree may crumble the cement and force it out and thus leave the cavity unprotected. Usually it is best to leave a cavity empty if you can leave it well covered.

Bran is an excellent cavity dryer. Put it in, scour the place clean and dry with it, then take it out and close the hole.

From the tree doctor you will learn many an interesting fact. He will tell you, for example, that the ancient idea that the heart of the tree is the most important part is a superstition. "The tree was decayed in its very heart!" is an old form of expressing what was supposed to be the worst possible condition. Yet it is not the heart that is vital. The heart is important, in common with the rest of the trunk or branch, as supporting wood. When too much supporting wood decays the tree falls. But the vital, growing energy is immediately beneath the bark, and a tree may live on with its heart eaten out so long as enough wood remains to support it. And it is fortunate for the sake of history and legend that this is so. What would history do without such trees as the Hartford oak that hid the Charter, and the hollow tree that sheltered Charles the Second? What would legend do without such ancient shells as Robin Hood's Larder?

Naturally enough, some simple ideas as to the doctoring of trees have been prevalent from time immemorial, but such ideas have referred almost altogether to the pruning of branches for a too lush growth. "He shall cut off the sprigs with pruning-hooks," as old Isaiah expressed it.

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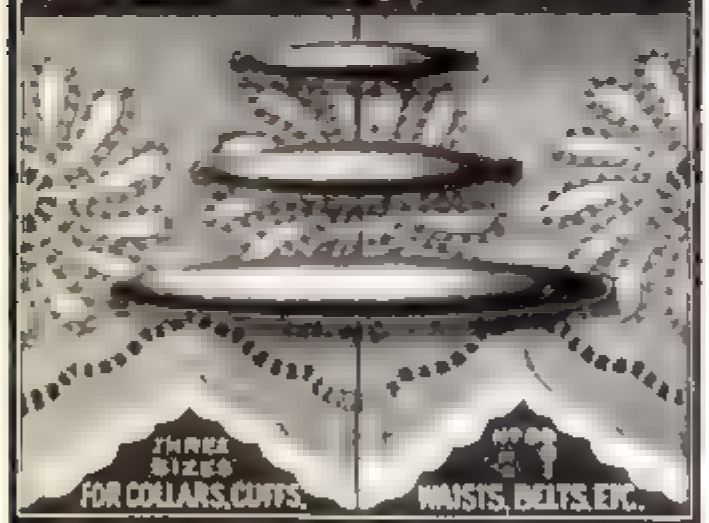
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But pruning, by most people, has been understood to mean only a rather haphazard lopping of branches, whereas the trimming of useless branches is a fine art.

There is nothing, the tree doctor will tell you, which so marks an expert as his manner of cutting off a branch. For in the angles the possibilities are manifold.

A branch ought, generally, to be cut off flush with the larger branch or with the main trunk from which it springs. It ought always to be so unless there is at least one bud or sucker below the cut. When it is the intention to take off the entire branch there should be no unsightly hump left projecting. It is a mistake to consider such a hump a safeguard. Instead, it is a source of evil. If there are projecting humps and shoulders on your tree have them cut off properly, even now, and give the tree a fair chance. Incidentally, you will be surprised to see how much the looks are improved.

When an amputation has been made the tree begins at once to try to heal over the wound by sending out new tissue. If the amputation has been properly done there is but the diameter of the cut-off branch to grow over. But when a projecting shoulder has been left the bark gradually dies and peels back to the larger branch or to the main stem (unless there is a bud or sucker between), and the new, live tissue has to grow up the sides of the projection before it can even begin to cover the raw surface. Long before it can reach even the outer edges decay will have entered.

But when the branch is cut off flush, and is so covered as to prevent the entrance of water, then, from all sides, the live tissue throws itself forward with rolling edges to heal the wound

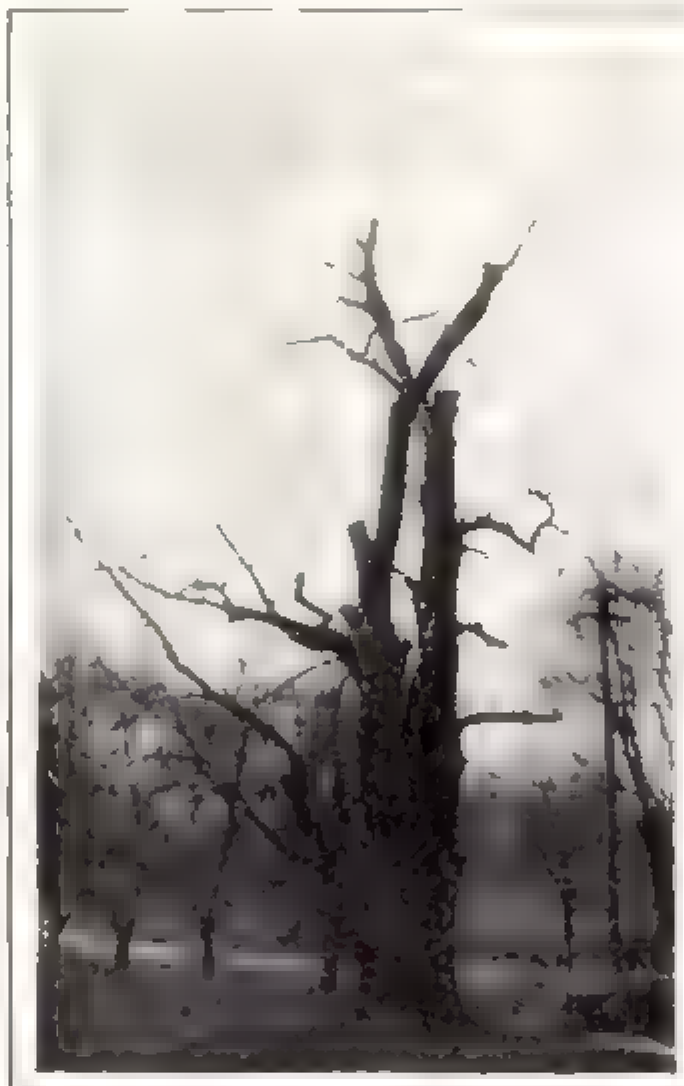
The covering of a cut-off surface is a matter for a good deal of care. When the surface is not too large and is on the side of the hole, or elsewhere, where water runs readily off it without inseepage, heavy paint is sufficient, or, better still, coal-tar. For delicate trees mix pitch-pine with the coal-tar, or use grafting wax. But when the injury is severe, or the space to be covered is exposed or large, a piece of tin or sheet iron — preferably tin — is set in and covered with coal-tar and becomes part of the tree by the growth of tissue around and over it. But never cap a wound with tin! This seems like a contradiction of what has just been said, but it isn't.

Here is the gist of it. When a tree wound is capped — that is to say, when a piece of tin is pressed upon the entire surface and bent over the edges — there is no chance for the growth of new tissue. Then the tin or iron rusts through, and the last state of that tree is worse than the first. The proper way is to take a piece of tin a little smaller than the wound. Nail the tin tight with nails that have flat heads. Use coal-tar freely on both sides of the tin. Leave the edge of the bark unpainted. In all this you are keeping out water and thus preventing decay, and you are giving the live tissue just under the bark a chance to do healing

A tree wound of four inches or more in diameter, with an upward-facing surface, needs to be metal-covered; coal-tar is not enough; without metal protection decay would work in before the tissues could grow over.

Did you ever notice this tissue-growing operation? It is a wonderful thing. The new tissue rolls forward over a tree cut as if the tree is showing actual thought, actual volition.

Any paint that you use in painting on a tree should be like the coal-tar — black!



Chestnut. Showing the Results of Tree Butchering of the Most Unskilled Kind Decay Starting at an Incorrect Cut Loosens the Bark Down to the Ground

Years ago, whenever a bare tree surface was for any reason painted, it was red. Though why red, except for cheapness, was one of the inexplicable things. Then came a period during which nothing was used but green, under the delusion that green is tree color! Only recently has it been recognized that the color of the ordinary tree bole or branch is black, and that black should, therefore, be used on repairs. Even on the light-colored barks, like those of beech, birch and poplar, any mar is, by nature, black. Green or red patches on a tree trunk are like green or red patches on black trousers.

In cutting off branches, whether for pruning or on account of decrepitude — and this applies to all cuttings that are not flush with the larger stem — don't cut at right angles — that is to say, don't cut any of the afflicted branches of the tree straight across. Cut close to a bud or sucker, and cut on an angle away from this bud or sucker. The wound then heals with the chance for a new limb to grow.

With all branches except the very lightest a tree doctor never makes his first cut his final one. There is the ever-present danger of splitting and tearing too far if a branch unexpectedly breaks when nearly sawed through. And so it is one of the most important practices of the tree doctor to leave a foot or more for safeguard on the first cut, and then make the final cutting with the easily-handled remainder. This single item of care involves a great deal of extra work on even a single large tree.

There is something fine in the preserving of trees: there comes from it an uplifting and bettering of the spirit. For in preserving a tree a man is not only working for his own future gratification but for the good of future generations. There is a fine and unselfish element in it. How noble a sight it is to see a stately old tree! — it is a sight that appeals to every one of every class. And to every one it is sad to see a great tree fallen prone. Often an owner would willingly give a thousand dollars if thereby he could restore a fallen tree monarch; yet, likely enough, the payment of ten dollars some years back would have preserved it. It being so fine to have great old trees, it is amazing that it is the old trees that are the soonest abandoned to their death, and the chief beauty of modern tree doctoring is that it tends to the preservation of old trees. Only yesterday we watched with interest while three tree doctors clambered about among the branches of a giant elm more than a century old. One swung in a boatswain's chair beneath a long, outsweeping branch. Another on a lofty, narrow ladder (narrow to permit of putting its top in narrow crotches) chiseled out the evil from a cavity and then covered it. The third, standing on a lofty branch, which he had reached by the careful use of strapped-on climbing irons, was reaching still higher up with pole-handled clippers operated far above him by a spring in his hand. With their interlacing and intertwined ropes they gave a curious similitude of Lilliputians working upon a bound Gulliver.

Their ministrations would make the tree good for another period of years; and if, from time to time, the tree is watched and treated it should last for new centuries. Without this doctoring it would probably not live over twenty years more, and, fine and shapely though it now is, would steadily lose its shapeliness. A tree which would take many years to die may take but a few to lose much of its beauty.

Another old tree that we recently saw treated was a huge sycamore with a big

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hole rotted out at its very base. The hole was cleaned and covered, painted tin was set into a chiseled line inside of the live bark, and the entire tree was overhauled and new life given it. "Poor old man, thou prunest a rotten tree," said Orlando, in the Forest of Arden; but, nowadays, a rotted tree may be so scientifically treated as to set it in the way of many serene years.

There are some things that even the tree doctor cannot cure. An evergreen, for example, that has lost its branches on one side more than on the other cannot have its lopsidedness mended. The only thing is to trim the other side to match, and then see to it that the upper part of the tree spreads out properly.

And, too, evergreens of the kind which, by nature, grow in masses, and do not have their branches close to the ground, require more care when they are made to grow isolated and with their lower branches almost touching the earth. Heavy shade will kill these lower branches, or the slightest fire in the grass, or blows from a lawnmower or wagon.

The Tree Doctor's Fees

An excellent thing about all trees with resinous or gummy sap, evergreens and some fruit trees, is that they make haste to send out a sap to cover any outside bruise or wound. The resinous sap of the evergreen is so thick and efficacious that often no artificial application is needed.

To see a tree doctor and half a dozen assistants working through a grove is like seeing a head surgeon and his assistants in a hospital ward.

Nor are the prices of the average tree doctor excessive. From four to six dollars or so a day is as high as most of them range. The tree doctors are mostly, so far, not college educated, and their charges have not taken on professional expansiveness. A single large tree may be gone over for from five to ten dollars, or an estimate may be given on a large number of trees that may run into the hundreds of dollars.

It is interesting to see how deftly they work. Their tools are kept fastened to ropes, not only to be readily raised and lowered, but so that they may be hung over branches in the neighborhood of their work.

Branches cut off far up in the tree are not destructively dropped, but are heedfully lowered, swiftly and under control, by a rope which is passed over a higher branch and whose lower end is wrapped once around the trunk.

And these tree men risk their lives, too; for they make their way far out upon tiny branches, where a fall would be serious.

Thus far the graduates of technical schools of forestry have paid but little attention to the prolonging of the life of ornamental trees, but the importance of it is such that they will undoubtedly soon do so. The tree doctors of to-day are diffident as yet about calling themselves more than foresters and nurserymen.

The new idea of the best time to do that doctoring of a tree which consists in thinning out the superfluous and cumbering branches is not when the tree is bare, but when it is in full foliage, for only thus can the shape and general appearance of the tree be seen by the pruner. The branches lie very differently when the tree is bare from what they do when heavy with leaves.

But, many an old gardener will say, the tree should be cut only in winter, "because then the sap is out," whereas when it is in foliage "the sap has run up." This, however, is another widespread misapprehension. The sap does not run out in one season and in at another: it merely lies dormant in winter, and is none the less present in the branches.

Showing Some of Mr. Clarence Burrow's Tree Climbers at Work Cleaning a Large Elm Tree of Gipsy-Moth Eggs, Masses and Nests of the Brown-Tail Moths

Lightning is responsible for many of the injuries which result in decay, and it is an interesting fact that a lightning stroke is likely to split a tree more severely in summer than when the tree is bare.

For a split take two iron bolts and run one through the centre of each of two spread-apart pieces above the wound. At each outer end there should be a nut large enough to keep the bolt from being drawn through. In the space between the two pieces use a turnbuckle to hold the two bolts together, and with an iron bar work the turnbuckle to draw the pieces to the proper closeness. As time passes the break will close in on its exposed surfaces.

Modern gardening immaculately sweeps a lawn and takes away the mulch of old leaves from about the bases of trees. All of which is proper enough, for we cannot have the strewn effect of Vallombrosa on our lawns. But the tree owner should realize that if he takes away Nature's mulching he should put something on in return—perhaps the very leaves composted and returned—for otherwise the trees suffer from starvation.

And many a tree suffers from thirst because pavements are built so closely about their bases as to prevent the access of moisture to their roots. Here the tree doctor will prescribe an open radius of at least three or four feet around the foot of each trunk, or, for sidewalks, a space covered with an iron grating.

Trees suffer from hunger and thirst and lack of protection just as human beings do.

Watching for the work of insects and remedying or counteracting the evil is an important part of tree care. Bores—the worms known by that designation—always attack good wood and they must be killed and the attacked spot cleaned and protected for the future. Birds do not do much injury. Even the seemingly formidable woodpecker almost invariably cuts his way into decayed wood only, and therefore does no damage. On the contrary, he may do good by pointing out unsuspected places of decay and thus giving opportunity for treatment

Outgrowing its Clothes

Cleaning off the nests of the destructive moths is another of the accomplishments of the tree doctor, a work for which he is well equipped with his outfit of ladders and ropes and boatswain's chairs. But the tree owner may learn many a valuable hint—such as the use of four scratchy wires in the creosote sponge to tear the cocoons open—and may use them himself next time.

Branches that overlap and wear upon each other and vines that insidiously grow up among the branches are among the manifest evils that the tree doctor watches for, and in regard to which the tree owner studying his ways may gain important hints.

There should be special warning as to the meaning of crackled bark. It may mean that decay has begun; but it may only mean, on the contrary, that a quick-growing tree is growing too fast for its bark and is splitting it, precisely as a fast-growing boy may be getting too big for his clothes, which are splitting under the strain

It is well to study the elements of tree doctoring. It is well to see how and why and when a tree is in need of nourishment: well to understand how hidden channels of decay may cause a sturdy-seeming tree to topple over in a trifling breeze. It is well to understand what to do to maintain life and vigor and beauty in your trees. And perhaps to gain an elementary basis of such knowledge you will "bring the doctor about by the fields," as Mine Host of the Garter Inn expressed it.

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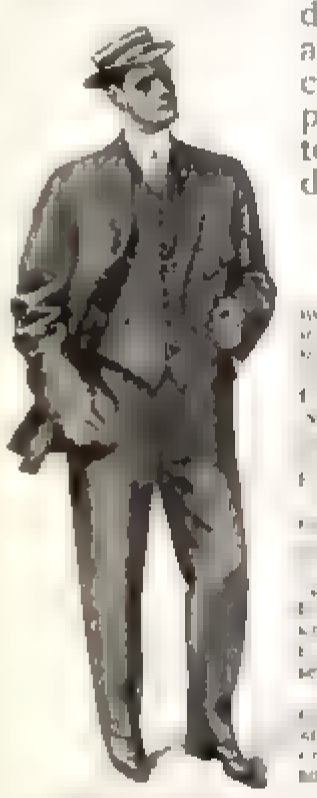

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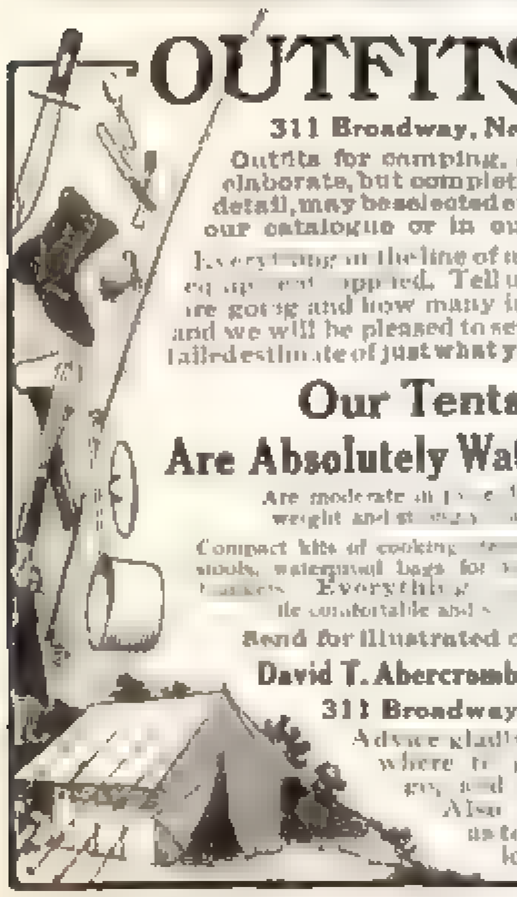

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You can have it from a 10 acre irrigated tract [illegible] Particulars free
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HAMMERING STONE

(Continued from Page 13)

heavier and darker, his cheeks drooped flabbily and he seemed to have fallen away inside his clothes, but upon his face there sat the same stern impassiveness. Bobby instantly arose, having good cause to want to be well planted upon his feet with this man near him. Stone carefully closed the door behind him and advanced to the other side of Bobby's desk.

"Well, you win," he said huskily.

Bobby drew a long breath

"It has cost me a lot of money, Mr. Stone. It has left me almost flat broke—but I got you."

"I give you credit," admitted Stone. "I didn't think anybody could do it, least of all a kid; but you got me and you got me good. It's been a hard fight for all of us, I guess. I'm a little run down," and he hesitated curiously; "my doctor says I got to take an ocean trip." He suddenly blazed out, "I'm running away."

Bobby found himself silent. For two years he had planned and hoped for this moment of victory. Now that the exultant moment had come he found himself feeling strangely sorry for this big man, in spite of his unutterable rascality.

"I ain't coming back," Stone went on after a pause, "and there's something I want you to do for me."

"I should be glad to do it, Mr. Stone, if it is anything I can allow myself to do."

"Aw, cut it!" growled Stone. "Look here. I got a list of some poor mutts I been looking out for, and I've just set aside a wad to keep it going. I want you to look after 'em and see that the money gets spread around right. I know you're square. I don't know anybody else to give it to."

To Bobby he handed a list of some fifty names and addresses, with monthly amounts set down opposite them. They were widows and orphans and helpless creatures of all sorts and conditions, blind and deaf and crippled, whom Stone, in the great passion that every man has for some one to love and revere him, and in the secret tenderness inseparable from all big natures, had made his pensioners.

"There ain't a soul on earth knows about these but me, and every one of 'em is wise to it that if they ever blat a word about it the pap's cut off. I don't want a thing, not even a hint, printed about this—see? I ain't afraid that you'll use it in the paper after me asking you not to, so I don't ask you for any promise."

"I'll do it with pleasure," offered Bobby.

"Well, I guess that's about all," said Stone, and turned to go.

Bobby came from behind his desk.

"After all, Stone," he hesitated, "I'm sorry to lose an enemy so worth while. I wish you good luck wherever you are going," and he held out his hand.

Stone looked at the proffered hand and shook his head.

"I'd rather smash your face," he growled, and passed out of the door.

It was the last that Bobby ever saw of him, and all that the Bulletin carried about his flight was the "fact," not at all too prominently displayed for the man's importance as a public figure, that Stone's health was in jeopardy and that he was about to take an ocean voyage upon the advice of his physician; and on that day Stone's picture disappeared from the place it had occupied upon the front page of the Bulletin.

It was a victory complete and final, but it was not without its sting, for on that same day Bobby faced an empty exchequer It was Johnson who brought him the sad but not at all unexpected tidings. Seeing Agnes and Chalmers in the office with him Johnson hesitated at the door.

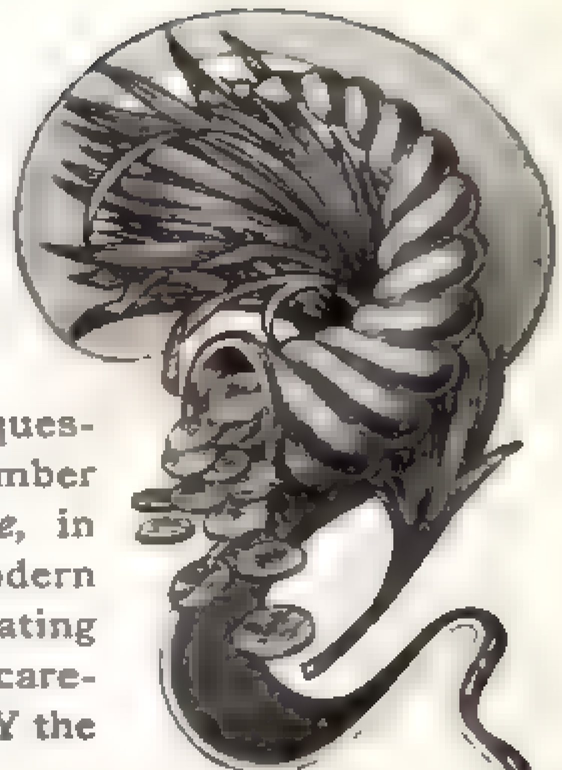
"What is it, Johnson?" asked Bobby.

"Oh, nothing much," said Mr. Johnson with a pained expression. "I'll come back again."

He had a sheet of paper with him and Bobby held out his hand for it. Still hesitating, old Johnson brought it forward and laid it down on Bobby's desk.

"You know you told me, sir, to bring this to you."

Had the others not been present he would have added the reminder that he had been instructed to bring this statement a week in advance of the time when Bobby should no longer be able to meet his payroll. Bobby looked up from the statement



WHY THE UNDERFEED Furnace

A SATISFACTORY answer to this question may be found in the September edition of the *Cosmopolitan Magazine*, in an exhaustive editorial article on "Modern Heating," written by an expert on heating apparatus. If you will read this article carefully, you will readily understand WHY the

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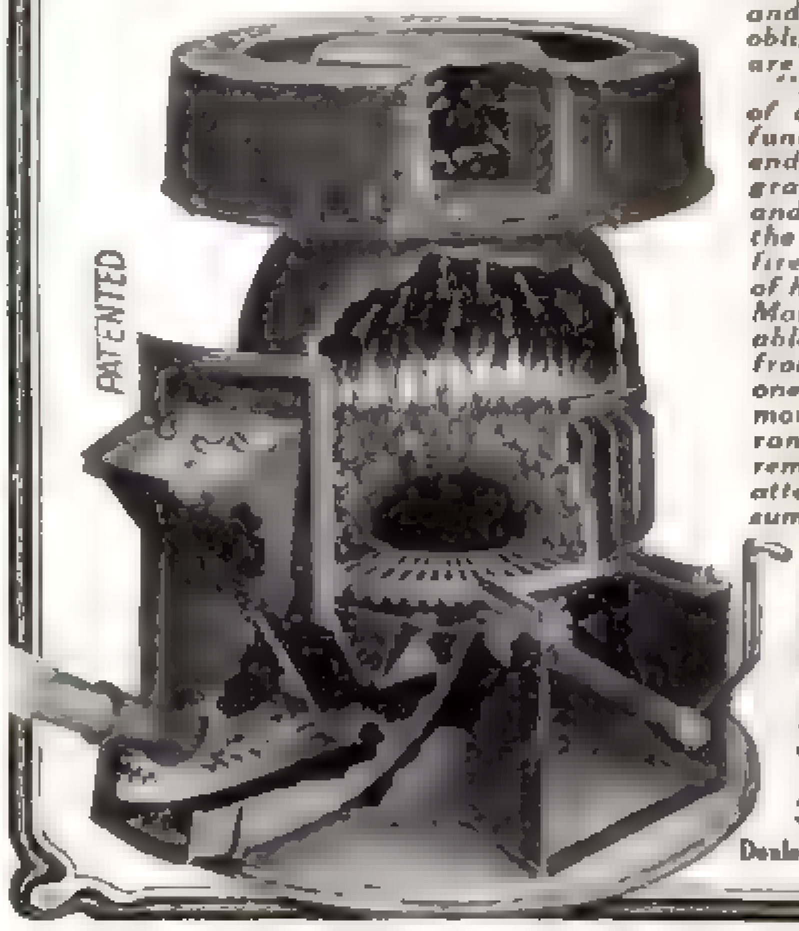
"In detail, this striking device consists of a curved coal chute beginning with a funnel-shaped hopper on the outside and ending in a round hole in the middle of the grate. The coal is introduced into the hopper and forced by means of a plunger through the chute up onto the grate and under the fire bed By this means every possible unit of heat is said to be extracted from the coal Moreover, the lowest grade of coal obtainable is burned in this furnace. The saving from these two sources is placed at from one-half to two-thirds. The coal, too, burns more slowly because of this unusual arrangement and this means less ashes to remove. The much greater cleanliness attendant upon such complete smoke consumption is also a great recommendation"



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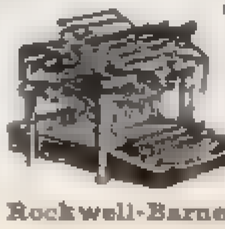

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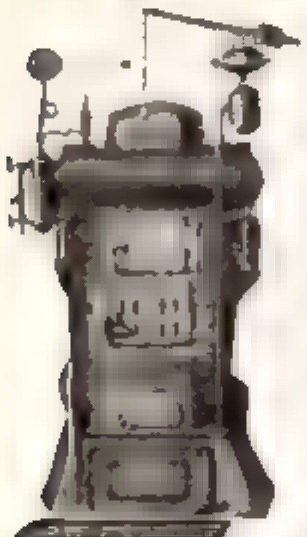

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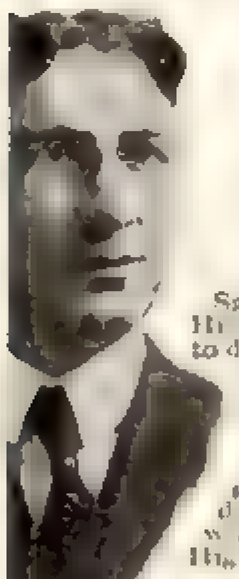

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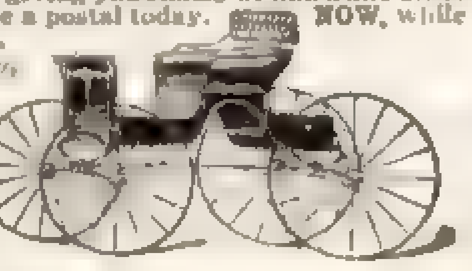

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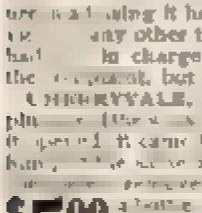

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without any thought of reserve before these three.

"Well, it's come. I'm broke."

"Not so much a calamity in this instance as it has been in others," said Agnes sagely. "Fortunately, your trustee is right here, and your trustee's lawyer, who has two hundred and fifty thousand dollars still to your account."

Bobby listened in frowning silence, and old Johnson, who had prepared himself before he came upstairs for such a contingency, quietly laid upon Bobby's desk one of the familiar gray envelopes and withdrew. It was inscribed:

> TO MY SON ROBERT, UPON THE TURNING OVER TO HIM OF HIS SIXTH AND LAST EXPERIMENTAL FUND.
>
> If a man fails six times he'd better be pensioned and left to live a life of pleasant ease; for everybody has a right to be happy, and not all can gain happiness through their own efforts. So, if you fail this last time, don't worry, my boy, but take measures to cut your garment according to the income from a million and a half dollars, invested so safely that it can yield you but two per cent. If the fault of your ill success lies with anybody it lies with me, and I blame myself bitterly for it many times as I write this letter.
>
> Remember, first, last and always, that I want you to be happy.

Bobby passed the letter to Agnes and the envelope to Chalmers.

"This is a little premature," he said, smiling at both of them, "for I'm not applying for the sixth portion."

Agnes looked up at him in surprise.

"Not applying for it?"

"No," he declared, "I don't want it. I understand there is a provision that I cannot use two of these portions in the same business."

Both Chalmers and Agnes nodded.

"I don't want money for any other business than the Bulletin," declared Bobby, "and if my father has it fixed so that he won't help me as I want to be helped, I don't want his aid at all."

"There is another provision which perhaps you don't know about," Chalmers informed him; "if you refuse this money it reverts to the main fund."

Bobby studied this over thoughtfully.

"Let it revert," said he. "I'll sink or swim right here."

The next day he went to his bank and tried to borrow money. They liked Bobby very much indeed over at his bank. He was a vigorous young man, a young man of affairs, a young man who had won a great public victory, a young man whom it was generally admitted had done the city an incalculable amount of good; but they could not accept Bobby nor the Bulletin as a business proposition. Had they not seen the original fund dwindle and dwindle for two years until now there was nothing left? Wouldn't another fund dwindle likewise? It is no part of a bank's desire to foreclose upon securities. They are quite well satisfied with just the plain interest. Moreover, the Bulletin wasn't such heavy security, anyhow.

Bobby tried another bank with like results, and also some of his firm business friends at the Traders' Club. In the midst of his dilemma President De Graff of the First National came to him

"I understand you have been trying to borrow some money, Burnit."

It sounded to Bobby as if De Graff had come to gloat over him, for he had been instrumental in dragging De Graff and the First National through the mire.

"Yes, sir, I have," he nevertheless answered steadily.

"Why didn't you come to us?" demanded De Graff.

"To you?" said Bobby, amazed. "I never thought of you in that connection at all, De Graff, after all that has happened."

De Graff shrugged his shoulders.

"That was like pulling a tooth. It hurt and one dreaded it, but it was so much better when it was out. Until you jumped into the fight Stone had me under his thumb. The minute the exposure came he had no further hold on me. It is the only questionable thing I ever did in my life, and I'm glad it was exposed. I admire you for it, even though it will hurt me in a business way for a long time to come. But about this money now. How much do you need at the present time?"

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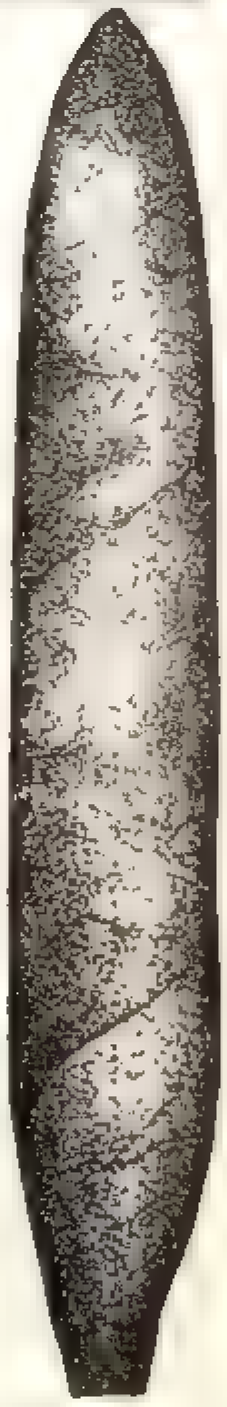

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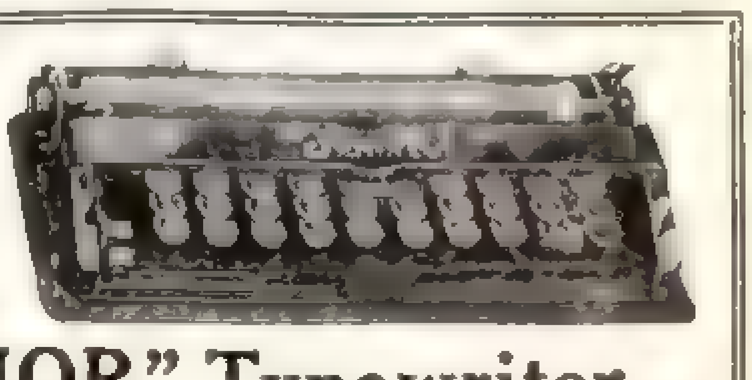

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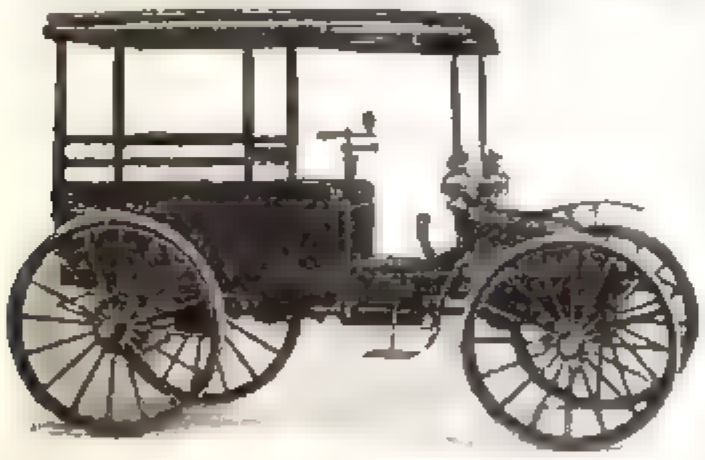

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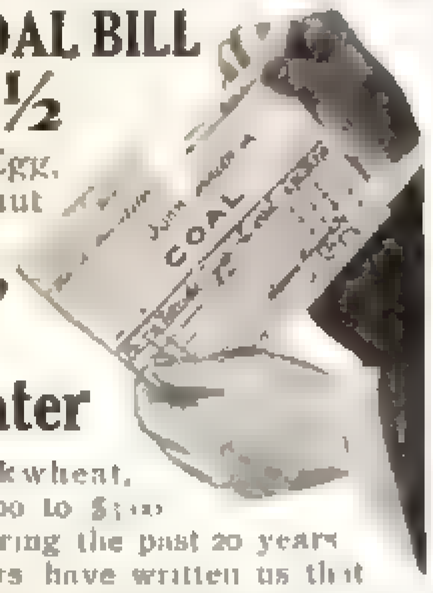


Cut Your COAL BILL ⅓ to ½

Don't burn Egg, Stove or Chestnut Coal, when the

"SPENCER"
Magazine-Feed Steam or Hot-Water **Heater**

uses No. 1 Buckwheat, costing from $2.00 to $3.00 less per ton. During the past 20 years thousands of users have written us that since installing a "**SPENCER**" they are **thoroughly** heating their properties at a saving of ⅓ to ½ over the former cost.

The "**SPENCER**" Heater is a combination of water-tube and return tubular boiler, the quickest and most economical steaming device known. Further, the water jacketed **magazine feed** and raised grates maintain an even depth of coal in the firepot and render it **unnecessary to look after heater more than once daily** in ordinary weather (or twice in severe).

Interesting heating booklet free on request. Kindly mention your dealer's name.

Spencer Heater Co., 200 Commonwealth Bldg., Scranton, Pa.

80 Shines 25c

Smaller size—enough for 20 shines—10c. Go to your dealer—if he can't supply, send us this whole ad as a certificate and we will supply you direct with

Eagle Brand Shoe Cream

Best for black or russet shoes—will not change original color of tan, russet or brown—a pure oil dressing—gives a quick, lasting, waterproof shine. Has a delicate odor and won't rub off on hands or garments. Comes in glass jar.

American Shoe Polish Co., 224 N. Franklin St., Chicago
Use "Nova"—Best Cleaner for White or any Shade Canvas Shoes

"I'd like an account of about twenty-five thousand."

"I can let you have it at once," said De Graff, "and as much more as you need, up to a certain reasonable point that I think will be amply sufficient."

"Is this Stone's money?" asked Bobby with sudden suspicion.

De Graff smiled.

"No," said he, "it is my own. I have faith in you, Burnit, and faith in the Bulletin. Suppose you step over to the First National with me right away."

That night, with a grave new responsibility upon him and a grave new elation, sturdier and stronger than he had ever been in his life, and more his own master, he went out to see Agnes.

"Agnes, when my father made you my trustee," he said, "he laid upon you the obligation that you were not to marry me until I had proved myself either a success or a failure, didn't he?"

"He did," assented Agnes demurely.

"But you are no longer my trustee. The last money over which you had nominal control has reverted to the main fund, which is in the hands of Mr. Barrister, my father's old lawyer; so that releases you."

Agnes laughed softly and shook her head.

"The obligation wasn't part of the trusteeship," she reminded him.

"I choose to construe it that way," he advised her, "and I hereby declare it null and void. How soon can you get ready to be married?"

"To whom?" she wanted to know, with vast pretense.

"To the political boss of this town," he assured her, "and one of its leading business men. Agnes," he went on, quite suddenly serious, "I can't do without you any longer. I have waited long enough. I need you and you must come to me."

"I'll come," she said simply, and laid her hands in his.

It was nearly half an hour later when she suddenly thought of something, and, going to her secretary, brought forth one of the inevitable gray envelopes, addressed not alone to Bobby but to both of them:

> TO MY SON ROBERT AND TO AGNES ELLISTON, UPON THE OCCASION OF THEIR DECIDING TO MARRY BEFORE THE LIMIT OF MY PROHIBITION.

The message within was very, very brief indeed. It was:

> What I cannot for the life of me understand is why the devil you didn't do it long ago!

Editor's Note — This is the second and concluding part of the fifth of the Bobby Burnit stories.

THE MODERN CITADEL

(Continued from Page 11)

bore his last initial. He was telephoned for and came to the office immediately. I asked him to examine his box and see if anything was missing. In a short time he returned and, rather excited, reported that all his wife's jewelry was gone.

"Jewelry?" I said; "what kind of jewelry?" And before he realized the reason of the question he had identified it sufficiently to satisfy me that he was the owner.

When it was turned over to him he caught his breath and said: "It would take ten thousand to replace it, and I doubt whether I would ever have been forgiven."

He wanted to reward the boy, which, of course, was not allowed, and was grateful, in striking contrast to many (for this kind of thing happens nearly every day) who, when they are told as tactfully as possible of their carelessness, immediately begin to give excuses and act as if it were everybody's fault except their own.

All types of people use safe-deposit boxes and for all kinds of purposes. The legitimate use is to protect securities and valuables, but some of the community insist on using them to keep money. The foreigners prefer safe-deposit boxes for their savings, and I remember a certain Greek, who sold bananas from a push-cart, who in five years actually filled a small box with his earnings, mostly in small bills. I know it was five years, for when he first came over he came to me to rent a safe. He could not speak English, and could only write his name in Greek. This signature I turned into English letters, much to his

Our No. 516
Three-Button Novelty Sack

Who's your Tailor?
Trade Mark Registered 1906

Any man, posing as a tailor, can cut a piece of cloth after certain measurements, sew it together and call it a suit—

But it requires brains, skill, wide experience and the most complete facilities to produce a suit that will fit, look stylish, hold its shape and give unqualified satisfaction.

That is why 1,200 of the world's most skillful tailors, assembled under one roof, aided by wonderful labor saving devices, and directed by the ablest superintendents, can produce better clothes for much less money than can an isolated local tailor.

Over 150,000 particular dressers, to our certain knowledge, have found this out, and are glad they know us. One suit will convince you. $25 to $40.

Ed. V. Price & Co.
Merchant Tailors
Price Building Chicago

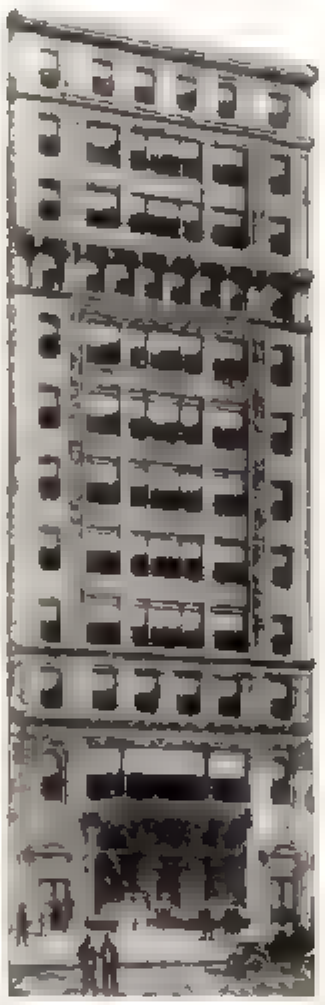
Largest makers in the world of
GOOD tailored-to-order clothes.

If you don't know our local representative, ask us.
Then wear clothes made expressly for you

110,000 sq. ft. devoted exclusively to our business

KAHN SYSTEM

Fireproof Buildings at Low Cost



[illegible] New York
Kahn System [illegible]

There are, perhaps, a half-dozen ways to build a thoroughly fireproof building with an unlimited outlay of money. There are over a hundred ways to build a cheap, fire-trap building which calls for excessive insurance and continual expense for repairs.

There is only ONE way to build a permanent, enduring, fireproof building that represents dollars saved in the money invested, and that way is

Kahn System of Reinforced Concrete Construction

Kahn System makes fireproof construction not a building luxury but a practical necessity within the means of all,—equally advantageous in the smallest farm building or bungalow, the largest warehouse or factory, office or store building, or the most elaborate hotel.

San Francisco and Kingston — devastated by earthquake and fire — are rebuilding in reinforced concrete. Conservative companies like the Packard Motor Car Co., the Bemis Bag Co., Emerson Manufacturing Co., the E. R. Thomas Co., Solvay Process Co., etc., are repeatedly erecting **Kahn System** buildings.

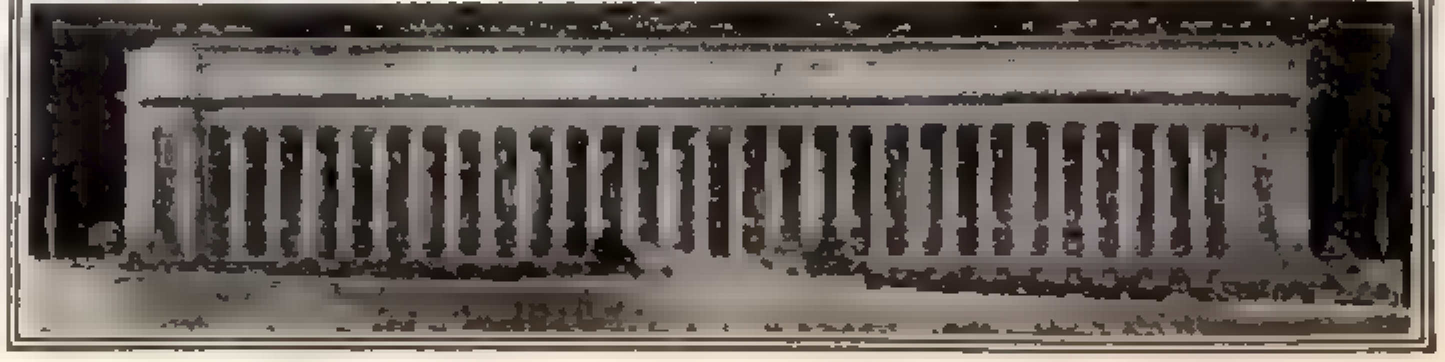
Send plans, or give us an idea of your proposed building. We will submit estimates and suggestions that cost you nothing but save you dollars.

Build Now when material and labor costs are low.

Separate catalogs describing (1) Reinforced Concrete in general (2) Mills and Factories (3) Warehouses and storage buildings (4) Hotels, Restaurants and Apartment Houses (5) Store Buildings (6) Hospitals, Libraries and Public Buildings (7) Bridges and Viaducts; (8) Record of Results (9) Rib Lath for Homes. Yours for the asking. Write today.

Trussed Concrete Steel Company
601 Trussed Concrete Building
London, England DETROIT, MICH. Toronto, Canada

State Educational Building, Albany, N. Y.
Palmer & Hornbostel, Architects. R. T. Ford Co., Contractors. Kahn System.



A
Shoe Eyelet
that
Can't Wear
"Brassy"

DIAMOND
TRADE ◆ MARK
FAST COLOR EYELETS

[illegible] Have [illegible] can't wear "Brassy." Look for the [illegible] diamond ◆ trade mark on each eyelet, and insist upon it when buying shoes.

United Fast Color
Eyelet Company
Boston, Mass.

Black Horn
CHAMOIS

is the genuine velvet-like Chamois used years ago for all household and saddlers purposes. It's tanned [illegible] by the old French hand processes and is guaranteed not to [illegible]

We are the first and only manufacturers branding our Chamois and guaranteeing its quality. If it isn't perfect you return it to us by mail and get a new piece or your money back.

Insist upon Black Horn Chamois and you will get the best; or send direct to us. Sizes 1-1½-2-3-4-5 and 6 sq. ft. Price 25c per sq. ft.

Warm Chamois Garments

Our Washable Chamois Hunting Jackets, Shirts, Vests, Drawers etc., afford ideal protection from cold. Hundreds of them are worn by sportsmen, automobilists and doctors. All garments made to order. Write for booklet showing Chamois in colors.

Black Horn Leather Co.
20 Tannery St., Great Bend, Pa.

"I MADE $12 PER DAY
Selling This 7-Piece Kitchen Set"
[illegible]
AGENTS
are coining money. Claude H. Rogers sells [illegible] every week. Send your address today and let us PROVE IT. [illegible] OUTFIT FREE to workers.
THOMAS MFG CO
426 Home Bldg
Dayton Ohio

FIX YOUR ROOF
5c Per Square — We will guarantee to put any old leaky, worn-out, rusty, tin, iron, [illegible] paper, felt, gravel or shingle roof in perfect condition, and keep it in perfect condition for 5c per square per year.
Roof-Fix The Perfect Roof Preserver, makes old, worn-out roofs new. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Our free roofing book tells all about it. Write for it today.
The Anderson Manufacturing Co., Dept 68, Elyria, Ohio

JUDSON Freight Forwarding Co.
Reduced rates on household goods to all Western points. [illegible] Wright Bldg., St. Louis; 851 Tremont Bldg., Boston; 101 Columbia Bldg., San Francisco; 200 Central Bldg., Los Angeles.

delight. From that moment he was my staunch adherent, my slight knowledge of his language he accepted as kinship, often handed me a Greek paper, and brought many of his fellow-countrymen to rent boxes. I tell this for the benefit of those who contend that a knowledge of dead languages is of no commercial use.

This man rapidly mastered English, and what he told of the thrift of himself and other immigrants was a revelation.

When he gave up his box he stopped to say good-by, and said he expected to buy a small vineyard in his native land. He was rich enough no longer to be a peasant, but would live comfortably as a landed proprietor. But for five years the greater part of every dollar he made was retired from circulation, and while, in his case, the amount was small, when it is remembered that thousands do as he the aggregate must be considerable. This money is not only withdrawn from circulation, but actually leaves the country. It seems to me that not enough consideration is given these facts by those who discuss our monetary conditions.

Safe-deposit vaults fill a need in modern society, but they can be used to its great detriment. For instance, in our late financial crisis much money was hoarded in them which, had it been in circulation, would have eased the strain and perhaps prevented more than one failure. No one class can be blamed for this, because all did it, the difference being that the more educated a man the more of a hypocrite he was. The day-laborer drew the little savings that had cost him much self-denial, bluntly said he wanted to take no chances, and forthwith gained your sympathy. The well-dressed, jaunty business man cashed his check for a comparatively small amount, talked about the evils of hoarding, then, in the privacy of the coupon-room, dropped his money in with his securities and locked it up. He did exactly the same thing the next day, and the day following—a small amount at a time to avoid suspicion—each time taking a pull at the financial noose around his own neck.

The Bond that Would Not Let Go

The Irishman always bears his characteristics: whether it be in his shirt-sleeves, as foreman of the gang, or dressed in his best clothes, he is doing honor to a deceased relative.

He came to the desk one day with the inquiry, "Are yez the boss?"

"Yes," said I.

"Then I'm a-nading yez help to find Moike."

"Mike who?"

"Me brether, the one as was killed on the coach."

"But you say he's dead."

"Sure, and that's just it; I'm a-nading yez help."

It goes without saying I was a bit puzzled to know exactly of what assistance I could be, but, after careful questioning, I learned that "Moike" had been thrown from the carriage he was driving and killed. I had seen an account of it in the papers. His brother was trying to find his safe-deposit box.

"How did you know he had one?" I asked

"He told me so some time ago."

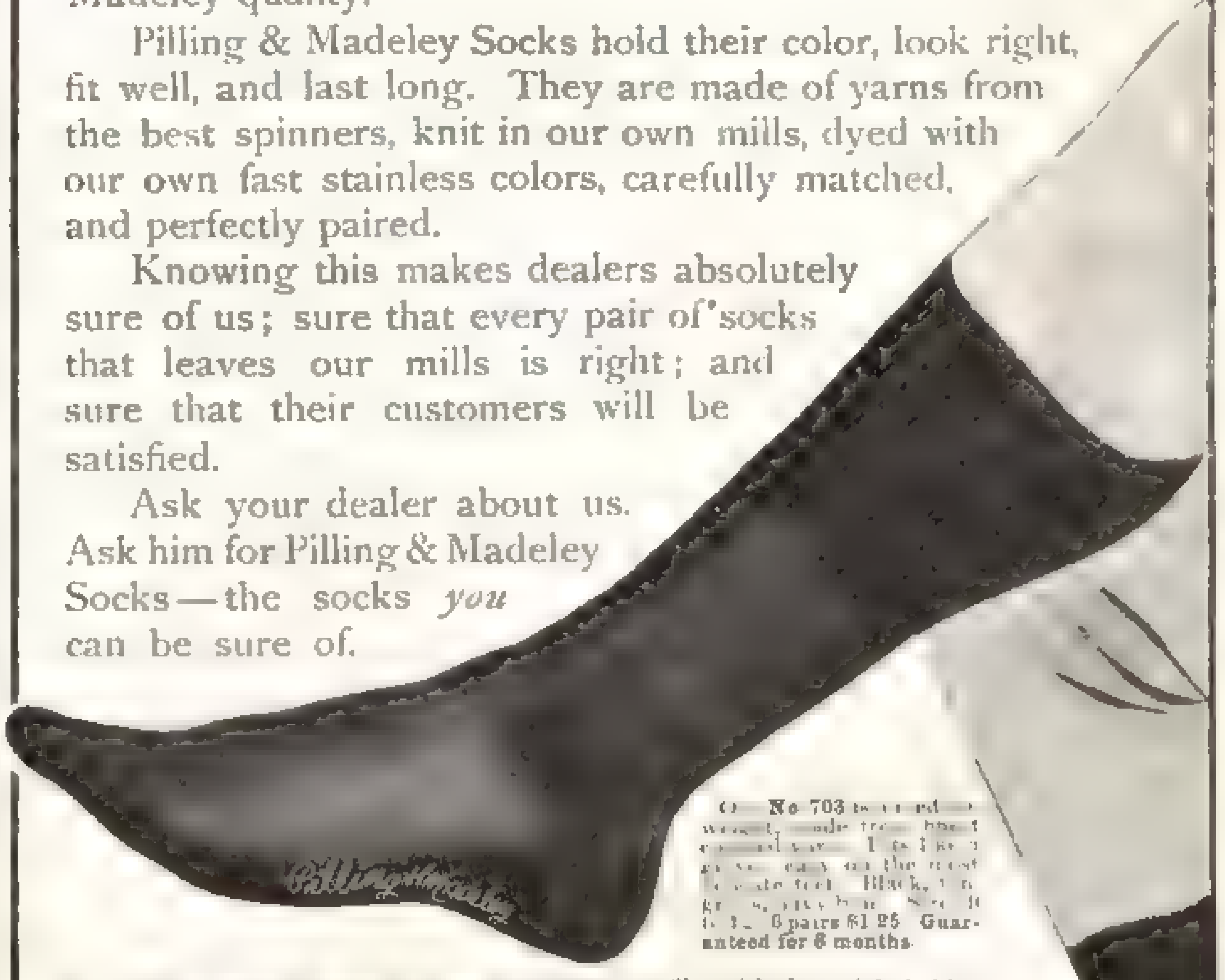
I looked through the records, but there was no such name. I so told him, to his great disappointment. "It is a pity," I said, "that your brother did not tell you the name of the company."

"So 'tis," he said, and, gravely shaking his head, added: "But it's just the way with Moike. I guess he didn't think of it until he was dead, and then he forgot."

Totally unconscious of the wonder of his remark he mournfully made his departure, and I mentally apologized to some of the joke writers whom I had accused of overdoing the Irish bull.

At one time I was fortunate enough to be private secretary to one of the finest old gentlemen that ever lived; he never made you feel like an intellectual valet, but treated you as his friend. In the course of events it became necessary for us to get the numbers of certain of his bonds, and we visited the safe-deposit vaults.

Some six feet tall, the frock coat which he invariably wore because, perhaps, he was of Southern birth and clung to traditions, never looked out of place. The vault attendants were always glad to see him, for he never failed to be considerate. His inside tin box was taken out of the safe with


Pilling & Madeley Socks

The way to be sure of socks is to be sure of the maker.

More than forty years' reputation is back of every pair of Pilling & Madeley Socks. Dealers all over the country know us, and know they can always depend on Pilling & Madeley quality.

Pilling & Madeley Socks hold their color, look right, fit well, and last long. They are made of yarns from the best spinners, knit in our own mills, dyed with our own fast stainless colors, carefully matched, and perfectly paired.

Knowing this makes dealers absolutely sure of us; sure that every pair of socks that leaves our mills is right; and sure that their customers will be satisfied.

Ask your dealer about us. Ask him for Pilling & Madeley Socks—the socks *you* can be sure of.

[illegible] No 703 [illegible] weight, made from finest [illegible] Black, [illegible] 6 pairs $1.25 Guaranteed for 6 months.

No 803 [illegible] fine as silk and looks and feels like gauze [illegible] High spliced [illegible] Sizes 9½ to 11½ in black, tan, heliotrope, new [illegible] purple, grays. 6 pairs $2.50. Guaranteed for 6 months

Look for "Pilling & Madeley" on the foot of every pair. If your dealer can't supply you, write us his name and we'll see that you get them. Write, anyway, for illustrated book, "The Sock for Service."

PILLING & MADELEY, Inc., PHILADELPHIA
Established 1865

BEST & Co
LILIPUTIAN BAZAAR

Children's Fine Nainsook Dress
round yoke of lace hemstitching and dots. Skirt has three clusters of tucks ruffle hemstitched and trimmed with lace; neck and sleeves finished with lace and hemstitching. Sizes 6 mos. to 2 yrs. . . $2.25

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Our thoroughness in providing for the needs of infants covers everything from the daintiest and most exquisite hand-made garments, to the most trifling accessories of dress, crib and toilet. All our infants' wear is distinguished for its genuine quality and the fine grade of workmanship.

New Fall Catalogue

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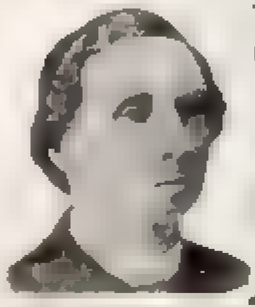
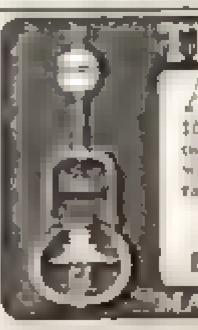
Mail Order Service

places the superior advantages of this children's outfitting establishment, at the service of every home. Prompt attention, careful filling of orders, and complete satisfaction assured to every patron.

Address Dept. 13 60-62 West 23d St. NEW YORK


Everybody Wants
The Worth
Cushion Sole Shoe
Moisture Proof Sole. A postal [illegible] Catalogue, telling the whole story
THE CUMMINGS CO., Dept. "V"
406 Washington Street, Boston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A portable, pure white, steady, safe light. Brighter than electricity or acetylene. [illegible] Agents wanted. Write for [illegible]
THE BEST LIGHT CO.
5-25 E. 5th Street, Canton, Ohio
MAKES AND BURNS ITS OWN GAS

PATENTS THAT PAY [illegible] Protect Your Idea! [illegible]
E. E. VROOMAN, Patent Lawyer, 1156 F, Washington, D. C.

Stamps Given [illegible] 2c. postage — 1000 mixed foreign 11c. — 100 different U. S. [illegible] 10 different foreign coins 15c. — 40 Japan on colored sheet [illegible]
TOLEDO STAMP COMPANY, Toledo, Ohio

STYLE
NEATNESS
COMFORT
THE IMPROVED
BOSTON
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The Name is stamped on every loop — Be sure it's there.
The Velvet Grip CUSHION BUTTON CLASP
LIES FLAT TO THE LEG NEVER SLIPS, TEARS, NOR UNFASTENS
Worn All Over the World
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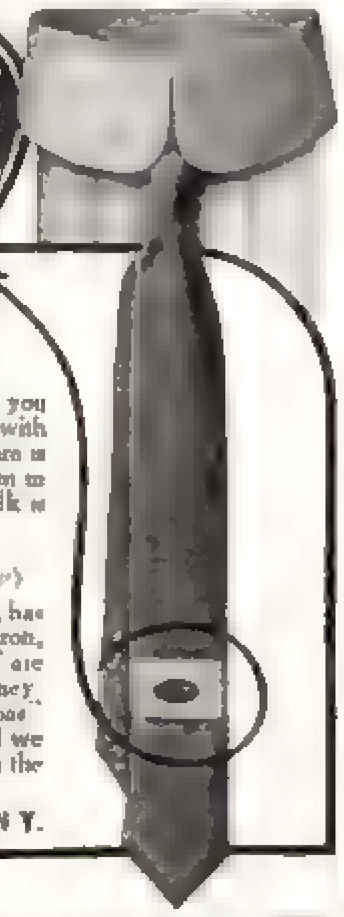
GEORGE FROST CO
[illegible] Mass.
INSIST ON HAVING THE GENUINE
REFUSE ALL SUBSTITUTES



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SUPERBA H.C.C.& CO. CRAVATS
Ask your dealer to show you "Superba" cravats, each with this mark, at 50 cents. There is nothing to compare with them in style and finish. Superba Silk is
"Pinhole Proof"
(*That's something new*)
It slips easily when you tie it, has beautiful lustre, wears like iron, is crushless. "Superbas" are the best made for the money. If your dealer hasn't "Superbas" send his name and 50c. and we will send four-in-hand tie in the color of your choice.
H. C. Cohn & Co., Rochester, N. Y.

Do You Smoke?
A most liberal cigar offer is contained in the advertisement of a New York cigar firm on Page 20 of this issue. [illegible] direct from the factory at wholesale prices. To introduce a new cigar they offer FREE [illegible] box of "Old Fashioned Havana Smokers," a patented cigar cutter and [illegible] Smoking Tobacco.

$33 Profit in one day
made by a man who earned $1174 in 111 days. Ask for proof. Book free.
$30 Automatic Photo Button Machine $30
Outfit includes 12 inch Wonder Cannon Photo Button Machine, 1000 plates, 1 gross gilt frames, tripod and 3 sets of developing powders, enough [illegible] Everything necessary to start a [illegible] business. [illegible] takes, develops and [illegible]
Chicago Ferrotype Co., R-614 New Era Building, Chicago

TYPEWRITERS ALL MAKES
All the Standard Machines SOLD OR RENTED ANYWHERE at [illegible] Prices allowing rental to apply on price. Shipped with privilege of examination. Write for Catalogue D.
Typewriter Emporium, 92-94 Lake St., Chicago

even more than ordinary alacrity, and soon we were seated behind the closed door of the coupon-room with it before us on the table.

While I listed them on a slip of paper he read the numbers on a bundle of bonds fastened together with a rubber band. In doing this he tore one of the bonds and unfastened the bundle to see how great the damage, and, in order to keep the tear from becoming greater, pulled the paste-pot toward him and glued a thin strip over the rent, then put the rubber band around the bonds again and laid them aside on the table. Two other packages of bonds were read by him and listed by me, then, as we wished to make assurance doubly sure, I took the bonds and read the numbers while he checked my list with a pencil

Everything was all right until we came to the first bundle fastened with the rubber band. I read the numbers twice and he checked them, but there was one one-thousand-dollar bond missing.

"It was there, wasn't it?" he asked.

"It must have been or you wouldn't have read it," I replied; then added: "Is it the torn one?"

"No; here it is," he said.

Then began a search. We opened out all the bonds, thinking the missing one might have been caught in the folds of some other. We examined, not once but over and over again, every document and article in that box without success. We stood up, looked at the seats of our chairs, under the table, examined the floor minutely, took up the large blotter on which we had been writing, but there was no trace of the bond.

He looked at me and I looked at him—it was all there was left to do.

He broke out: "Are you crazy?"

"I don't know," I answered doubtfully.

"Well, it seems that both of us are mad, stark mad. Here we are in a little room eight feet square, with smooth marble walls, nothing in it but two chairs, a table with some blotters, an inkstand, paste-pot and pens on it, a safe-deposit box—two men of ordinary intelligence, who see a bond one minute and the next don't see it, and who spend the whole morning looking and still don't see it."

Love in a Vault

After this observation we commenced all over again, only to end by gazing at each other blankly. Simultaneously we began another search of our pockets, taking out the contents and placing them on the table. This we had done before twice with no results. He was standing sideways to me, and as he twisted his body to reach in the tail pocket of his long coat for an instant I thought I saw a ghost, then broke into a laugh, doubtless a little shrill on account of relief from strain.

He mopped his brow, looked at me, shook his head, and said:

"You were crazy, now you are violent and will have to be locked up. I'll follow—it's only a question of minutes."

As soon as I could control myself I said: "Lift up the tails of your coat."

This he did, and there was the bond reposing on the seat of his trousers. But, mystery on mystery, why did it not fall? why had it not fallen?—for he had stood up and certainly moved enough.

"Well!" he said. "Well ——" but words failed him. He actually had to pull the bond before it came off.

We came to the conclusion that our trouble was caused in this way. In mending the torn bond a drop of paste must have fallen from the brush on one of the others, this bond in some way had slipped from the table to his chair-seat, and in moving around had been pushed under him until the glue caught. His long coat had effectually concealed it.

Had he given up and left the room, probably before he had walked a block the bond would have been jarred loose, fallen and never been seen by us again, becoming one of the unexplainable things in life

It is, perhaps, difficult to conceive of a steel-constructed thing having a part in love affairs, but our safe-deposit vault made one match that I know of. Let those who study the effect of propinquity and circumstances on love take notice.

Miss Cashier worked for a certain restaurant, and because she took in considerable cash after banking hours had to place it in a box over night. Dainty and attractive, she appeared regularly each day near closing time, and as Mr. Broker's Clerk also came in regularly to lock up the

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JOSEPH G. CANNON says [illegible]
Speaker CANNON'S Secretary adds [illegible]
Before the Art of Writing was Invented
[illegible]
ELIHU ROOT says [illegible]
LYMAN ABBOTT says [illegible]
For the First Time in English
Not only is the Mystery Library new in [illegible] special translations made for this set [illegible]
Why This Searching and Translating
[illegible]
THE OFFER — [illegible]
[illegible]
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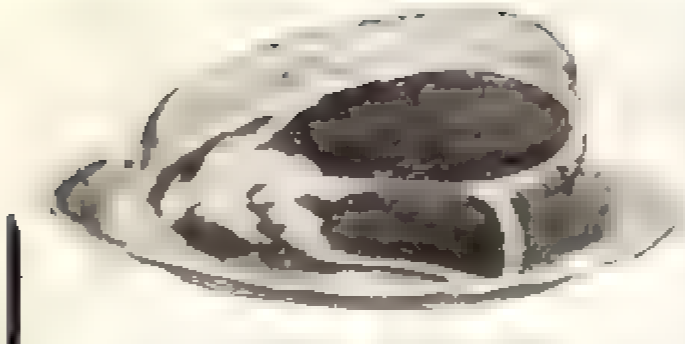
The Review of Reviews Company
13 Astor Place, New York



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hot or cold, are given just that "finishing touch" if seasoned with

LEA & PERRINS
SAUCE

THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE

It perfects the flavor of Soups, Fish, Steaks, Chops, Veal and Salads. It gives relish to an otherwise insipid dish.

Beware of Imitations.

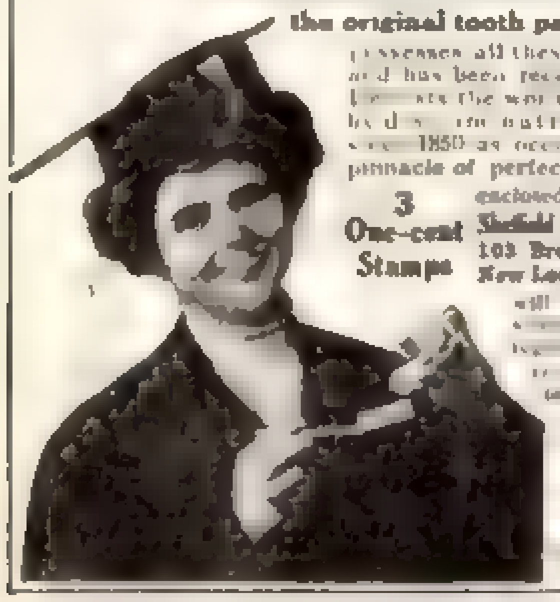
JOHN DUNCAN'S SONS, Agts., N.Y.

Sound Pearl-like Teeth
Is More a Matter of Choice Than of Luck

A thorough cleansing of the teeth night and morning is all that is required to obtain the result—*provided*, however, the proper Dentifrice is used.

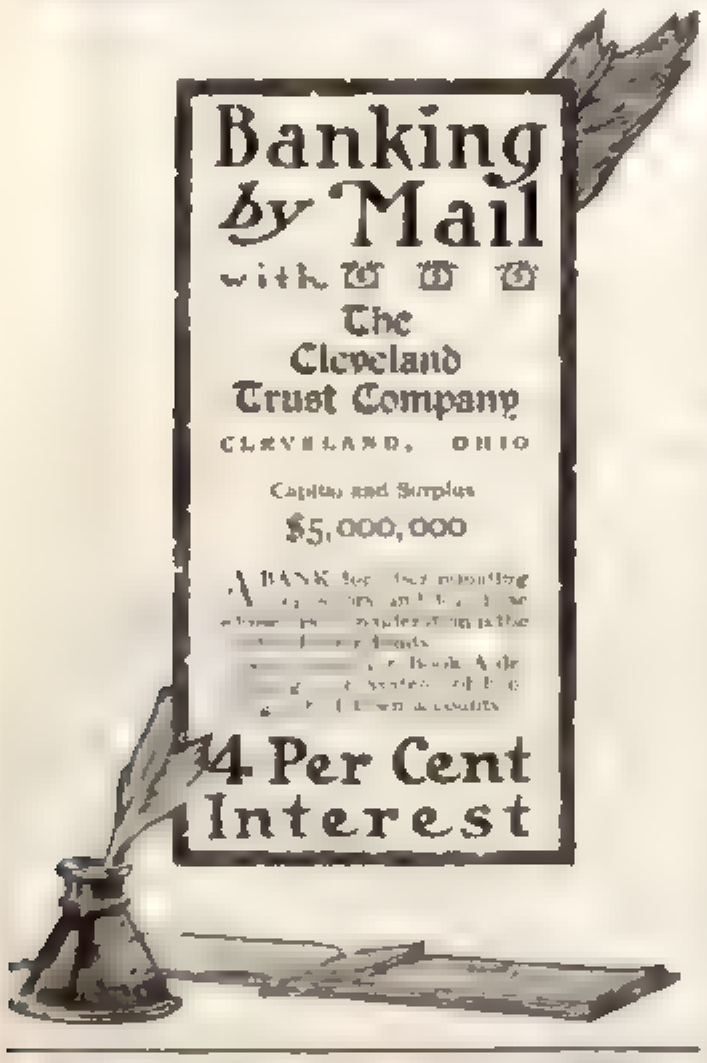
A good Dentifrice cannot be too carefully made. Its ingredients must be *absolutely pure* to maintain quality, and must be antiseptic—a germicide and prophylactic.

Doctor Sheffield's
Crême Dentifrice



the original tooth paste, possesses all these qualities and has been recognized by [illegible] the world over and by [illegible] since 1850 as occupying the pinnacle of perfection.

3 One-cent Stamps enclosed to the Sheffield Dentifrice Co. 103 Broad Street, New London, Conn will bring you a [illegible] 25c [illegible]



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firm's securities, and as their boxes were in the same tier, they often met. First only a look of recognition passed, this later developed into a nod, and finally into a word or two about the weather. The further details of the wooing I know not, but there came a day when Miss Cashier presented instructions from her employers, telling us she was no longer to have access to their box. In answer to expressions of regret at her leaving she blushingly said she thought she would be in occasionally, as Mr. Broker's Clerk had a personal box.

"So you are going to marry him?" I said.

"Yes," she replied, "and we'll always have a box here. It was here we met."

The Little Clocks that Run the Locks

When it comes time to close up the safe-deposit vault for the day, the man in charge examines the little clocks which control the time-locks to see that they are all set for the proper opening and are running. There are usually three or four of these timepieces, so arranged that even though all but one should stop that one would throw the bolts. They are of the utmost importance, for, after the door is closed, they have the entire responsibility of opening it. The only way man can enter is by the drill, crowbar and dynamite, and then only after uninterrupted effort and much time.

These doors are ponderous, often weighing from fifteen to twenty thousand pounds, but are so nicely balanced they can be moved with little effort, and after they are closed a simple wooden door is fastened over, completely hiding them. In order to reach the steel door this wooden door would have to be moved, and the moment it was tampered with an alarm would sound in the office of the electric protection company, which is removed several blocks from where the vault is, and immediately watchmen would hasten to see what the trouble was. On an actual test I have had them at the vault in two minutes from the time the wooden door was opened.

When the vault is closed it is impervious to assault except by coast-defense guns or those of some battleship. Fire may rage around it, but the contents would not burn. Floods may pass over, but not a drop would enter. Earthquakes might twist it, but, if violent enough to destroy, would doubtless not leave any one to care. Your modern citadel is as strong as man's ingenuity can devise.

THE AUTOMATIC CAPITALISTS

(Continued from Page 9)

"I'll keep the leather-headed old skinflint going that long if I have to recite 'Give Me Liberty or Give Me Death' to him," the broker commented.

Rejoining Mr. Tetlow at the gate he resumed the thread of his discourse, and they strolled around to the hotel. What the partners had deemed the grand object was now as good as accomplished. They had the bonds in their safe-deposit box. That Mr. Tetlow could get them back, at least until Monday, was highly improbable. Yet Barrington was extremely uneasy in his mind; in fact, almost more uneasy than he had been in the morning. The old gentleman didn't seem in the least to warm up. He just stuck by the broker like a grim old bur. The plant of confidence appeared not to bud in his aged breast. They had thought that, once they got hold of the bonds, it would be comparatively easy to string Mr. Tetlow along indefinitely. But he seemed very unstringable. Barrington dared not attempt to shunt him off.

They entered the hotel and sat down in the lobby. Barrington observed that Mr. Mackintosh had not appeared yet; no doubt the rented machine was slow. So he talked on, yearning for a hint from Mr. Tetlow that it was getting late and the meeting with Mr. Mackintosh might as well be postponed.

Barrington permitted the talk to lapse a moment. "Doesn't it seem rather close in here?" he suggested cautiously. "Do you—ah—ever take a drink, Mr. Tetlow?" He asked it tenderly.

Mr. Tetlow grimly shook his head.

"Well, if you'll just excuse me a moment," he said gently. "I believe I'll get a glass of beer. I feel rather warm."

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[illegible] Sept. 5, 1907.
It was my privilege to spend a week in [illegible] during August [illegible] ing is believing [illegible] I had not seen it would have been hard to believe that such results could have followed so small an outlay of space, time and money.
(Rev.) W. W. COX.

Windsor, Vt., March 8, 1908.
I consider the one dollar I invested in the Philo System, Poultry Review and American Poultry Advocate the best investment for the money I ever made. ROBERT L. PATRICK.

Jacobs Creek, Pa.
I received the Philo System Book mailed to my home address, Beechtree, Pa. I am highly pleased with it, and am anxious to spread the good news as far as I can. I am a [illegible] the hen and will do all I can to help the other fellow to know how, and to spread the good tidings received in the Philo System.
(Rev.) F. B. WILLIAMS.

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Choke bored for close, hard shooting.

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As Mr. Tetlow merely twisted the chin-whiskers, he arose and walked briskly to the barroom. Benton was waiting there.

"Say, we've got to find a way out of this!" the senior partner broke out, in considerable agitation. "Why, that old tightwad will stick to me like a Siamese twin until Monday morning. He don't show any more sign of letting go than as if I was Money. We've got to get word from Mr. Mackintosh—collision, run over, leg broke, sunstroke, anything!"

"We might get a barkeep to send Tetlow word that his wife's had a fit or his house is afire," Benton suggested at random.

"Oh, think of something reasonable!" Barrington retorted irritably. "I've been talking my head off. I'm nervous to leave him alone in there. He's just as apt to trot up to the desk and ask for Mr. Mackintosh and then go and holler for a policeman. I tell you we're in a tight place, Theodore. We've simply got to get rid—S-s-s-h!" He happened to be looking into the mirror and beheld Mr. Tetlow's spare, round-shouldered form coming through the door. Instinctively they braced themselves for a shock.

"I believe," said Mr. Tetlow, "I'll have a glass of buttermilk."

"Oh, sure! Certainly!" chimed the partners in hospitable chorus. "Theodore's waiting for Mr. Mackintosh, too," Barrington explained.

After their refreshments they returned to the lobby. Barrington would gladly have thrown the burden of conversation upon the junior partner; but as Benton knew nothing of the matters he had been confiding to Mr. Tetlow, he deemed it imprudent to do so. Twice Benton went over to the desk to inquire about Mr. Mackintosh—returning, naturally, with no information. Time passed. Mr. Tetlow, listening, but offering nothing in the conversational way himself, seemed to the partners to grow more and more grim and formidable. To both of them the situation took on a rather ghastly air. They began to see themselves sitting out the night in the hotel lobby, telling Mr. Tetlow Scottish narratives which would sound more and more hollow. Both of them were increasingly disturbed by a sort of premonition that presently Mr. Tetlow would go to the desk himself to inquire about Mr. Mackintosh—with results very embarrassing to them. Something obviously must be done.

"Why, I'll tell you!" Benton exclaimed with an apparent glow of hope which he was far from feeling. "I'll bet anything he's stopped in at the Annex. Mr. Burns is there, you know. I'll bet he intended us to meet him there. He just said, 'At the hotel,' you know!" This he offered with an air of triumph, although his feeling was much more akin to despair.

"We might," said Mr. Tetlow dryly, "walk down there and see."

A faint hope that the old gentleman would offer to go home died in the partners' breasts. But the situation here was growing intolerable. Any move would be an improvement. They walked out to the street. Benton had been stubbornly avoiding various appealing glances from the senior partner; but humanity now prompted him to take up the task of keeping Mr. Tetlow amused for a while. He chose the safe subject of automobiles, giving instances of the perils and uncertainties of them. At the same time he was trying desperately to think of some plan that would serve their need. His invention, however, seemed quite to have deserted him, while he judged by Barrington's glassy eye that the senior partner's wits were as unserviceable as his own.

They went up Van Buren Street; crossed State, then Wabash. Benton was speaking of speed-madness. He halted in his tracks as though paralyzed, and his lips murmured, "Terrible! Oh, mercy! Mercy!"

Following the direction of his startled glance Barrington and Mr. Tetlow beheld, on the opposite side of the street, an undersized man, past middle-age, loosely and unfashionably but respectably dressed, who was proceeding in a slow and irregular manner toward Michigan Avenue. He tacked uncertainly to the right, brought himself up with an effort, wobbled a moment, then tacked slowly to the left.

"This is awful, awful!" Benton murmured, shaking his head sadly. He turned to face the others, more especially Mr Tetlow. "One of the finest men I ever knew in my life, too, Mr. Tetlow," he said. "I never knew of his being like this but

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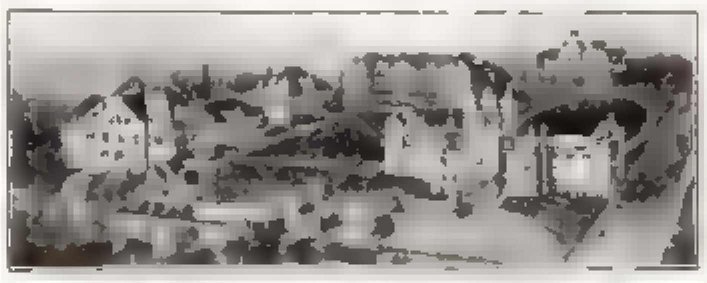

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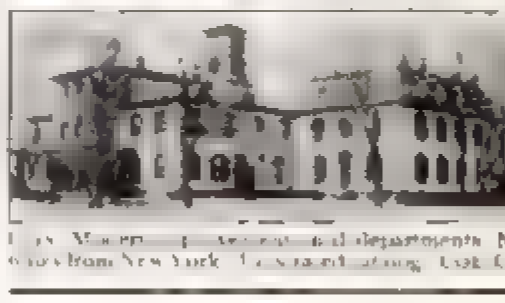

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once before." A fine man—fine —— You bet it makes me feel mighty bad" They saw two large tears roll down the junior partner's chubby cheeks, as he slowly and sadly shook his head.

A dreadful suspicion that anxiety had unsettled his partner's mind made Barrington look truly horrified

"I'm going to take care of him, Marcus," Benton declared in a broken voice, at the same time throwing his partner an uncommonly fierce look. "I just can't let him be seen like this. The poor fellow will be laid up now for several days." Mechanically wiping his cheek with the back of his hand, the sympathetic broker started across the street.

Watching him motionlessly—except that the senior partner's head went round and round—they saw him hasten to the side of the wobbly one; stoop and put an arm around him; saw him summon a cab from the line beside the club-house on the corner. Lifting the erring brother bodily, Benton tenderly deposited him in the cab and climbed in after him. Only then did a light break in Barrington's mind.

"A sad thing, Mr. Tetlow. A sad thing," said the senior partner mournfully, his eyes downcast. Lost in depressing reflections, he started on: "Seeing a thing like that, Mr. Tetlow," he said, "makes me wish the liquor traffic could be wiped from the face of the earth."

For moral sentiments of a general nature Mr. Tetlow had the profoundest respect. "It would be better," he said with a kind of sympathy, and in decent silence he walked on beside the downcast broker.

"One of the finest men I ever knew in my life, Mr. Tetlow," Barrington commented, in a mournful half-reverie, his eyes upon the flagging; "fair, able, well-educated—a university graduate, you know. I suppose it's some inherited weakness. And at times it overcomes him. Strange, very strange, that such a man should have such a weakness. It shows us how careful of our habits we should be."

Wrapped in gloomy thoughts he lapsed again into silence. They came in front of the Annex. Mechanically, as it were, Barrington turned in there—and swore a little silently as Mr. Tetlow followed him. The broker dropped dejectedly upon a leather settee, looking sadly at the floor.

"He's been mighty fine to us; mighty fine." Barrington permitted the thought to escape, rather than directing it to his companion. "I suppose he fell in with some old Scotch friends and they've been running him around town—going down to the Stock Yards and so on"—a deep sigh interrupted his speech

"O-o-o-h!" said Mr. Tetlow in a startled and shocked way. "Then that was" his voice sank away as though he were at a funeral—"that was——"

Barrington looked up at him in woebegone surprise, as though he supposed Mr. Tetlow had known it all along. He nodded slowly. "Yes," he sighed, "that was Mr. Mackintosh." His gaze turned again to the floor. "It makes me feel very bad. I suppose he'll be laid up for several days now. Sad; very sad!"

Mr. Tetlow waited; but there was a certain funereal decorum about the manner in which he stroked his chin-whisker.

"Well," he said gently, "I'll see you Monday."

"Monday—of course," Barrington replied absently.

Mr. Tetlow noiselessly arose, and tiptoed away, as though not to disturb the mourners.

A little later—and in another quarter of the hotel—the partners met

"For a couple of minutes," said Barrington, "I was plumb queered, seeing you take after our drunken ex-janitor that way"

"Human nature, Marcus," Benton replied thoughtfully, "is a curious thing. We showed him a bushel basket full of good bonds, or what looked like the same. But it was the sight of an intoxicated ex-janitor that really convinced him"

"The great point," said the senior partner "is that he is convinced. We should have no trouble now in keeping him still for some little time. And with a couple of hundred thousand dollars' worth of bonds we should be able to do something."

Editor's Note—This is the first of three stories by Mr. Payne dealing with the operations of the firm of Barrington & Benton. The second story will appear next week.

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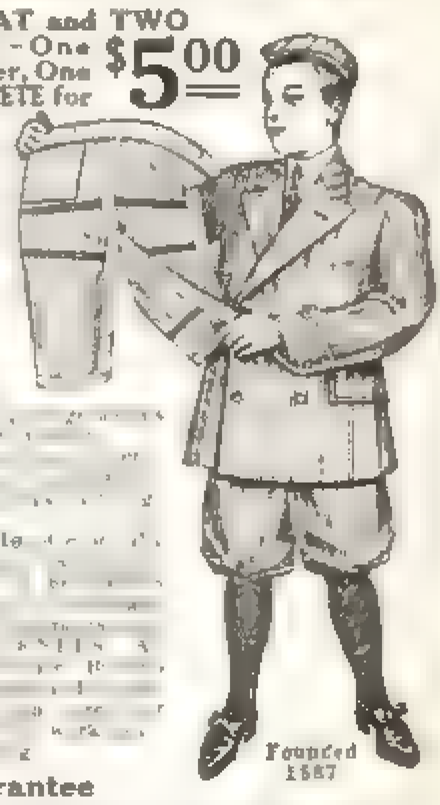

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THE MARTYRDOM OF HICKEY

(Continued from Page 7)

spot, but wanton and cowardly insult had been perpetrated on one of the masters. (Tapping thought the specific allusion might have been omitted.) It was as cowardly as the miserable wretch who writes an anonymous letter, as cowardly as the drunken bully who shoots from the dark. He repelled the thought that this was a manifestation of the spirit of the school; it was rather the isolated act of misguided unfortunates who should never have entered the institution, who would leave it the day of their detection. And he promised the school that they would be detected, that he would not rest or spare any effort to ferret out this cancer and remove it.

Hickey drank in the terrific onslaught with delight. He had struck the enemy, he had made it wince and cry out. The first battle was his. He rose with the school and shuffled up the aisle. Suddenly at the exit he beheld Mr. Tapping waiting. Their glances met in a long, hostile clash. There was no mistaking the master's meaning; it was a direct accusation that sought in Hickey's face to surprise a telltale look.

A great lump rose in Hickey's throat; all the joy of a moment ago passed, a profound melancholy enveloped him; he felt alone, horribly alone, fighting against the impossible.

"Why?" he said bitterly—"Why should he always pick on me—the sneak!"

IV

DURING the next few days a few minor skirmishes ensued which showed only too clearly to Hickey the implacable persecution he must expect from Tappy. The first day it was the question of breakfast.

At seven o'clock every morning the rising bell fills the air with its clamor from the belfry of the old gymnasium, but no one rises. There is half an hour until the gong sounds for breakfast, a long, delicious half-hour—the best half-hour of the day or night to prolong under the covers. After twenty minutes a few effeminate members rise to prink, five minutes later there is a general tumbling out of bed and a wild scamper into garments arranged in ingenious time-saving combinations.

At exactly the half-hour, with the first sounds of the breakfast gong, Hickey would start from his warm bed, plunge his head into the already filled basin, wash with circumspection in eight seconds (drying included), thrust his legs into an arrangement of trousers, socks and unmentionables, pull a jersey over his head, stick his feet into the waiting pair of slippers, part and brush his hair, snap a "dickey" about his neck, and run down the stairs struggling into his coat, tying his tie and attending to the buttons, the whole process varying between twenty-one and one-eighth seconds and twenty-two and three-quarters.

But on the morning after the exposing of the skeleton Hickey had trouble with the dickey. The school regulations tyrannically demanded that each boy should appear at breakfast and chapel properly dressed—that is, in collar and shirt. But as the appearance is accepted for the fact, the "dickey" comes to the rescue and permits not only dispatch in dressing, but, by suppressing a luxury from the wash list, to attend to the necessities of the stomach. The dickey is formed by the junction of two flat cuffs, held together by a stud, to which is attached a collar, and later a tie. When the coat is added even the most practiced eye may be deceived by the inclosed exhibition of linen.

On the aforesaid morning as Hickey hastily donned his dickey the stud snapped and he was forced to waste precious seconds in not only procuring another stud, but in arranging the component parts. He tore down the stairs to find the door shut in his face—Tappy's orders, of course.

The next night the same malignant enemy surprised him at ten o'clock returning on tiptoe from the Egghead's room—marks and penal service on Saturday afternoon. Hickey soon perceived that he was to be subjected to a constant surveillance, that the slightest absence from his room after dark would expose him to detection and punishment. Macnooder counseled seeming submission and a certain interval of patient caution. Hickey indignantly repelled the advice; the more the danger the greater the glory.

On Friday morning a strange calm pervaded the school, a lethargy universal and sweet. Seven o'clock, half-past seven, a quarter of eight, and not a stir. Then suddenly in every house exclamations of amazement burst from the rooms; watches were scanned incredulously and excited boys called from house to house. Gradually the wonder dawned, welcomed by cries of rejoicing—the clapper had been stolen!

In the Dickinson, Hickey and Macnooder were the first in the halls, the loudest in their questions, the most dumfounded at the occurrence. Breakfast, forty minutes late, was eaten in a buzz of excitement, interrupted by the arrival of a messenger from the head master with peremptory orders to convene at once in Memorial

The Doctor was in no pleasant mood. The theft of the clapper, coming so soon upon the incident of the skeleton, had roused his fighting blood. His discourse was terse, to the point, and uncompromising. There could no longer be any doubt that individuals were in rebellion against the peace and discipline of the school. He would accept the defiance. If it was to be war, war it should be. It was for the majority to say how long they, the law-abiding, the studious, the decent, would suffer from the reckless outrage of a few without standards or seriousness of purpose. The clapper would not be replaced. All marks for tardiness and absence from recitations would be doubled, and the moment any total reached twenty that boy would be immediately suspended from the institution. The clapper would not be replaced until the school itself replaced it.

Hickey drank in the sweet discourse, reveling in the buzz of conjecture that rose about him, concentrating all his powers on appearing innocent and unconcerned before the fusillade of admiring, alluring glances that spontaneously sought him out.

The school went to the recitation-rooms joyfully, discussing how best to draw from the ultimatum all the amusement possible. By the afternoon every boy was armed with an alarm clock, which he carried into each recitation, placing it in the aisle at his feet after a solicitous comparison of the time with his neighbors. Five minutes before the close of the hour the bombardment would begin, and as each clock exploded the owner would grab it up frantically and depart for the next recitation on a gallop. Bright, happy day, when even the monitors of the classrooms disappeared under the expectation of a sudden alarm!

With a perfect simulation of seriousness, expeditions, known as clapper parties, were organized to search for the missing clapper. Orchards, gardens, streams nothing was spared in the search. Complaints began to pour in from neighboring farmers with threats of defending their property with shotguns. The school gardener arrived in a panic to implore protection for his lawns. Then the alarm clocks became strangely unreliable. At every moment the sound of the alarm, singly or in bunches, was heard in the halls of Memorial. Several of the older members of the Faculty, who were addicted to insomnia and nervous indigestion, sent in their ultimatum. Thus forced to a decision the head master compromised. He had the clapper replaced and assessed the school for the costs.

During those glorious, turbulent days Hickey perceived with melancholy that Tappy still persisted in suspecting him. It was disheartening, but there was no blinking the fact. Tappy suspected him!

At the table, Tappy's eyes restlessly returned again and again in his direction. Tappy's ears were strained to catch the slightest word he might utter; in fact, everything in Tappy's bearing indicated a malignant determination to see in him the author of every escapade. This fresh injustice roused Hickey's ire to such an extent that despite the cautious Macnooder he determined upon a further deed of bravado.

One morning, Mr. Lorenzo Blackstone Tapping, exactly as Hickey planned, perceived a curious watch charm on Hickey's watch-chain, which he soon made out to be a miniature silver clapper. Immediately suspicious, he noticed that every boy in the room was in a state of excitement. On examining them he discovered that

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every waistcoat was adorned with the same suspect emblem. During the day a chance remark overheard revealed to him the fact that Hickey was selling the souvenirs at a dollar apiece. Assuredly here was an important clew. That afternoon all his doubts were answered. He was seated at his study window when his attention was attracted by a group directly beneath. Against the wall Hickey was standing, with a large box under his arm, selling souvenirs as fast as he could make change to the breathless crowd which augmented at every moment.

Meanwhile, Hickey, fully aware of his enemy's proximity, took special pains that the conversation should carry. About him the excited crowd pressed in a frantic endeavor to purchase before the store was exhausted.

To all inquiries Hickey maintained a dark secrecy.

"I'm saying nothing, fellows, nothing at all," he said with a canny smile; "it isn't wise sometimes to do much talking. The impression has somehow got around that these little 'suveneers' are made out of the original clapper. I'm not responsible for that impression, gents, and I make no remarks thereupon. These little 'suveneers' I hold in my hand are silver-plated—*silver-plated*, gents, and when a thing is silver-plated there must be something inside. And I further remark that these 'suveneers' will sell for one dollar apiece only until five o'clock, that, after that time, they will sell at one dollar and a half, and I further remark that there are only forty-five left!" Then, rattling the box, he continued with simulated innocence, "Nothing but a 'suveneer,' gents, nothing guaranteed. We sell nothing under false pretenses!"

At half-past four he had sold the last of a lot of two hundred and fifty amid scenes of excitement worthy of Wall Street.

At five o'clock Hickey received a summons to Foundation House. There to his delight he found the head master in the company of Mr. Tapping.

Hickey entered with the candor of a cherub, plainly quite at a loss as to the object of the summons.

"Hicks," said the head master in his solemnest tones, "you are under very grave suspicion."

"Me, sir?" said Hickey, with ungrammatical astonishment.

"Hicks, it has come to my knowledge that you are selling as souvenirs bits of the clapper which was stolen from the gymnasium."

"May I ask, sir," said Hickey with indignation, "who has accused me?"

At this Mr. Tapping spoke up severely.

"I have informed the Doctor of facts which have come into my possession."

"Sir," said Hickey, addressing the head master, "Mr. Tapping has *honored* me with his enmity for a long while. He has not even hesitated to *threaten* me. I am not surprised that he should accuse me, only I insist that he state what evidence he has for bringing this accusation."

"Doctor, allow me," said Mr. Tapping, somewhat ill at ease. Then turning to Hickey he said, with the air of a cross-examiner: "Hicks, are you or are you not selling souvenirs at one dollar apiece, in the shape of small silver clappers?"

"Certainly."

"Made out of the original clapper?"

"Certainly *not!*"

"What!" exclaimed the amazed Tapping.

"Certainly not."

"Do you mean to say that two hundred and fifty boys would have bought those souvenirs at a dollar apiece for any other reason than that they contained a bit of the stolen clapper?"

Hickey smiled proudly.

"They may have been under that impression."

"Because you told them!"

"No, sir," said Hickey with righteous anger. "You have no right, sir, to say such a thing. On the contrary, I refused to answer one way or the other. You listened this afternoon from your window and you heard exactly my answer. If you will do me the *justice*, sir, to tell the Doctor what I did say, I shall be very much obliged to you."

"Enough, Hicks," said the head master with a frown. "Answer me directly. Are these watch-charms made up out of the original clapper?"

"No, sir."

The Doctor, in his turn, looked amazed.

"Come, Hicks, that is not possible," he said. "I warn you I shall trace them without any difficulty."

Then Hickey smiled, a long, delicious smile of culminating triumph. Slowly he drew forth from his pocket an envelope, from which he produced a legal document.

"If you will kindly read this, sir," he said, tending it with deepest respect.

The Doctor took it, glanced curiously at Hickey, and then began to read. Presently his face relaxed, and, despite a struggle, a smile appeared. Then he handed the document to Mr. Tapping, who read as follows:

> I, John J. Goodsell, representing the firm of White, Brown & Bangs, jewelers, of Trenton, New Jersey, take oath that I have this day engaged to manufacture for Benjamin B. Hicks, of the Lawrenceville School, 250 small clappers, design submitted, of iron, plated with silver, and that the iron which forms the foundation comes from scrap-iron entirely furnished by us.
>
> Sworn to in the presence of notary.
>
> JOHN J. GOODSELL.

Attached to the document was a bill as follows:

> Benjamin B. Hicks, Dr.
>
> TO WHITE, BROWN & BANGS
>
> 250 silver-gilt clappers, at 11 cents apiece $27.50
>
> Received payment.

V

HICKEY had now reached the height of his fame. Intoxicated by success, he forgot all prudence, or rather his revolt became an appetite that demanded constant feeding. He no longer concealed his past exploits; he even went so far as to announce the escapades he planned.

"You are running your head into the noose, Hickey, my boy," said Macnooder sadly; "every master in the school has got his eye on you."

"I know it," said Hickey proudly, "but they've got to catch me."

"Your position is different," objected Macnooder, "now that you are suspected. And do you want me to tell you the truth? Your trick about the clappers was too clever. If you could imagine that, you were at the bottom of other things. That's what the Doctor will say to himself when he thinks it over."

"The Doctor plays square," retorted Hickey; "he won't do anything on suspicion. Let him try and catch me, let them all try. If they get me fair and square I'll take my punishment. I say, Doc, just you wait. I've got something up my sleeve that'll make them all sit up."

"Good gracious!" said the Egghead, who was of the party, "you don't mean you're going on?"

"Egghead," said Hickey impressively, "I've made up my mind that I just can't live without doing one thing more!"

"Heavens! Hickey, what now?"

"I've got a craving, Egghead, to sleep in Tappy's bed."

"No!"

"Fact."

"What do you mean?"

"Just that. I intend to sleep, not just pop in and out, to *sleep* two hours in Tappy's nice, white, little bed."

"Gee whiz, Hickey! When?"

"Some night that's coming pretty soon."

"When Tappy's away ——"

"No, sir, when Tappy's here—after Tappy himself has been in it."

"You're crazy!"

"I'm backing my feelings."

"You'll bet on it?"

"As much as you want."

The scornful Egghead, thus provoked, offered ten to one against him. Hickey accepted at once. During the day the news spread and the bets came flying in. As to his plans, Hickey preserved a cloaked mystery, promising only that the feat should take place within the fortnight.

Each night toward midnight he slipped out of Sawtelle's window (Sawtelle being sworn to deadly secrecy). He remained out an hour, sometimes two, and came back sleepy and chuckling. About this time the report began to spread that burglars were in the vicinity.

The Gutter Pup, who roomed on the first floor of the Kennedy, took a solemn oath that, having been waked up by a strange, scratching noise at his window, he had seen four masked figures with bull's-eye lanterns scurrying away. The next report came from Davis, with added picturesqueness. The school became wrought up to an extraordinary pitch of excitement in which even the masters joined.

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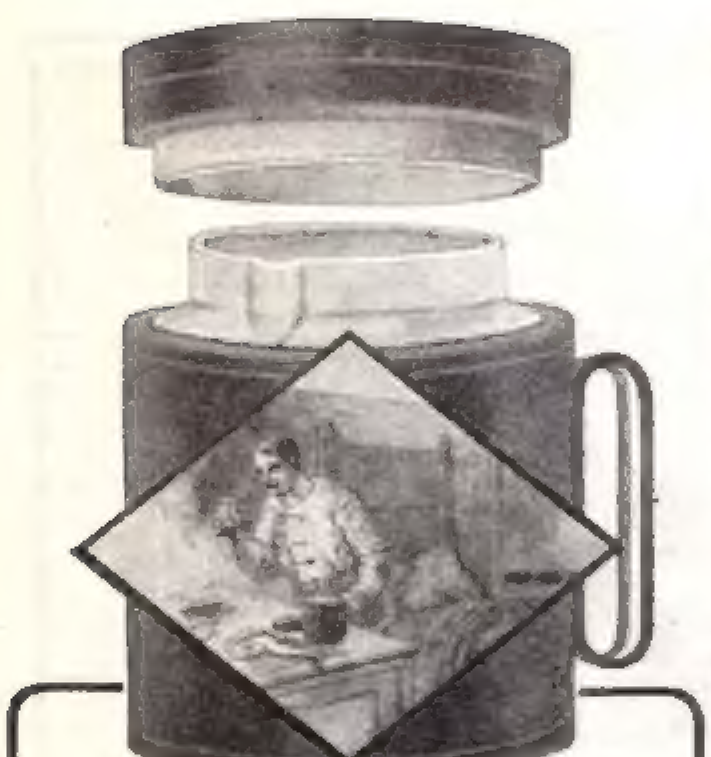

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When the proper stage of frenzy arrived, Hickey took into his confidence a dozen allies.

At exactly two o'clock on a moonless night, Beauty Sawtelle, waiting, watch in hand, gave a horrid shriek and sent a baseball bat crashing through his window, where he afterward swore four masked faces had glared in on him. At the same time the Egghead raised his window and emptied a revolver into the air, shouting:

"Thieves, thieves; there they go!"

Immediately every waiting boy sprang out of bed armed with revolvers, shotguns, brickbats, Japanese swords and what-not, and rushed downstairs shouting:

"Stop thief!"

Mr. Tapping, startled from his slumbers by the uproar, seized a bird gun and, guided by Hungry Smeed and the Red Dog, rushed out-of-doors and valorously took the lead of the searching party. By this time the racket had spread about the campus, and boys in flimsy garments, ludicrously armed, came pouring out of the other houses and joined the wild hunt for the masked marauders. Suddenly from the direction of Foundation House a series of shots exploded amid yells of excitement. At once the mass that had been churning in the middle of the campus set off with a rush. The cry went up that the burglars had been discovered and were fleeing down the road to Trenton. Five minutes later the campus was silent, as boys and masters swept along the highway, their cries growing fainter in the distance.

Meanwhile Hickey had not lost a second. Hardly had Mr. Tapping's pink pajamas rushed from the Dickinson when Hickey, entering the study, locked the door and set to work. In a jiffy he had the mattress and bedclothes out the window, down into the waiting hands of Macnooder and the Egghead, who piled them on a ready wheelbarrow. In less than five minutes the iron bedstead, separated into its four component parts, followed. The whole packed on the wheelbarrow was hastily rushed into the darknesss by the rollicking three. According to the plan, Hickey directed them past Memorial and into the baseball cage, where, by the light of the indispensable dark-lantern, they put the bed together, put on its bedding and saw Hickey crawl blissfully under cover.

. . . .

When Mr. Tapping returned after an hour's fruitless pursuit down the dusty road it had begun to dawn upon him, in common with other athletic members of the Faculty, that he had been hoaxed. Tired, covered with dust, and sheepish, he returned to the Dickinson, gave orders for every one to return to his room, and wearily toiled up to seek his comfortable bed.

The vacancy that greeted his eyes left him absolutely incredulous, then beside himself with rage. If, at that moment, he could have laid his hands on Hickey, he would have done him bodily injury. That Hickey was the perpetrator of this new outrage, as of the former ones, he never for a moment doubted. His instinct needed no proofs, and in such enmities the instinct is strong. He went directly to Hickey's room, finding it, as he had expected, empty. He sat there half an hour, an hour, fruitlessly. Then he made the rounds of the house and returned to the room, seated himself, folded his arms violently, set his teeth and prepared to wait. He heard four o'clock strike, then five, and he began to nod. He rose, shook himself, returned to his seat and presently fell asleep, and in this condition Hickey, returning, found him.

. . . .

The bell rang six, and Mr. Tapping, starting up guiltily, glanced hastily at the bed and assured himself thankfully that it was empty.

By prodigies of will-power he remained awake, consoled by the fact that he held at last the evidence needed to rid himself of his tormentor. At seven o'clock the gym. bell rang the rising hour. Mr. Tapping rose triumphant. Suddenly he stopped and looked down in horror. Something had moved under the bed. The next moment Hickey's face appeared under the skirts of the trailing bedspread—Hickey's face, a mirror of sleepy amazement, as he innocently asked:

"Why, Mr. Tapping, what is the matter?"

"Hicks!" exclaimed Mr. Tapping, too astounded to gather his thoughts—"is that you, Hicks?"

"Yes, sir."

"What are you doing under there?"

"Please, sir," said Hickey, "I'm troubled with insomnia, and sometimes this is the only way I can sleep."

VI

AT TWO o'clock Hickey was a second time summoned to Foundation House. He went in perfect faith; nothing had miscarried, there was not the slightest evidence against him. If he was questioned he would refuse to answer—that was all. It had been a morning of exquisite triumph for him. Tappy's bed had not been discovered until ten o'clock, and the transferal to the Dickinson, made in full daylight, had been witnessed by the assembled school. He went across the campus, light of feet and proud of heart, aware of the scores of discreetly admiring eyes that followed him, hearing pleasantly the murmurs which buzzed after him:

"Oh, you Hickey! Oh, you daredevil!"

Of course, the Doctor would be in a towering rage. Hickey was not unreasonable; he understood and expected a natural exhibition of vexation. What could the Doctor do, after all? Ask him questions which he would refuse to answer—that was all, but that was not evidence.

He found the Doctor alone, quietly writing at his desk, and received a smile and an invitation to be seated. Somehow the tranquillity of the head master's attitude did not reassure Hickey.

Presently the Doctor turned, shoved back from the desk and glanced at Hickey with a smile, saying:

"Well, Hicks, we're going to let you go."

"Beg your pardon, sir," said Hickey, smiling frankly back, "you said ——"

"We're going to let you take a vacation."

"Me?"

"You."

Hickey stood a long moment, open-mouthed, staring.

"Do you mean to say," he said at last with an effort, "that I am expelled?"

"Not expelled," said the Doctor suavely, "we don't like that word; we're going to let you go, that's all."

"For what reason?" said Hickey defiantly.

"For no reason at all," answered the Doctor smoothly. "There is no reason, there can be no reason, Hicks. We're just naturally going to make up our minds to part with you. You see, Hicks," he continued, tilting back and gazing reminiscently at the ceiling, "we've had a rather agitated fortnight here, rather extraordinary. The trouble seems to have broken out in the Dickinson about the time of the little surprise party at which Mr. Tapping did not assist! Then a few days later our chapel service was disturbed and our janitor put to considerable trouble; next the school routine was thrown into confusion by the removal of the clapper. We passed a very disagreeable week—much confusion, very little study, and the nerves of the Faculty were thrown into such a state that even you, Hicks, were suspected. Last night we lost a great deal of sleep—and sleep is most necessary to the growing boy. All these events have followed with great regularity, and while they have not lacked in picturesqueness we have, we fear, been forgetting the main object of our life here—to study a little."

"Doctor, I——" broke in Hickey.

"No, Hicks, you misunderstand me," said the Doctor reproachfully. "All this is true, but that is *not* why we are going to let you go. We are going to let you go, Hicks, for a much more conscientious reason; we're parting with you, Hicks, because we feel we no longer have anything to teach you."

"Doctor, I'd like to know," began Hickey, with a great lump in his throat. Then he stopped and looked at the floor. He knew his hour had sounded.

"Hicks, we part in sorrow," said the Doctor, "but we have the greatest faith in your career. We expect in a few years to claim you as one of our foremost alumni. Perhaps some day you will give us a library which we will name after you. No, don't be disheartened. We have the greatest admiration for your talents—admiration and respect. Any one who can persuade two hundred and fifty keen-eyed, Lawrenceville boys to pay one dollar apiece for silver-gilt, scrap-iron souvenirs worth eleven cents apiece because they may or may not be genuine bits of a stolen clapper—any one who can do that is needed in the commercial development of our country."

"Doctor, do you—do you call this justice?" said Hickey, with tears in his voice.

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"No," said the Doctor frankly, "I call it a display of force. You see, Hicks, you've beaten us at every point, and so all we can do is to let you go."

"I'll hire a lawyer," said Hicks brokenly.

"I thought you would; only I hope you will be easy on us, Hicks, for we haven't much money for damage suits."

"Then I'm to be fired," said Hickey, forcing back the tears—"fired just for nothing!"

"Just for nothing, Hicks," assented the Doctor; "and, Hicks, as one last favor, we would like to request that it be by the evening train. We have lost a great deal of sleep lately."

"Just for nothing," repeated Hickey.

"Just for nothing," replied the Doctor.

At six o'clock, in the midst of indignant hundreds, Hickey climbed to the top of the stage, where his trunks had already been deposited. Nothing could comfort him, neither the roaring cheers that echoed again and again to his name, nor the hundreds of silent handshakes or muttered vows to continue the good fight. His spirit was broken. All was dark before him. Neither right nor justice existed.

Egghead and Macnooder, visibly affected, reached up for the last handshakes.

"Keep a stiff upper lip, old man," said the Egghead.

"Don't you worry, Hickey, old boy," said Macnooder; "we'll attend to Tappy."

Then Hickey, bitterly from the caverns of his heart, spoke, raising his fist toward Tappy's study window:

"He hasn't any proof," he said brokenly, "no proof—darn him!"

LIESCHEN

(Concluded from Page 15)

"He did try to smile. 'No,' he says, 'I do nod know it.'

"'Johnny,' I says, 'I've knowed men that was married that was afraid to spit in their own woodbox, an' I've never seen but what they had to work jest as hard after as they did when they was single. A woman don't want a man to have no enjoyments. She thinks that it ain't good for him. Her idee of it is that he's got to take to hard-b'iled shirts an' soft-b'iled language.'

"I was a-goin' on in that consolin' strain when there was a shadder fell in the doorway, an' I looked around, an' dog me if it wasn't Lieschen! an' behind her was Dick an' Mrs. Dick an' Mrs. Driscoll. They hadn't made no noise comin' up, an' so the first Johnny knowed was when the gal's little hand touched his arm.

"'Chonny!' she says.

"Johnny let his hammer fall an' gasped.

"'I vant dese goot vriendts to hear vot I say,' she says. 'Here is vot I say: You are a goot man—der best man in der vide vorlt, und ——' She stopped an' looked down.

"'Und I dit not mean vot I said to you,' she says, lookin' him square in the eye. 'Vait,' she says, as Johnny tried to speak, 'I must tell all. I haf say to mineself, "Who is dis man? He write me nice letter, yes, und dey tell me dat he is goot—so goot! yes. Und ven I haf der picture you send, it is goot. I t'ink long, long of dose letter das is so goot, und I t'ink long, long of der goot face dat I see und I say, 'I vill go. Bot ven I see him I shall say, 'No, no, no! I vill not, nefer, nefer! I do not like you.' Den I shall *see* dis goot man." But it vas wrong—bad, bad! I t'ink ohf myself und not ohf der kind, goot man I hurt. Und now you can say, "No, no, no! I vill not. I do not like you, Lieschen." Bot if you vill haf me ——'

"'Mein Gott!' says Johnny, an' the next moment Lieschen was hugged up in his arms, clost to his old burned leather apron, an' her golden head agin his tangled mop.

"'Here, Dick,' I says, 'this ain't no place for us. Come, ladies, we ain't needed.'

"That same afternoon there was doin's over to Dick's house. I was among them present, an' I might have kissed the bride if I'd had the sand. Dick did. An' that same evenin' when I was a-settin' out in front o' the barn as usual I happened to look over at the little buff an' maroon house on the side hill, an' as I looked a curl o' smoke come up out o' the chimney that connected with the base-burner an' blew over till I got the smell of it; an' I knew then that Lieschen had begun to bring 'der varm und der light' into Johnny's life."

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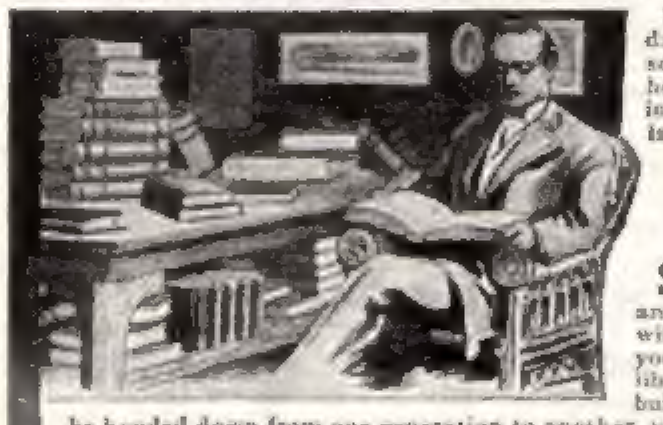

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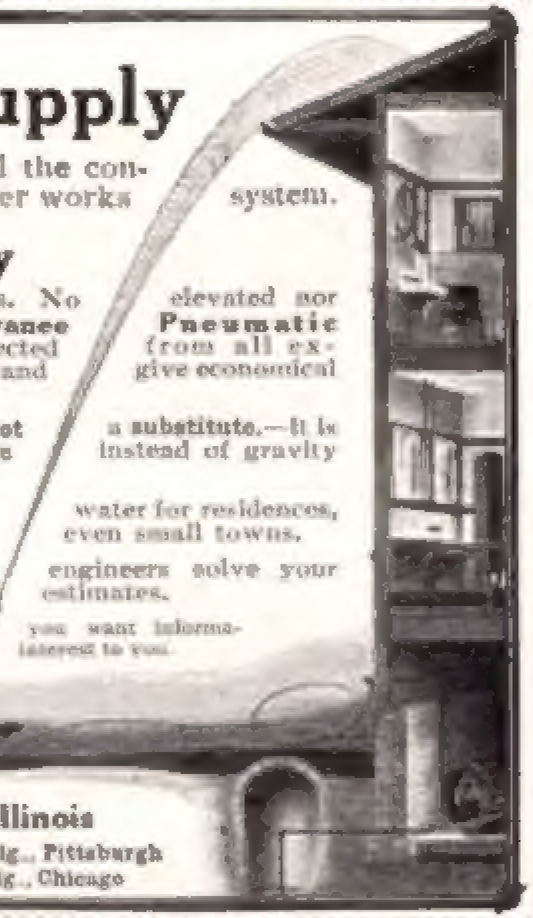

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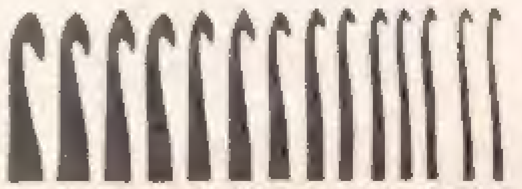

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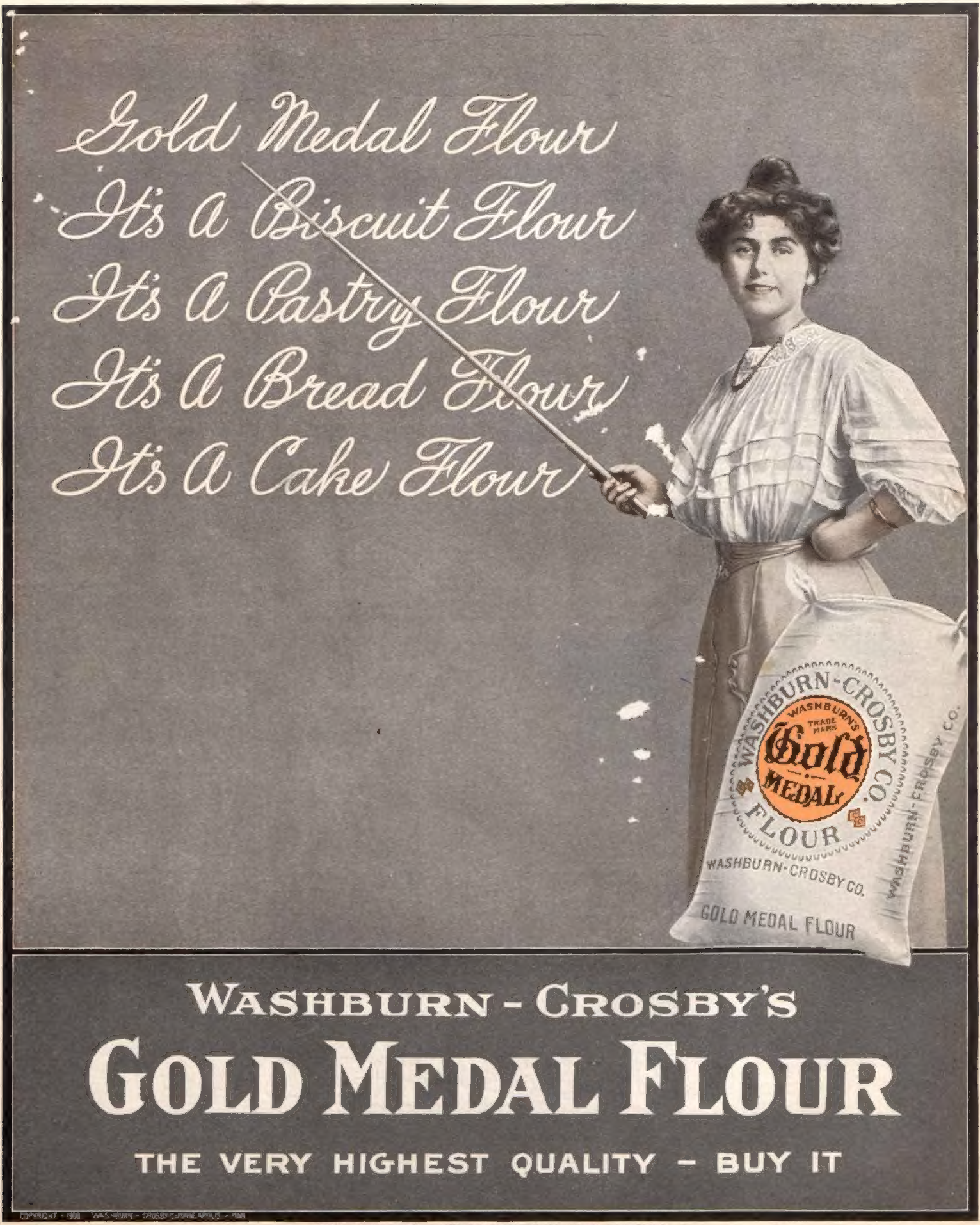
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